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FOURTH BOOK OF SONGS

FORESMAN

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

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Books of Songs

FOURTH BOOK OF SONGS

by
Robert Foresman

612307

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY
NEW YORK CINCINNATI CHICAGO
BOSTON ATLANTA

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FORESMAN—FOURTH BK. SONGS
W.P. 15

MADE IN U. S. A.

PREFACE

THE SERIES. The Foresman Books of Songs will find a place wherever music teaching aspires to acquaint its disciples with the finer things of song in their original simplicity and grandeur. These collections have a definite function, for in them the great musical heritage of the world is represented by songs which should be a part of the life and cultural background of all people. There is in them, moreover, a substantial underlying pedagogical *motif* and they are carefully graded musically.

MATERIAL. The material in the Books of Songs has been chosen from two main sources—the work of the classical composers and the folk songs of all nations. The aim has been to assemble a group of songs which have stood the test of time, which mirror the characteristics and musical contributions of many national cultures, and which are universal in appeal. To these have been added a number of songs by contemporary composers, which give the books a modern tone and serve as a connecting link with the child's out-of-school musical experience.

ARRANGEMENT. The progression represented in the arrangement of this material is on a basis of *feeling subtlety*. In the early songs, the formal and structural element of various phases of repetition is used for a double reason: first, because such songs are easy to learn and quickly assume permanence in memory; second, because the germ theme in them, as found in the first phrase or motive, is obvious, and may easily be made the real basis in studying the song. As the work progresses, the same principle of repetition and theme dominance continues, with an increasing variety and complexity in the structure of the songs.

Word Content. In adapting words to the songs of this collection, three ideals have been kept in mind—first, that the words must accurately reproduce the feeling of the melody; second, that, in the case of folk songs and of songs from the classics, the reproduction of the authentic words must be as accurate as the purpose of the collection permits; and third, that the words must be within the comprehension of children and must give them genuine pleasure. With this last end in view, verse of a wide range of subject matter has been included—the world out-of-doors, sports and action, foreign lands, the realm of fancy, reverence and piety, home and patriotism. To furnish the teacher with suggestions for making use of this wealth of material, a *topical index* has been supplied. This index lists the songs for easy reference, such songs being included under each heading as seem most likely to be useful.

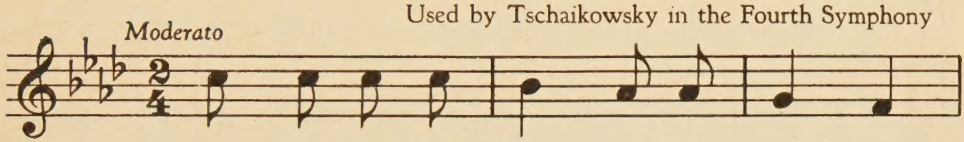
Acknowledgments. The author wishes to express his grateful appreciation of the assistance rendered by the many persons whose services have been enlisted in various phases of the work, and in criticism and suggestion. Especial acknowledgment is due to Miss Laura Bryant, Director of Music in the Public Schools of Ithaca, New York; to Mr. Robert A. Coan; and to Mr. Mayhew L. Lake, who has written many of the harmonizations and accompaniments and whose musical judgments have been of the greatest value.

The words of "Wah-Wah-Tay-See" from *Hiawatha*, by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, are used by permission of and special arrangement with Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers of this author.

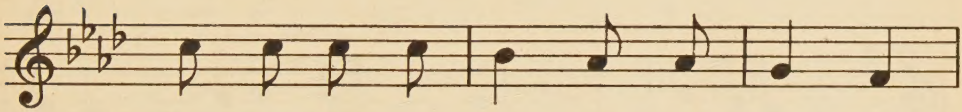
Fourth Book of Songs

A WINTER PICTURE

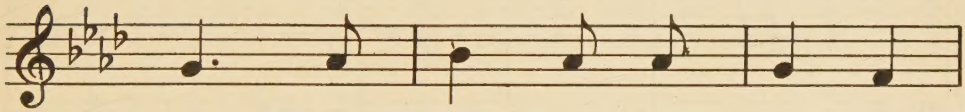
Russian Folk Song
Used by Tschaikowsky in the Fourth Symphony



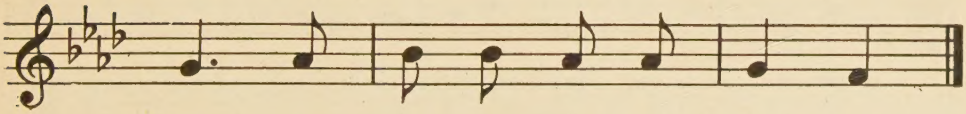
1. Smooth-er than the bright riv-er flow-ing,
2. Waves of sil-ver mu-sic re-sound-ing,



O'er the plain a gay sledge is glid-ing;
Bright the horse-'s bell, light-ly swing-ing;



Past the snow-man-tled pine trees,
Red the sky dark-ly glow-ing,



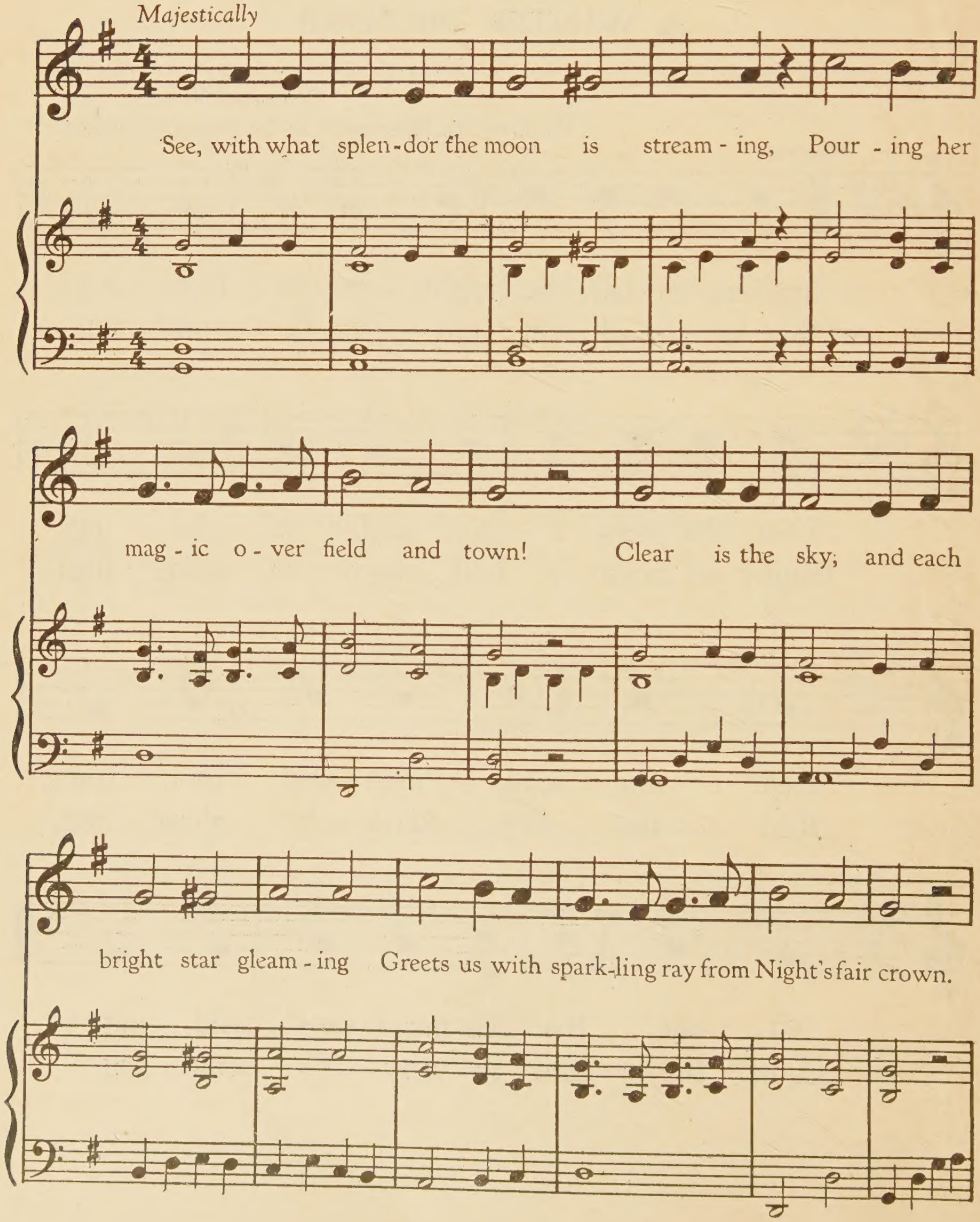
O-ver fro-zen mead-ows slid-ing.
Loud the lone-ly driv-er's sing-ing.

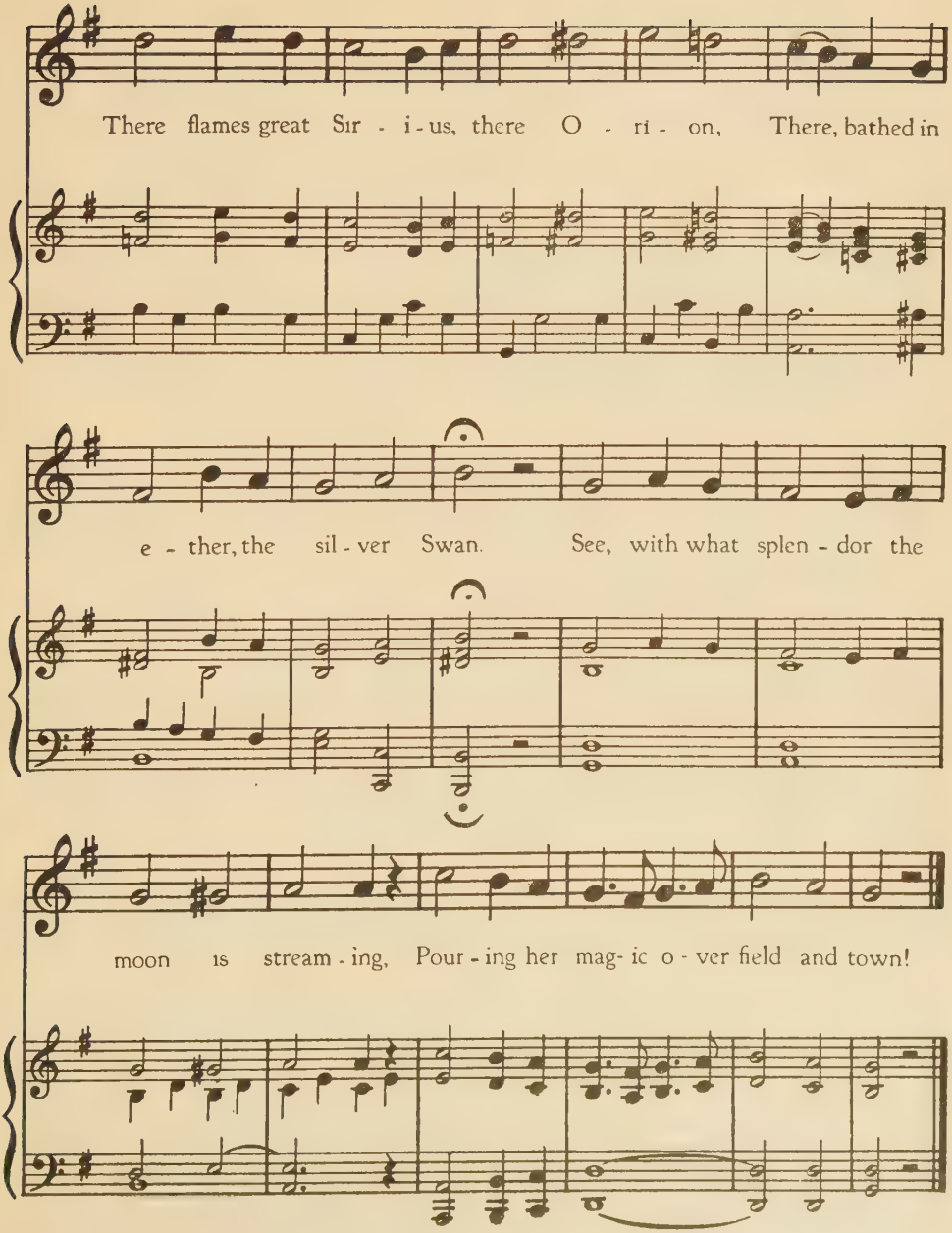
MOONLIGHT ON CASTLE HILL

Translated from the Swedish
by Cecil Cowdrey

G. Wennerberg

Majestically

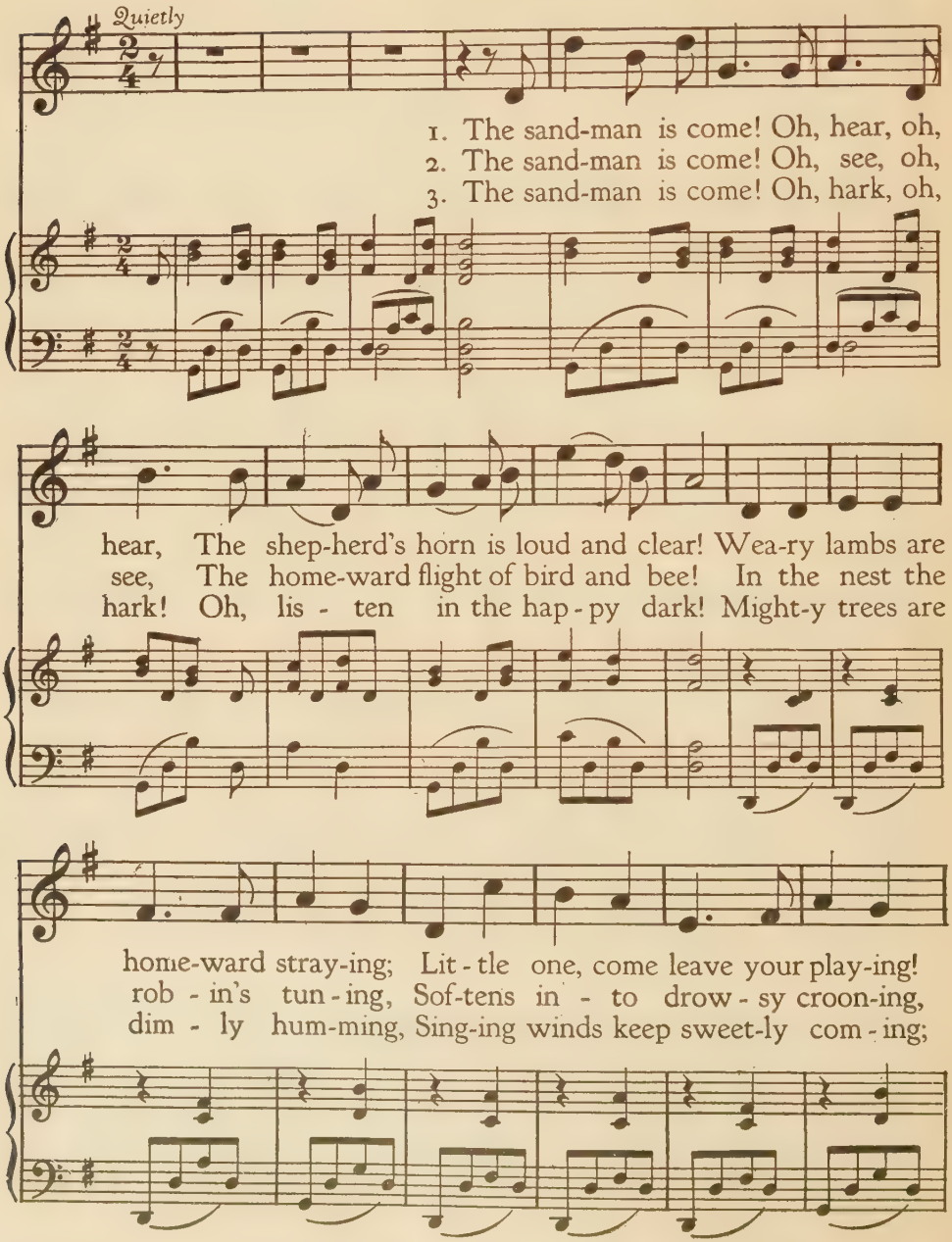

See, with what splen - dor the moon is stream - ing, Pour - ing her
mag - ic o - ver field and town! Clear is the sky, and each
bright star gleam - ing Greets us with spark - ling ray from Night's fair crown.

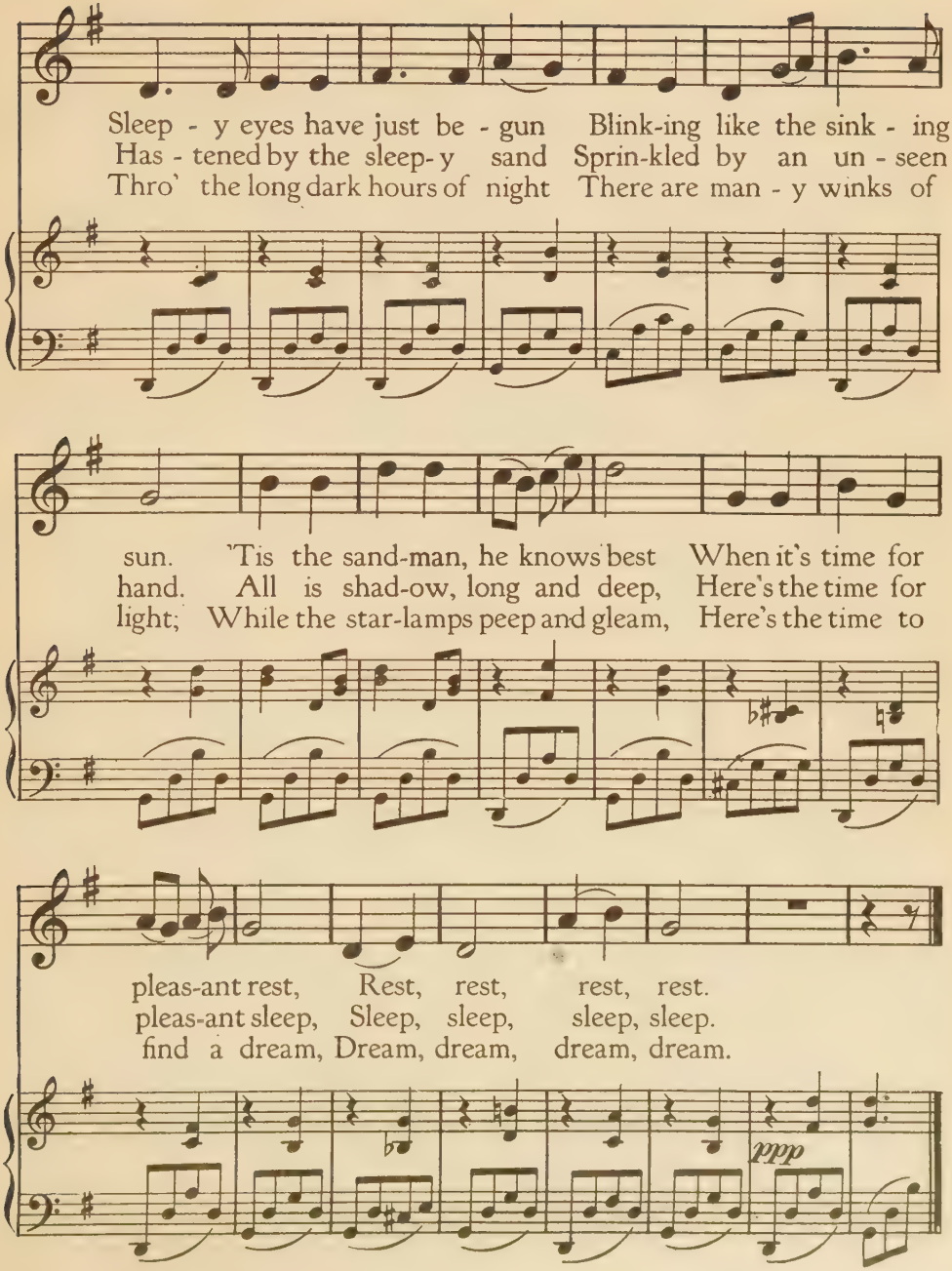

There flames great Sir - i - us, there O - ri - on, There, bathed in
e - ther, the sil - ver Swan. See, with what splen - dor the
moon is stream - ing, Pour - ing her mag - ic o - ver field and town!

THE SANDMAN

Kate Forman

Albert Voelckerling

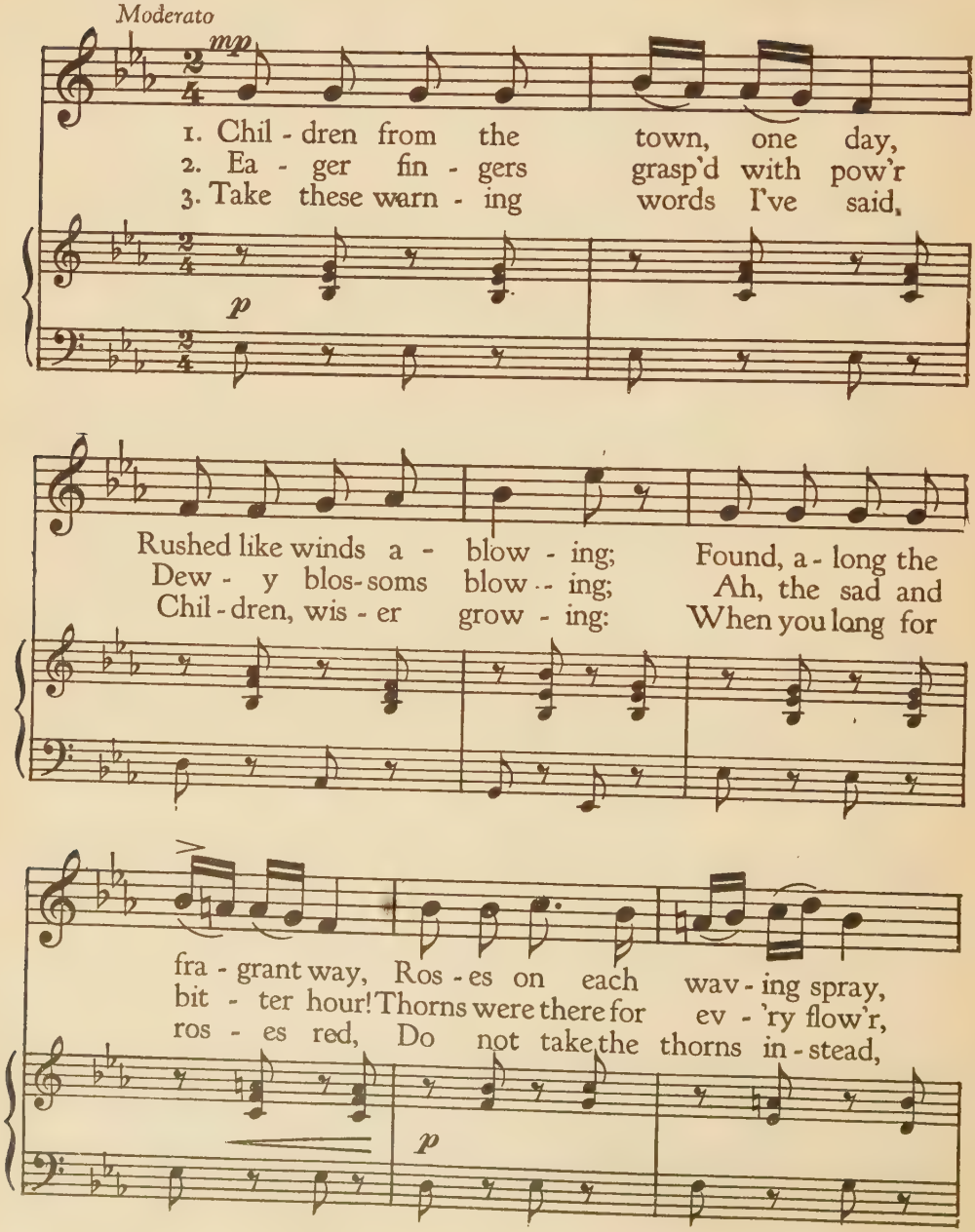

Quietly
1. The sand-man is come! Oh, hear, oh,
2. The sand-man is come! Oh, see, oh,
3. The sand-man is come! Oh, hark, oh,
hear, The shep-herd's horn is loud and clear! Wea-ry lambs are
see, The home-ward flight of bird and bee! In the nest the
hark! Oh, lis - ten in the hap - py dark! Might-y trees are
home-ward stray-ing; Lit - tle one, come leave your play-ing!
rob - in's tun - ing, Sof-tens in - to drow - sy croon-ing,
dim - ly hum-ming, Sing-ing winds keep sweet-ly com - ing;

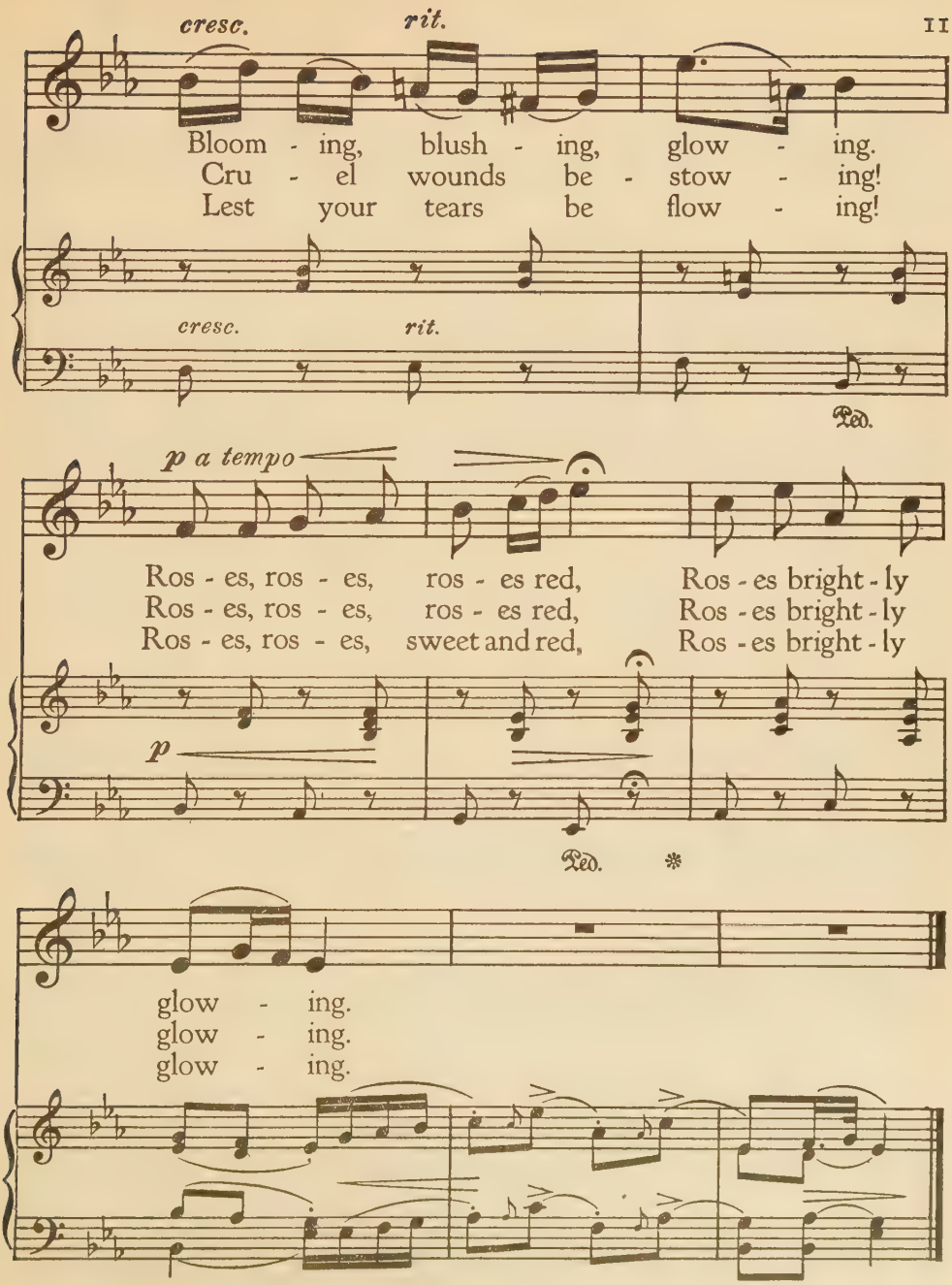

Sleep - y eyes have just be - gun Blink-ing like the sink - ing
Has - tened by the sleep- y sand Sprin-kled by an un - seen
Thro' the long dark hours of night There are man - y winks of
sun. 'Tis the sand-man, he knows best When it's time for
hand. All is shad-ow, long and deep, Here's the time for
light; While the star-lamps peep and gleam, Here's the time to
pleas-ant rest, Rest, rest, rest, rest.
pleas-ant sleep, Sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep.
find a dream, Dream, dream, dream, dream.
ppp

THORNY ROSES

Adapted from the German

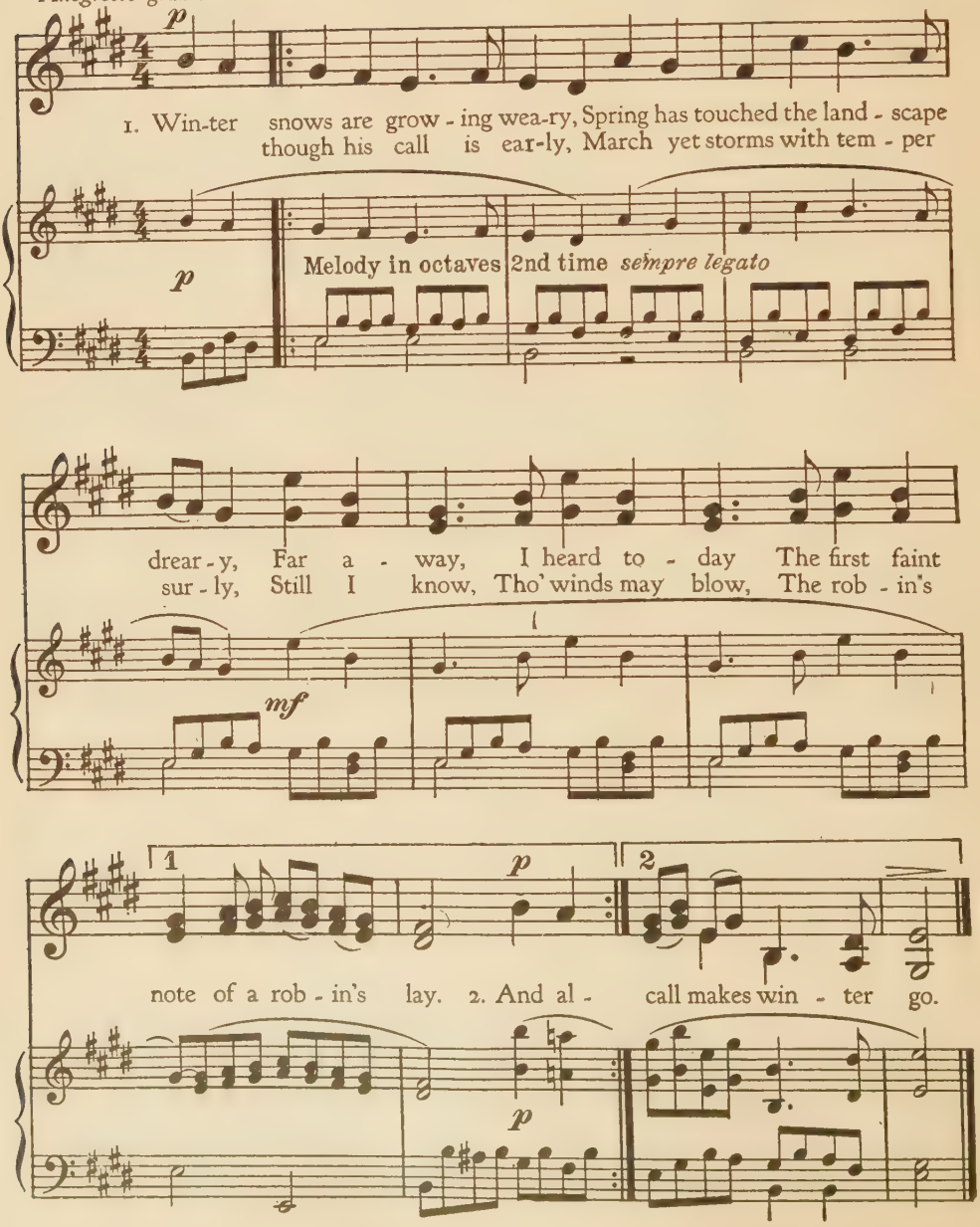
Franz Schubert


Moderato
mp
1. Chil - dren from the town, one day,
2. Ea - ger fin - gers grasp'd with pow'r
3. Take these warn - ing words I've said,
p
Rushed like winds a - blow - ing; Found, a - long the
Dew - y blos - soms blow - ing; Ah, the sad and
Chil - dren, wis - er grow - ing: When you long for
fra - grant way, Ros - es on each wav - ing spray,
bit - ter hour! Thorns were there for ev - 'ry flow'r,
ros - es red, Do not take the thorns in - stead,
p


cresc.
rit.
Bloom - ing, blush - ing, glow - ing.
Cru - el wounds be - stow - ing!
Lest your tears be flow - ing!
cresc.
rit.
Ped.
p a tempo
Ros - es, ros - es, ros - es red, Ros - es bright - ly
Ros - es, ros - es, ros - es red, Ros - es bright - ly
Ros - es, ros - es, sweet and red, Ros - es bright - ly
p
Ped. *
glow - ing.
glow - ing.
glow - ing.

Sigmund Spaeth
Allegretto grazioso

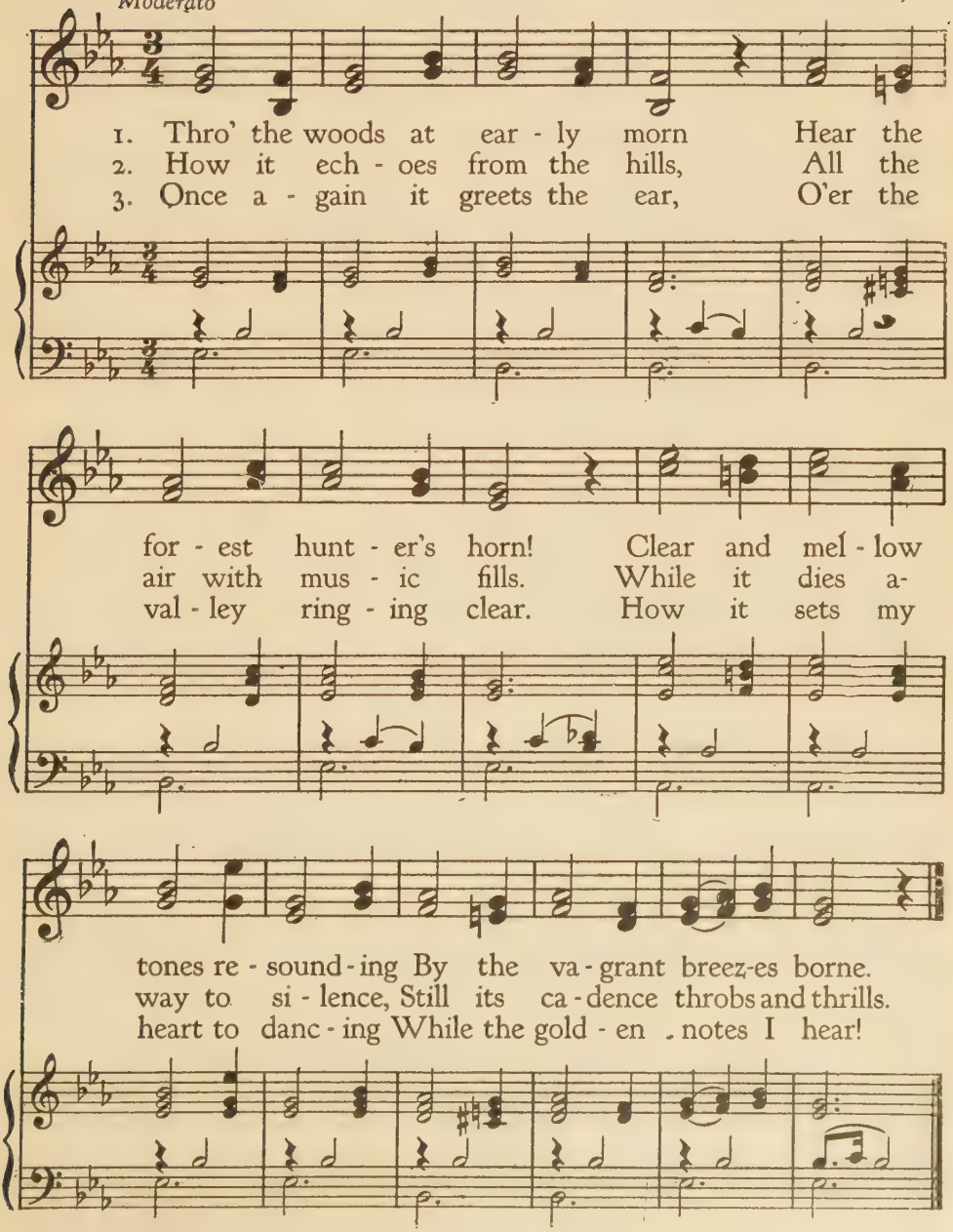
W. A. Mozart
From "Don Giovanni"

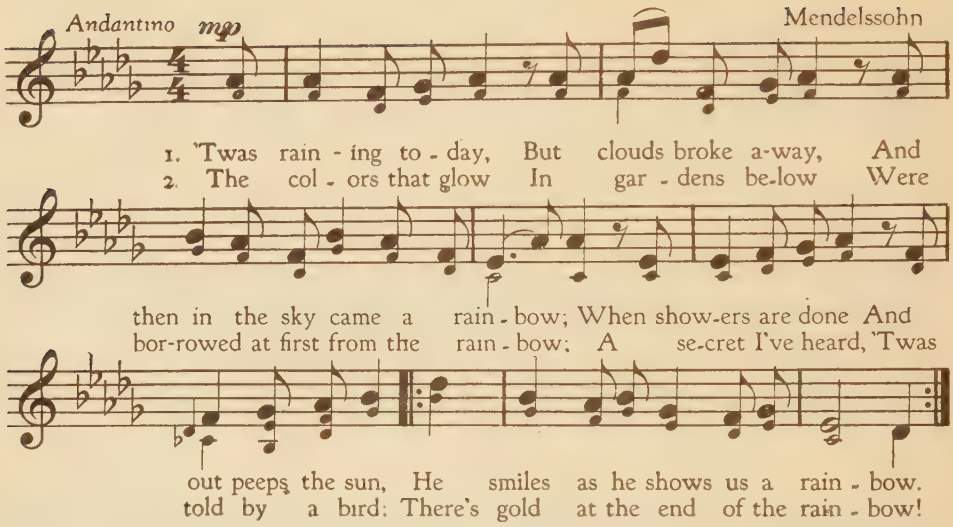

p
1. Win-ter snows are grow - ing wea-ry, Spring has touched the land - scape
though his call is ear-ly, March yet storms with tem - per
p
Melody in octaves 2nd time *sempre legato*
drear - y, Far a - way, I heard to - day The first faint
sur - ly, Still I know, Tho' winds may blow, The rob - in's
mf
1
p
2
note of a rob - in's lay. 2. And al - call makes win - ter go.
p

THE HUNTER'S HORN

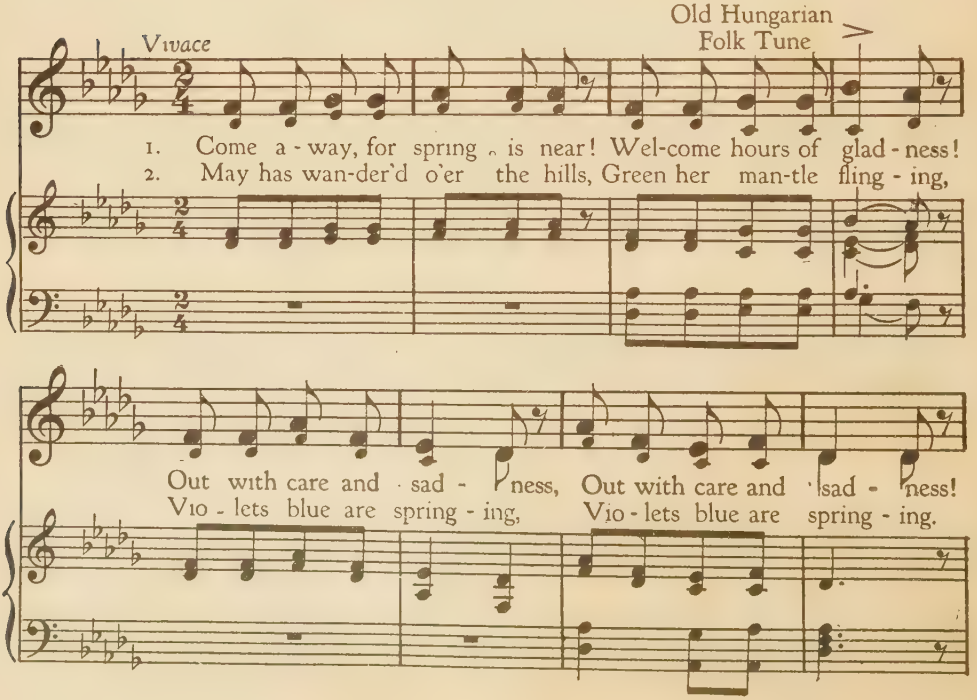
Moderato

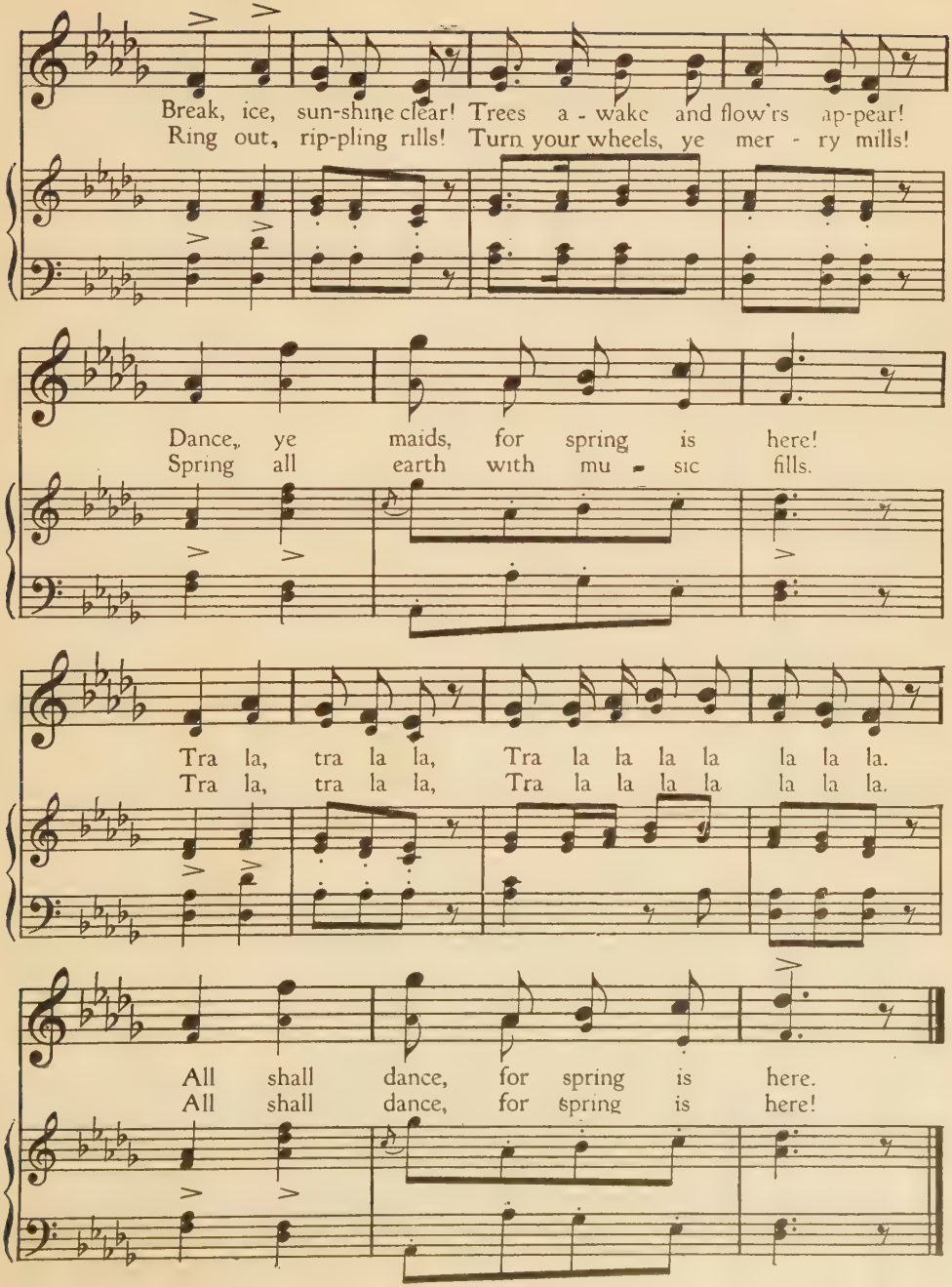
Bohemian Folk Song


1. Thro' the woods at ear - ly morn Hear the
2. How it ech - oes from the hills, All the
3. Once a - gain it greets the ear, O'er the
for - est hunt - er's horn! Clear and mel - low
air with mus - ic fills. While it dies a-
val - ley ring - ing clear. How it sets my
tones re - sound - ing By the va - grant breez-es borne.
way to si - lence, Still its ca - dence throbs and thrills.
heart to danc - ing While the gold - en notes I hear!


Andantino mp
Mendelssohn
1. 'Twas rain - ing to - day, But clouds broke a-way, And
2. The col - ors that glow In gar - dens be-low Were
then in the sky came a rain - bow; When show-ers are done And
bor-rowed at first from the rain - bow; A se-cret I've heard, 'Twas
out peeps the sun, He smiles as he shows us a rain - bow.
told by a bird: There's gold at the end of the rain - bow!

SPRING IS NEAR

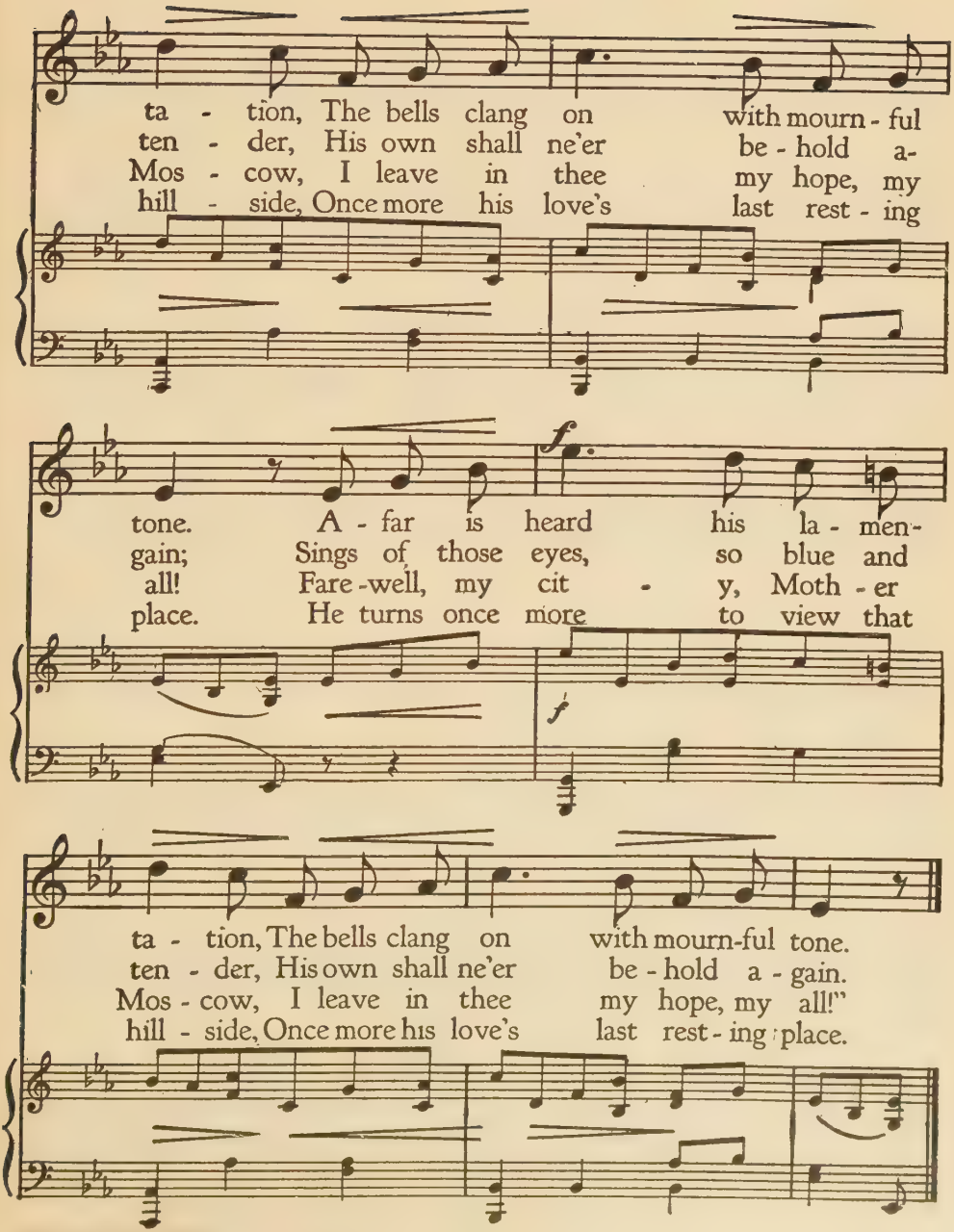

Vivace
Old Hungarian Folk Tune
1. Come a - way, for spring is near! Wel-come hours of glad - ness!
2. May has wan-der'd o'er the hills, Green her man-tle fling - ing,
Out with care and sad - ness, Out with care and sad - ness!
Vio - lets blue are spring - ing, Vio - lets blue are spring - ing.


Break, ice, sun-shine clear! Trees a - wake and flow'rs ap-pear!
Ring out, rip-pling rills! Turn your wheels, ye mer - ry mills!
Dance, ye maids, for spring is here!
Spring all earth with mu - sic fills.
Tra la, tra la la, Tra la la la la la la la.
Tra la, tra la la, Tra la la la la la la la.
All shall dance, for spring is here.
All shall dance, for spring is here!

Translated from the Russian

Russian Folk Song

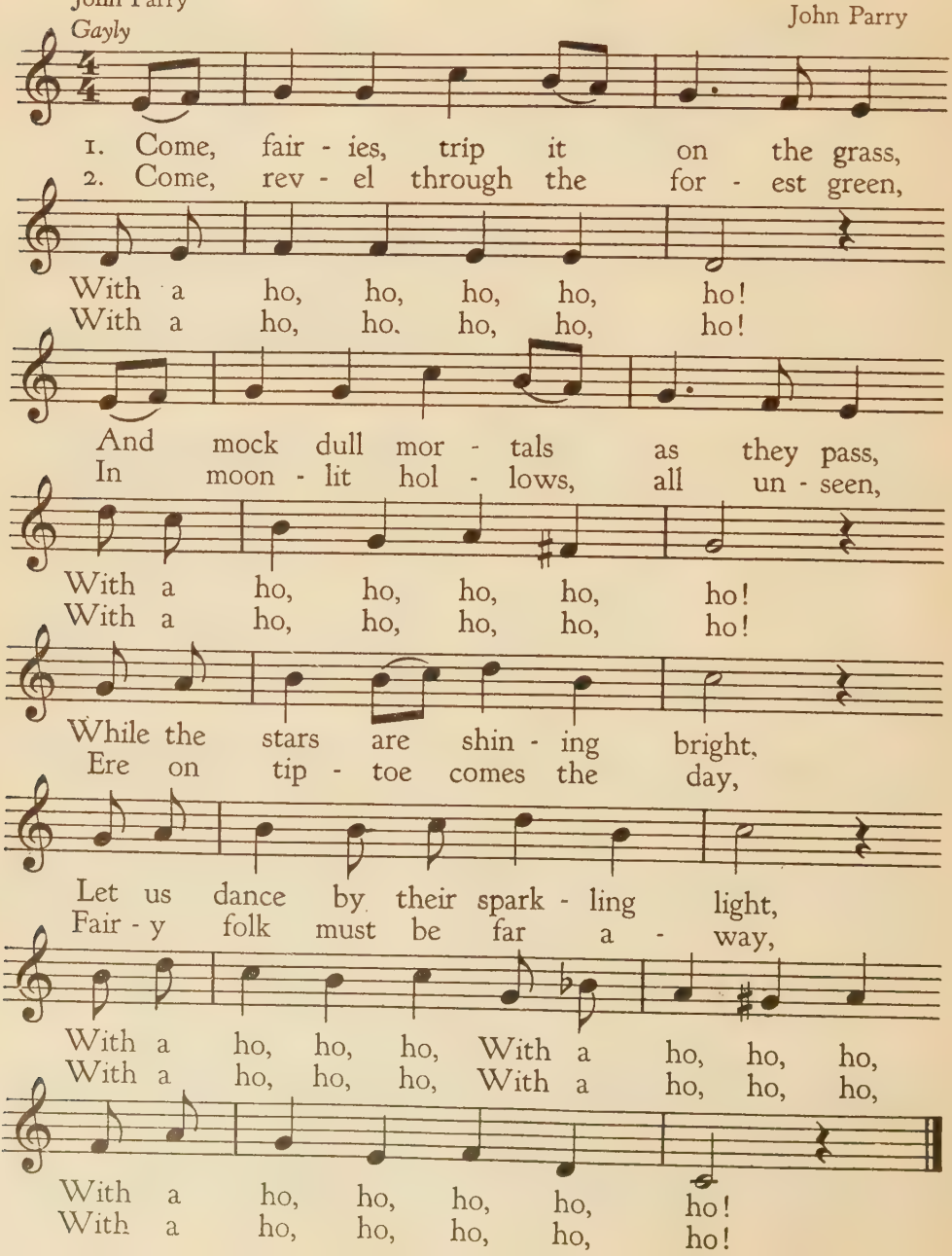
f
1. See, down the road, three hors - es
2. The wood is si - lent, waste the
3. "Fare-well, fare - well, thou gen - tle
4. He grasps the reins, yet ere the
mf
near - ing! Their young pos - til - ion drives a-
moor - land, And still he sings that sad re-
maid - en, Soft eyes that still my dreams en-
hors - es Are off a - gain at dash - ing
lone. A - far is heard his la - men-
frain; Sings of those eyes, so blue and
thrall! Fare - well, my cit - y, Moth - er
pace, He turns once more to view that
f
f


ta - tion, The bells clang on with mourn - ful
ten - der, His own shall ne'er be - hold a -
Mos - cow, I leave in thee my hope, my
hill - side, Once more his love's last rest - ing
tone. A - far is heard his la - men -
gain; Sings of those eyes, so blue and
all! Fare - well, my cit - y, Moth - er
place. He turns once more to view that
f
f
ta - tion, The bells clang on with mourn-ful tone.
ten - der, His own shall ne'er be - hold a - gain.
Mos - cow, I leave in thee my hope, my all!"
hill - side, Once more his love's last rest - ing place.

COME, FAIRIES, TRIP IT ON THE GRASS

John Parry

Gayly

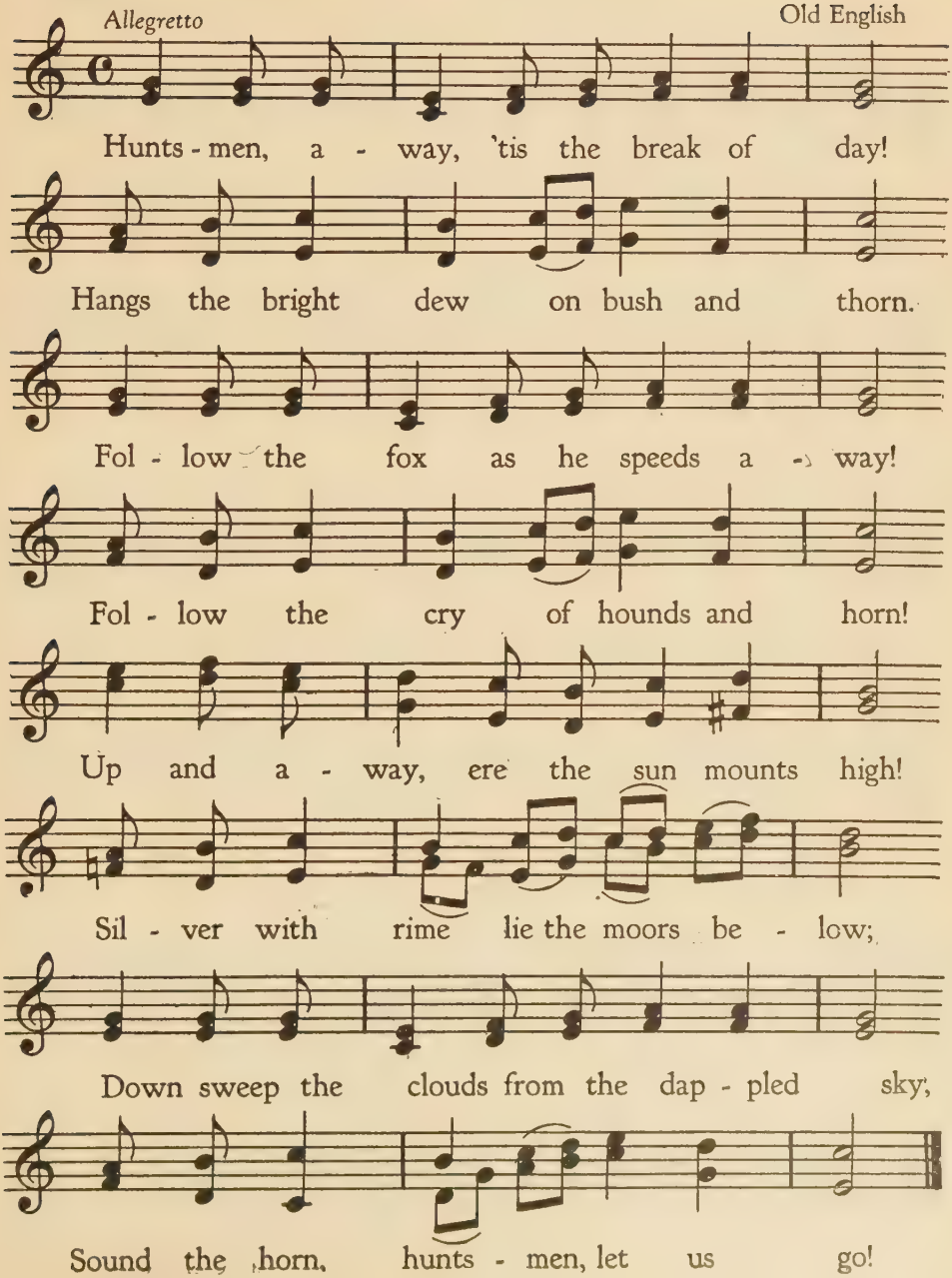

John Parry
1. Come, fair - ies, trip it on the grass,
2. Come, rev - el through the for - est green,
With a ho, ho, ho, ho, ho!
With a ho, ho, ho, ho, ho!
And mock dull mor - tals as they pass,
In moon - lit hol - lows, all un - seen,
With a ho, ho, ho, ho, ho!
With a ho, ho, ho, ho, ho!
While the stars are shin - ing bright,
Ere on tip - toe comes the day,
Let us dance by their spark - ling light,
Fair - y folk must be far a - way,
With a ho, ho, ho, With a ho, ho, ho,
With a ho, ho, ho, With a ho, ho, ho,
With a ho, ho, ho, ho, ho!
With a ho, ho, ho, ho, ho!

HUNTING SONG

English

Allegretto

Old English

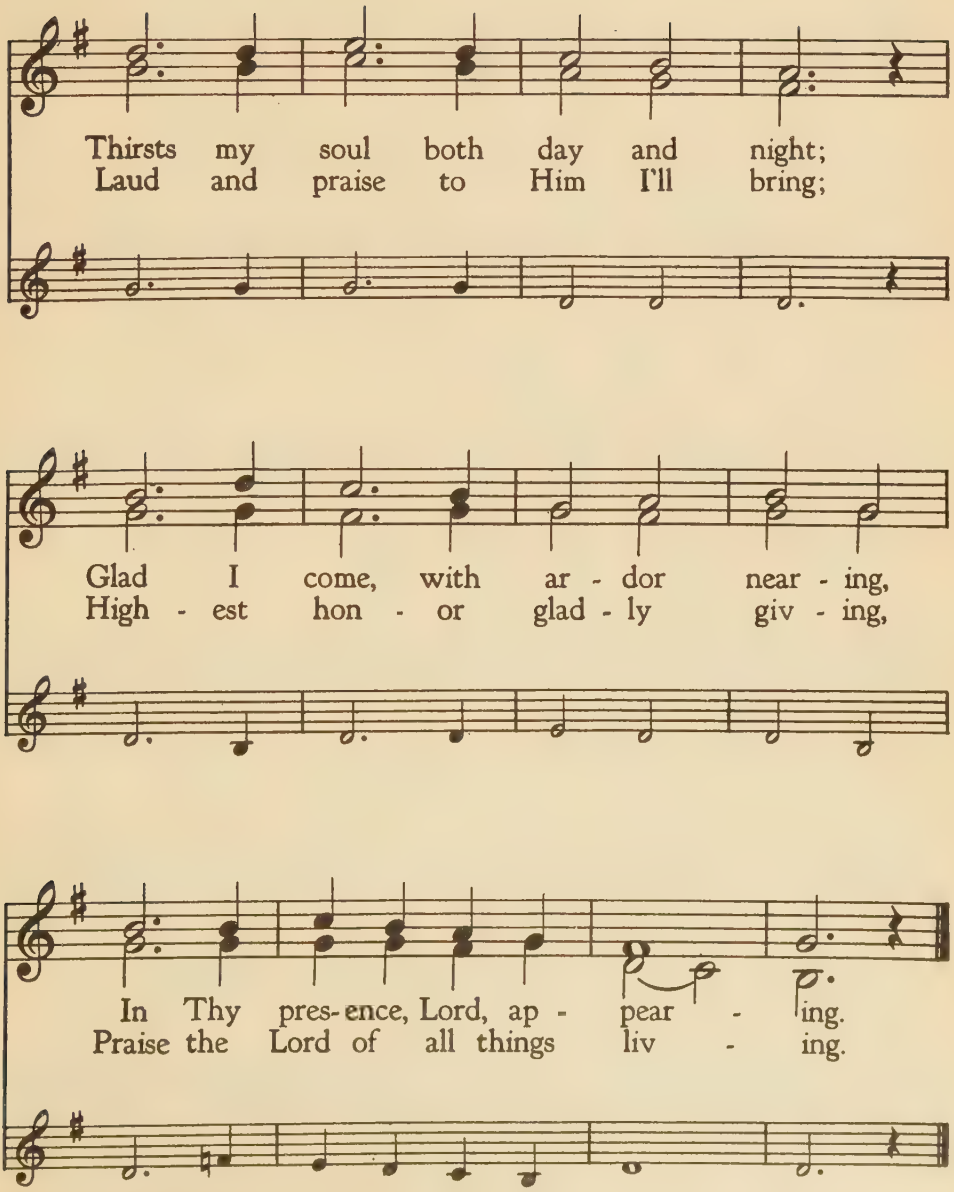

Hunts - men, a - way, 'tis the break of day!
Hangs the bright dew on bush and thorn.
Fol - low the fox as he speeds a - way!
Fol - low the cry of hounds and horn!
Up and a - way, ere the sun mounts high!
Sil - ver with rime lie the moors be - low;
Down sweep the clouds from the dap - pled sky;
Sound the horn, hunts - men, let us go!

THE FORTY-SECOND PSALM

Adapted from a French Metrical Version

French Chant

Moderato
1. As the thirst - y hart would has - ten
2. Why, my soul, thus heav - y lad - en,
Where the cool - ing wa - ters glide,
Art thou fear - ful now in me?
So my soul, O Lord, is sigh - ing
Let me trust the Lord and bless Him,
In Thy dwell - ing to a - bide.
Bless the con - stant care I see.
For the Lord of life and light
Day and night to Him I'll sing,


Thirsts my soul both day and night;
Laud and praise to Him I'll bring;
Glad I come, with ar - dor near - ing,
High - est hon - or glad - ly giv - ing,
In Thy pres-ence, Lord, ap - pear - ing.
Praise the Lord of all things liv - ing.

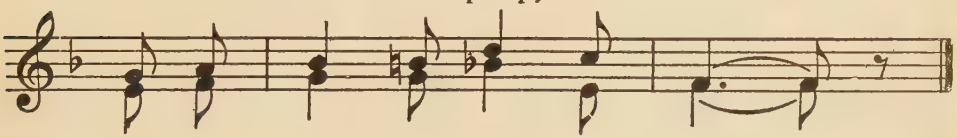
VENICE

Caroline Bell

"The Carnival of Venice"
Italian Folk Tune

Allegro
1. If you should go to Ven - ice,
2. The mar - ble tow'rs of Ven - ice
You would find a mag - ic town;
You will see, while drift - ing by;
The streets are flow - ing riv - ers
They're tall, and oh, so slen - der!
Where the boats glide up and down;
And they seem to kiss the sky;
A gon - do - la stops at the door-way,
But best of it all is the eve - ning,
And the boat - man sings a song,
On the lan - tern - lit la - goon,

He'll pad - dle his boat thro' the wa - ter,
The chil - dren are hap - py as flow - ers



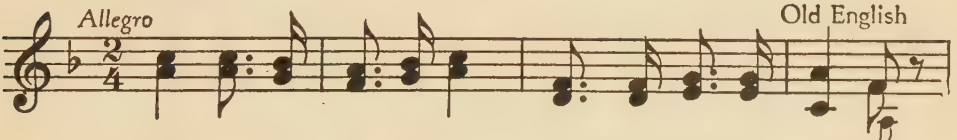
You may ride the whole day long.
As they sing be - neath the moon.

LET US GO A-MAYING

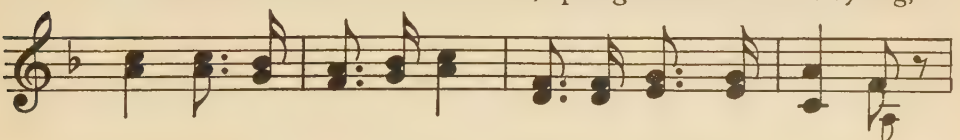
Natalia Macfarren

Allegro

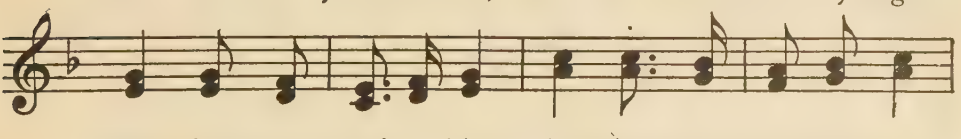
Old English



1. See, gold - en daf - fo - dils All the meads ar - ray - ing!
2. Hark! how the tune - ful thrush, Spring's com - mand o - bey - ing,



Down from the pur - ple hills Sil - ver brooks are stray - ing;
Car - ols in yon - der bush, Car - ols with - out stay - ing!



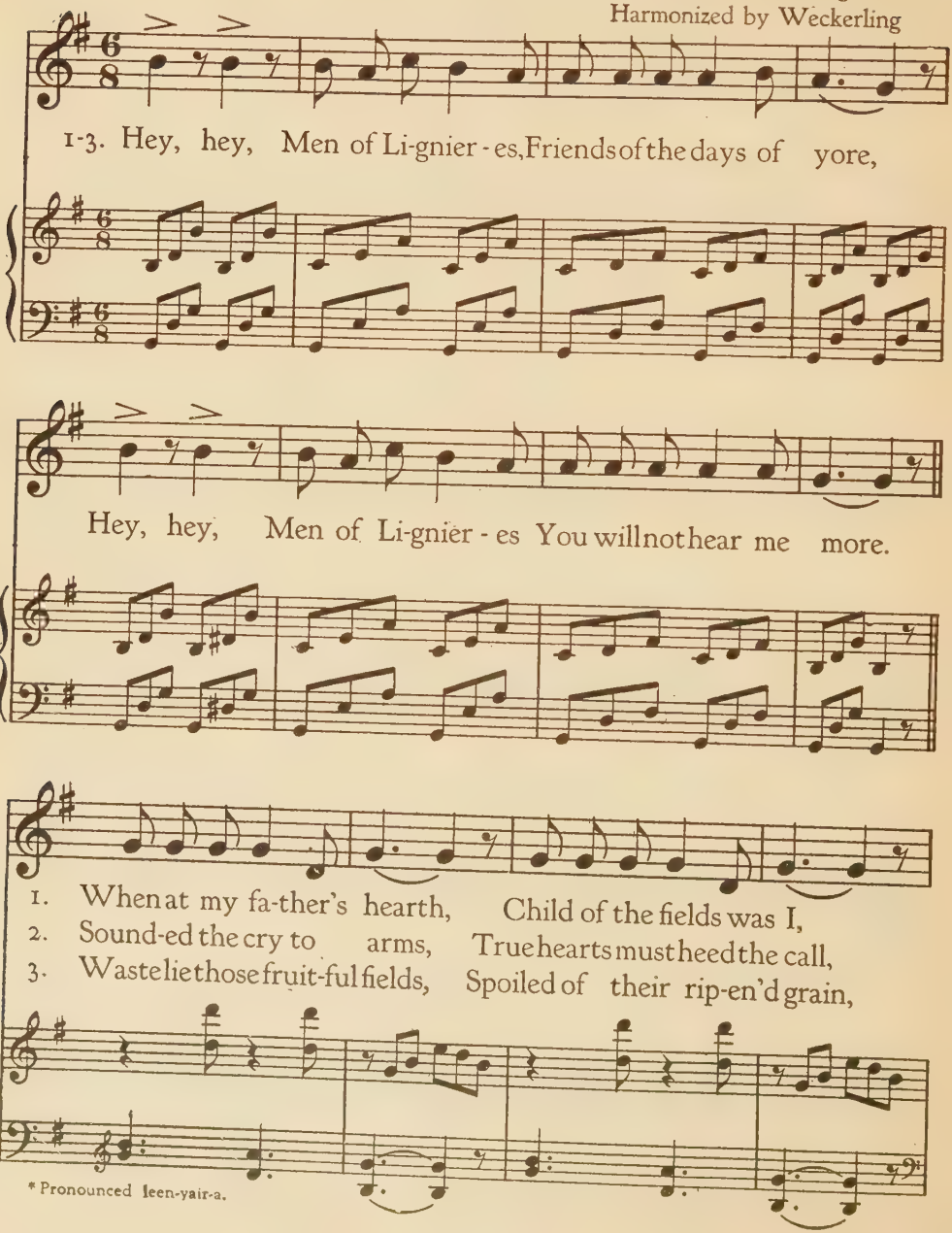
Bright shines yon pearl - y blue, White gleams the haw - thorn spray
Come, while the ten - der green Still wears its youth - ful sheen,

Thro' veils of sun - ny dew. Now let us go a May - ing!
Roam o'er the charm - ing scene, And let us go a May - ing!

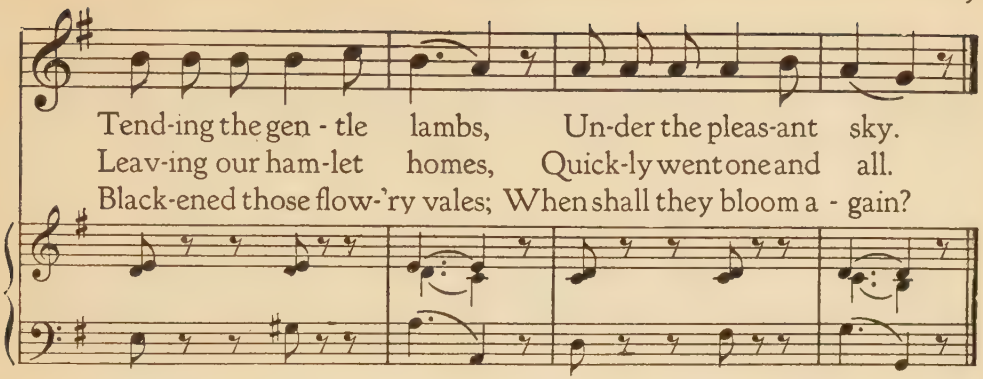
HEY, HEY, MEN OF LIGNIERES*

Adapted from the French

French Folk Song
Harmonized by Weckerling


1-3. Hey, hey, Men of Li-gnier-es, Friends of the days of yore,
Hey, hey, Men of Li-gnier-es You will not hear me more.
1. When at my fa-ther's hearth, Child of the fields was I,
2. Sound-ed the cry to arms, True hearts must heed the call,
3. Waste lie those fruit-ful fields, Spoiled of their rip-en'd grain,

* Pronounced leen-yair-a.


Tend-ing the gen - tle lambs, Un-der the pleas-ant sky.
Leav-ing our ham-let homes, Quick-ly went one and all.
Black-ened those flow-'ry vales; When shall they bloom a - gain?

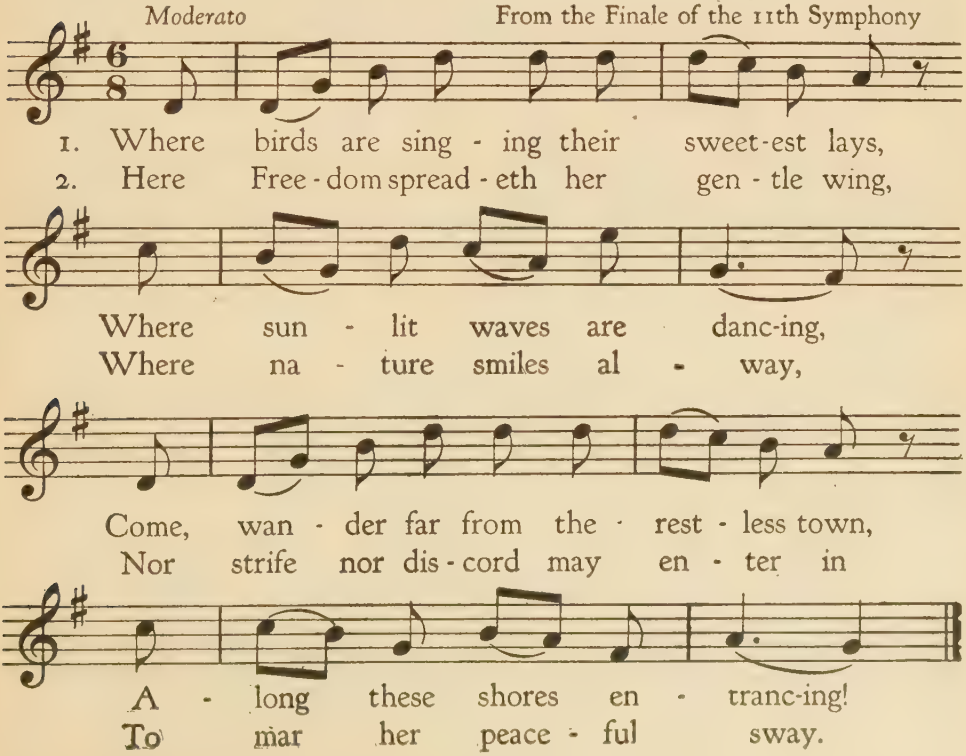
WHERE BIRDS ARE SINGING

Adapted from the Italian

Haydn

Moderato

From the Finale of the 11th Symphony


1. Where birds are sing - ing their sweet-est lays,
2. Here Free - dom spread - eth her gen - tle wing,
Where sun - lit waves are danc-ing,
Where na - ture smiles al - way,
Come, wan - der far from the - rest - less town,
Nor strife nor dis - cord may en - ter in
A - long these shores en - tranc-ing!
To mar her peace - ful sway.

THE HIKERS

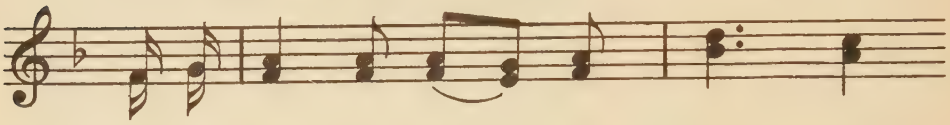
Cecil Cowdrey

Franz von Suppé

With spirit

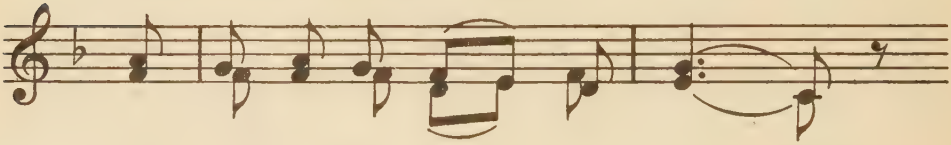
From "Light Cavalry Overture"

1. At the break of day, let us march a - way,
2. Up the green hill - side, through the wood - land wide,



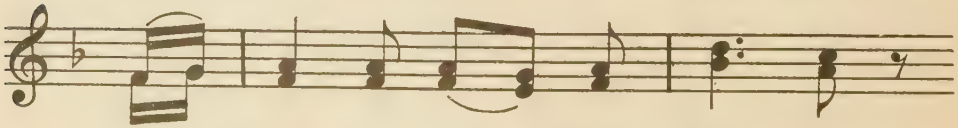
At the first gray glint of morn - ing;
They shall hear our voic - es ring - ing;

With ring - ing song we tramp a - long,
Where tor - rents roar, and ea - gles soar,



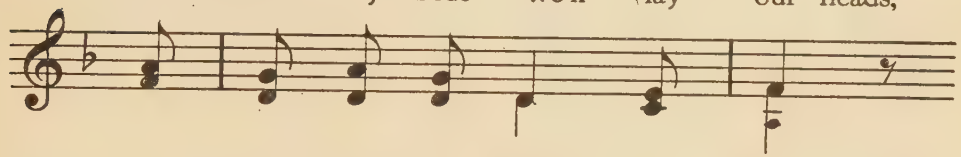
For off to the hills are we.
We climb to the o - pen sky.

Let us haste and come with the fife and drum,
When the sun goes down, far a - bove the town,



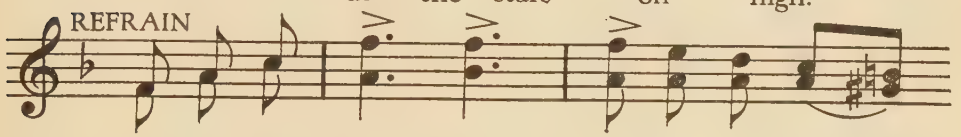
Dull hours of lei - sure scorn - ing,
We'll lie at ease re - clin - ing;

With hearts as light as birds in flight,
On moss - y beds we'll lay our heads,



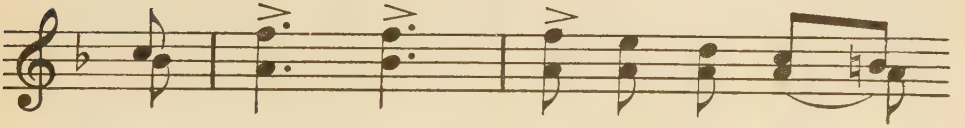
With hearts that are glad and free!
And look at the stars on high.

REFRAIN



Then it is march, march, sing - ing a song,

To keep in step as we hike a - long!



It's march, march, nev - er give in

Un - til our goal we win!

THE ISLAND OF DREAMS

Adapted from the Russian

Moderato

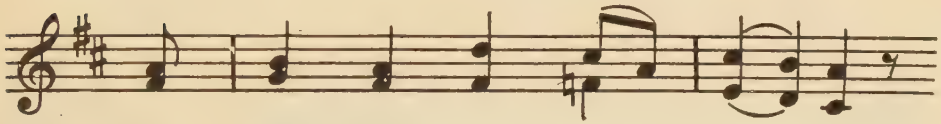
Joachim Raff

1. Far a - way an is - land lies, with
2. Nev - er sail - or lad shall guide where
hills for - ev - er green;
that bright ra - diance gleams;
Sil - ver wa - ters lave the shore where
Nev - er bea - con lamp shall light that
nev - er ship was seen.
path - way with its beams.
Calm the sea, so blue and fair,
On - ly mys - tic realms of sleep
Nev - er storm has ven - tured there,
Se - crets of that is - land keep,
From that gen - tle sky the sun shines
Fair it lies, so fair it lies, that
down with ray se - rene.
won - drous Isle of Dreams.

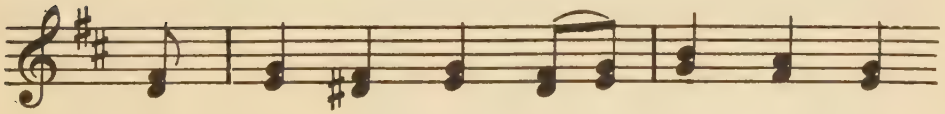
From the Norwegian

Andantino Niels W Gade

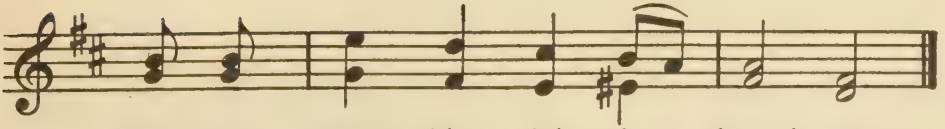
1. The sea, the sea, Oh, the might - y sea,
2. The ship, the ship, Oh, the bon - ny ship,
3. The sails, the sails, Oh, the snow - y sails,
4. It's on the sea that I'd like to be,



With man - y voic - es sound - ing,
I'd steer her straight and stead - y!
I'd spread in all their beau - ty!
With waves in roll - ing mo - tion;



It's on the sea I'd like to be,
I'd call my crew as cap - tains do,
The tall main - mast I'd climb so fast,
To sail a - way by night and day,



With the bright blue bil - lows bound - ing!
And a storm should find me read - y.
For a sail - or does his du - ty.
On the bound - ing, bright blue o - cean!

WANDERING WITH THE SUN

Kate Forman
Allegro moderato

Franz Abt

1. The sun looked in and smiled at me,
2. The ros - es all a - long the way,
The wind came blow - ing too;
The cher - ries o - ver - head,
"Oh, will you wait for me?" I cried,
The ber - ries on the bram - ble bush
sf
sf
"I'll wan - der, I'll wan - der,
Were glow - ing, were glow - ing,
I'll wan - der off with you."
Were glow - ing bright and red.
Oh, what a joy it was to pass
The rob - ins in the cher - ry tree

A - long the green and wav - ing grass:
Were sing - ing sweet as sweet could be,
The morn - ing dew - drops, ev - 'ry one,
The lit - tle chil - dren, ev - 'ry one,
Were spark - ling in the sun.
Were hap - py in the sun.
mf
Tra - la - la, tra - la - la, tra - la
sf
la la la la la la la! Tra - la - la,
tra - la - la, tra - la la la la la la!

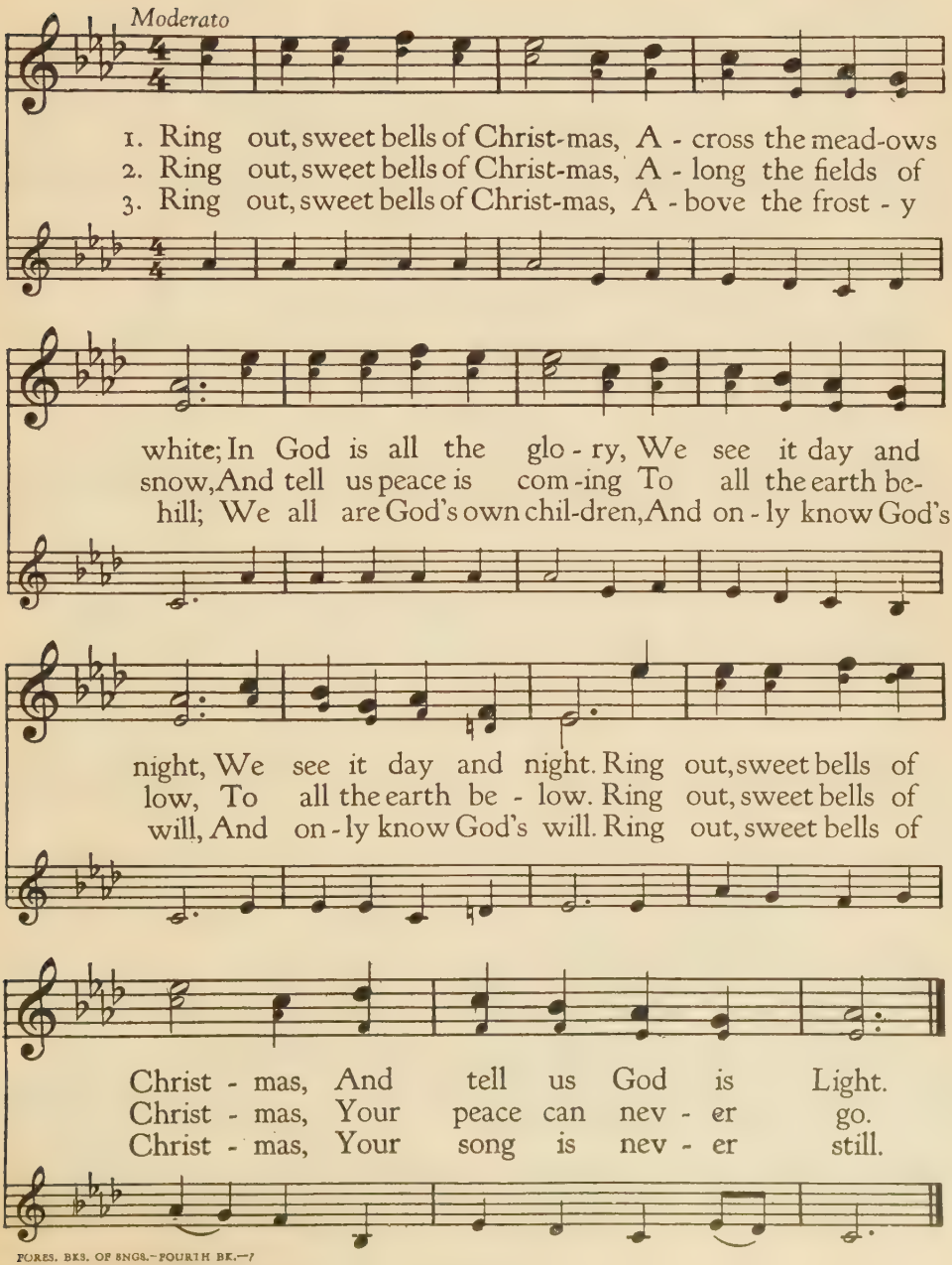
Edwin Star Belknap — Melody by Caesar Cui

Fast

1. Rain - drops, lit - tle rain - drops
2. Hail - stones, lit - tle hail - stones
3. Snow - flakes, lit - tle snow - flakes
1. Lit - tle rain - drops fall - ing
2. Lit - tle hail - stones beat - ing
3. Lit - tle snow - flakes fly - ing
Tap - ping at the win-dow; Sure - ly they are
Beat - ing at the win-dow;
Wait - ing at the win-dow; Sure - ly
On the win-dow - pane; Sure - ly
On the win-dow thin; Sure - ly
To the win-dow sill; Sure - ly
f
call - ing me, "Come out, come out!"
they are call - ing, "Come, come out, come out!"
they are call-ing, "Come out in the rain!"
they're re - peat-ing, "How can you stay in?"
they are cry-ing, "Come and slide down hill!"

CHRISTMAS HYMN

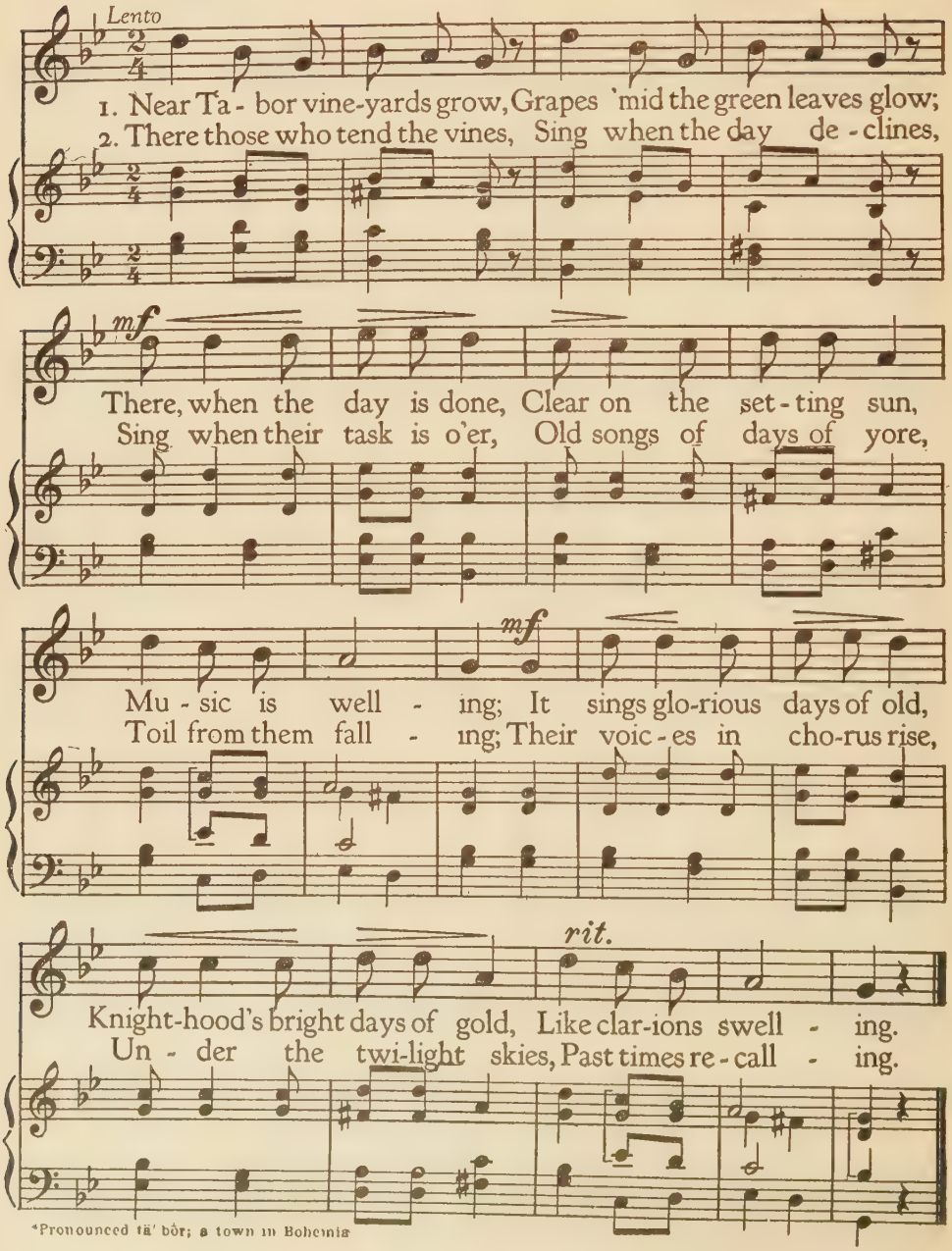
M. Praetorius


Moderato
1. Ring out, sweet bells of Christ-mas, A - cross the mead-ows
2. Ring out, sweet bells of Christ-mas, A - long the fields of
3. Ring out, sweet bells of Christ-mas, A - bove the frost - y
white; In God is all the glo - ry, We see it day and
snow, And tell us peace is com - ing To all the earth be-
hill; We all are God's own chil-dren, And on - ly know God's
night, We see it day and night. Ring out, sweet bells of
low, To all the earth be - low. Ring out, sweet bells of
will, And on - ly know God's will. Ring out, sweet bells of
Christ - mas, And tell us God is Light.
Christ - mas, Your peace can nev - er go.
Christ - mas, Your song is nev - er still.

A SONG OF TABOR

English Version by
F. H. Martens

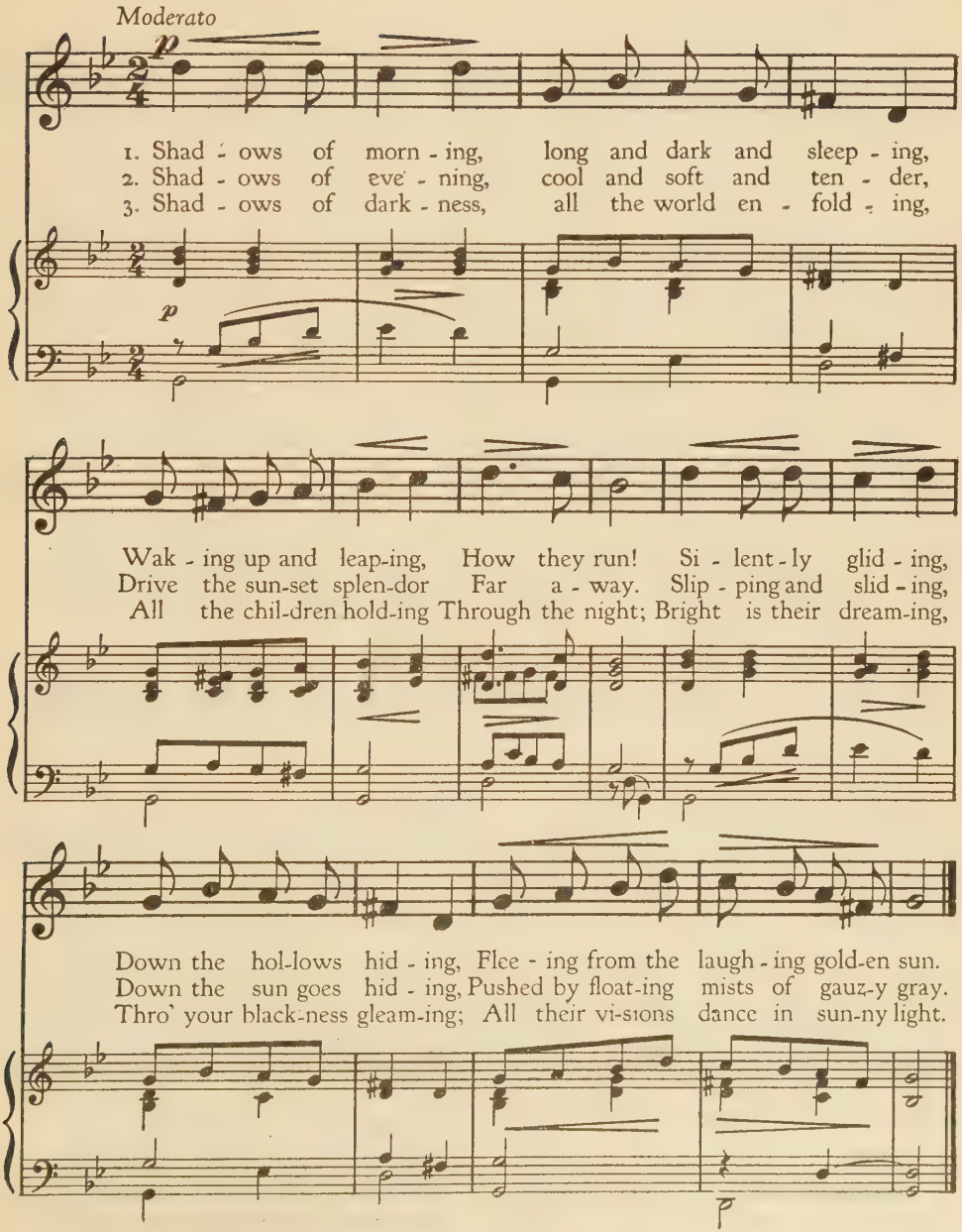
Bohemian Melody


Lento
1. Near Ta - bor vine-yards grow, Grapes 'mid the green leaves glow;
2. There those who tend the vines, Sing when the day de - clines,
mf
There, when the day is done, Clear on the set - ting sun,
Sing when their task is o'er, Old songs of days of yore,
mf
Mu - sic is well - ing; It sings glo-rious days of old,
Toil from them fall - ing; Their voic - es in cho-rus rise,
rit.
Knight-hood's bright days of gold, Like clar-ions swell - ing.
Un - der the twi-light skies, Past times re - call - ing.

*Pronounced tä' bôr; a town in Bohemia

Kate Forman Russian Tune

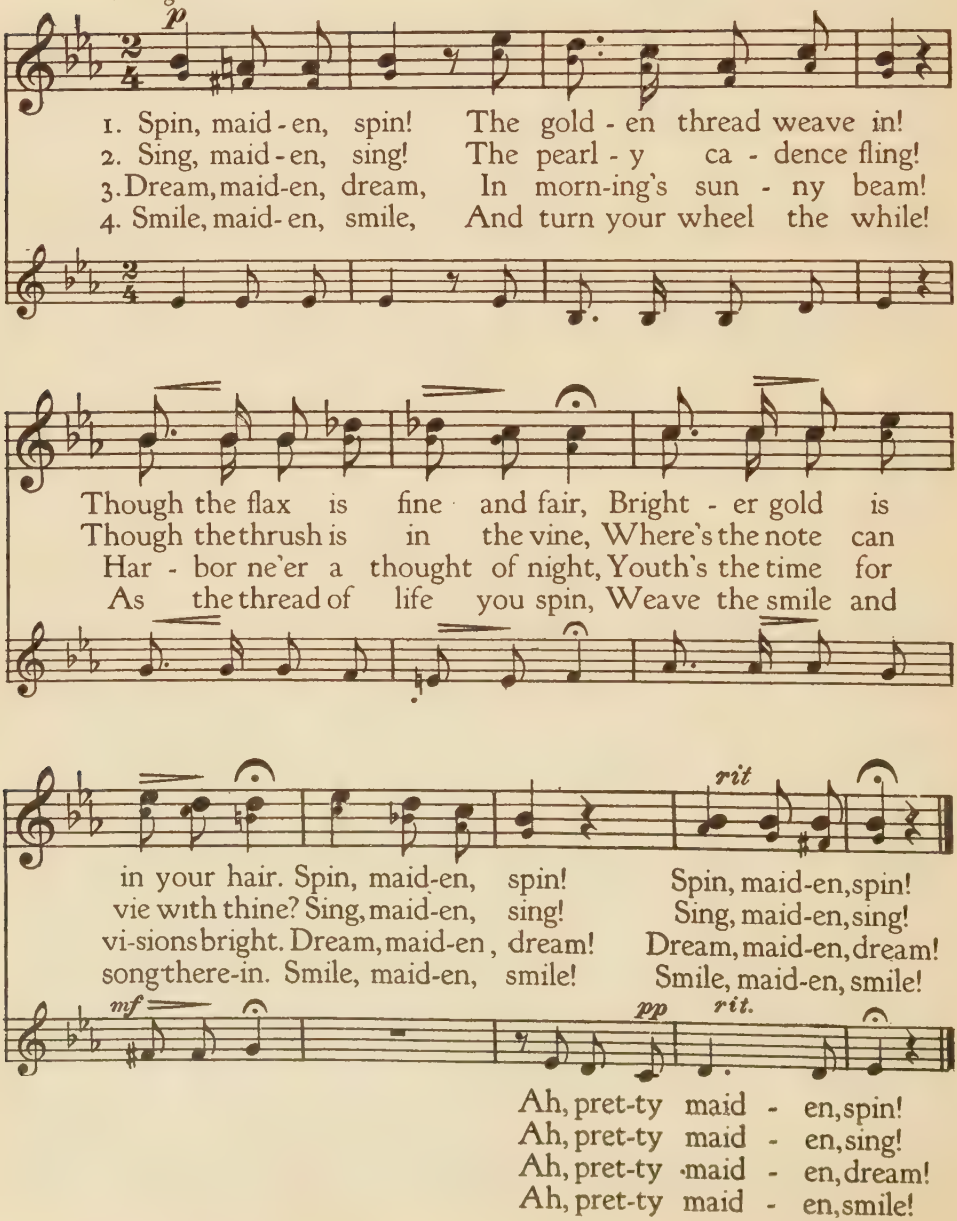
Moderato


p
1. Shad - ows of morn - ing, long and dark and sleep - ing,
2. Shad - ows of eve - ning, cool and soft and ten - der,
3. Shad - ows of dark - ness, all the world en - fold - ing,
p
Wak - ing up and leap-ing, How they run! Si - lent - ly glid - ing,
Drive the sun-set splen-dor Far a - way. Slip - ping and slid - ing,
All the chil-dren hold-ing Through the night; Bright is their dream-ing,
Down the hol-lows hid - ing, Flee - ing from the laugh - ing gold-en sun.
Down the sun goes hid - ing, Pushed by float-ing mists of gauz-y gray.
Thro' your black-ness gleam-ing; All their vi-sions dance in sun-ny light.
p

SPIN, MAIDEN, SPIN!

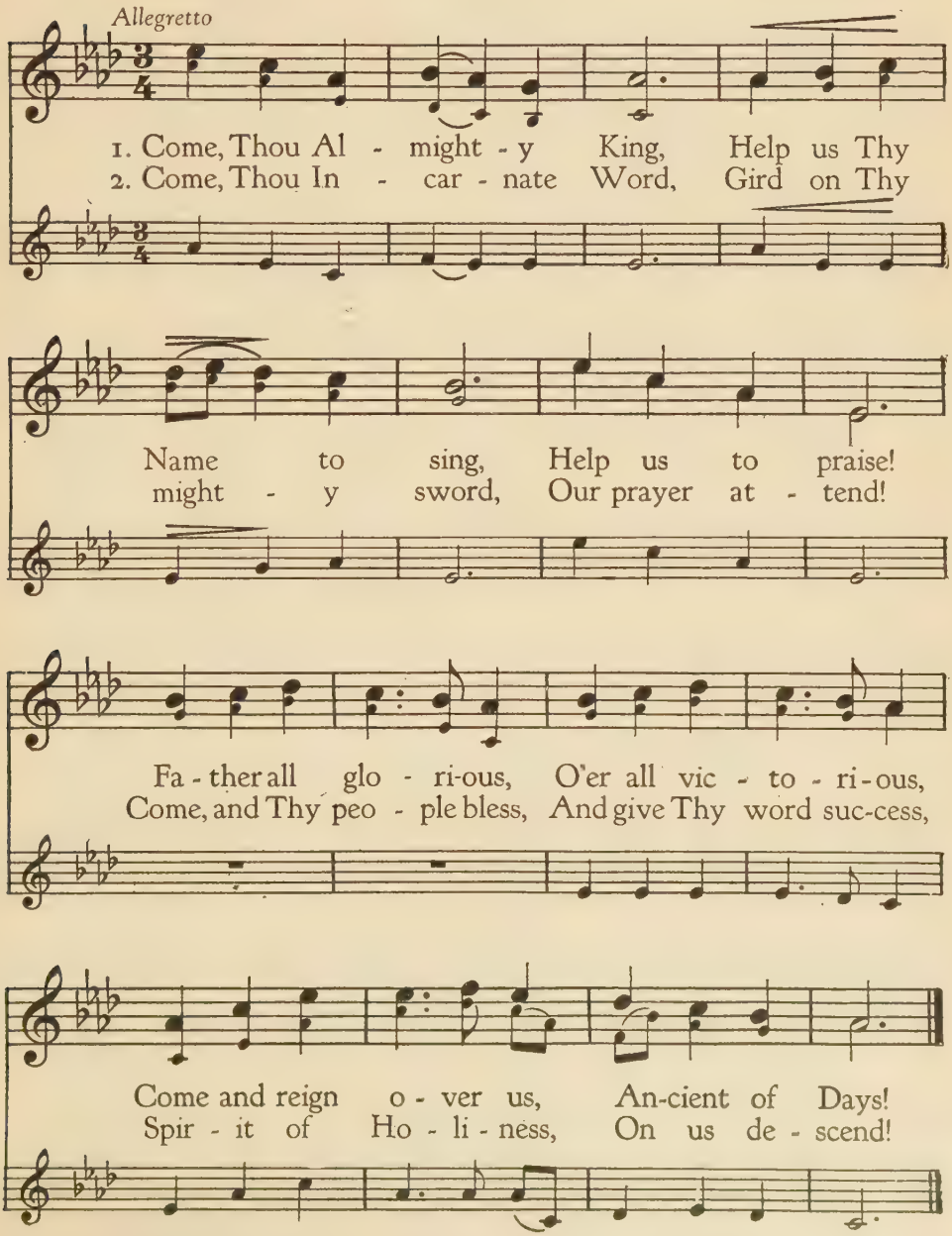
Edwin Star Belknap — Thomas Fischer

With gentle motion


p
1. Spin, maid-en, spin! The gold-en thread weave in!
2. Sing, maid-en, sing! The pearl-y ca-dence fling!
3. Dream, maid-en, dream, In morn-ing's sun-ny beam!
4. Smile, maid-en, smile, And turn your wheel the while!
Though the flax is fine and fair, Bright-er gold is
Though the thrush is in the vine, Where's the note can
Har-bor ne'er a thought of night, Youth's the time for
As the thread of life you spin, Weave the smile and
rit
in your hair. Spin, maid-en, spin! Spin, maid-en, spin!
vie with thine? Sing, maid-en, sing! Sing, maid-en, sing!
vi-sions bright. Dream, maid-en, dream! Dream, maid-en, dream!
song there-in. Smile, maid-en, smile! Smile, maid-en, smile!
mf
pp
rit.
Ah, pret-ty maid-en, spin!
Ah, pret-ty maid-en, sing!
Ah, pret-ty maid-en, dream!
Ah, pret-ty maid-en, smile!

Charles Wesley

Felice Giardini


Allegretto
1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King, Help us Thy
2. Come, Thou In - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy
Name to sing, Help us to praise!
might - y sword, Our prayer at - tend!
Fa - ther all glo - ri-ous, O'er all vic - to - ri-ous,
Come, and Thy peo - ple bless, And give Thy word suc-cess,
Come and reign o - ver us, An-cient of Days!
Spir - it of Ho - li - ness, On us de - scend!

THE WOODLAND LILY

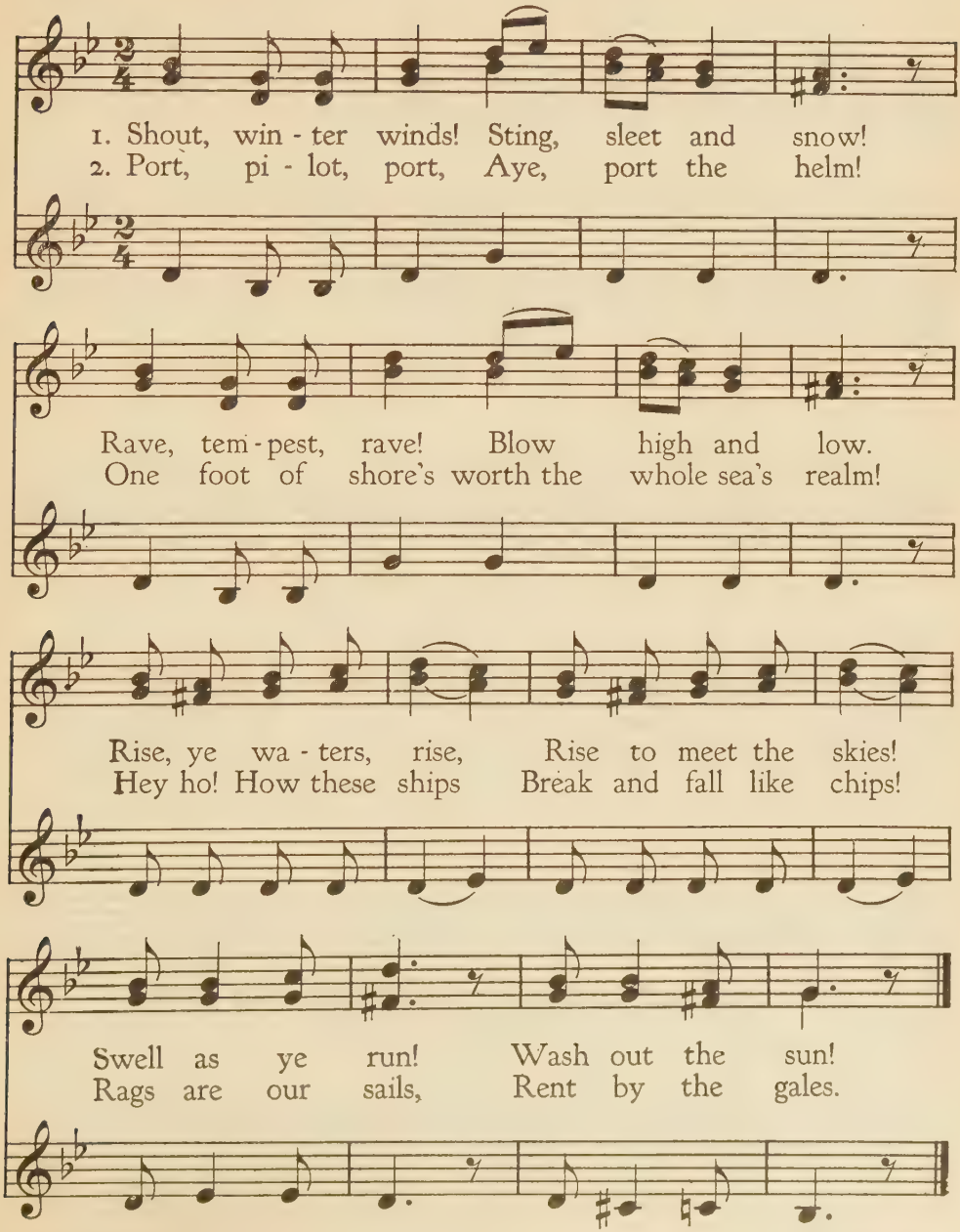
Frédéric Chopin
From "Second Ballade

Quietly
1. Be - side the sing - ing brook that flows
2. It bends a - bove the brook - let clear,
3. "And why then weep, O ten - der flow'r,
Thro' for - est shad - ows brood - ing,
As tho' to hear its sing - ing;
To hear the brook's gay sing - ing?"
A pure - white fra - grant lil - y grows,
A drop of dew hangs like a tear
"I mourn my beau - ty's fleet - ing hour,
And nods to the rip - pling stream.
And shines in a sun - ny beam.
As brief as a pass - ing dream."

STORM AT SEA

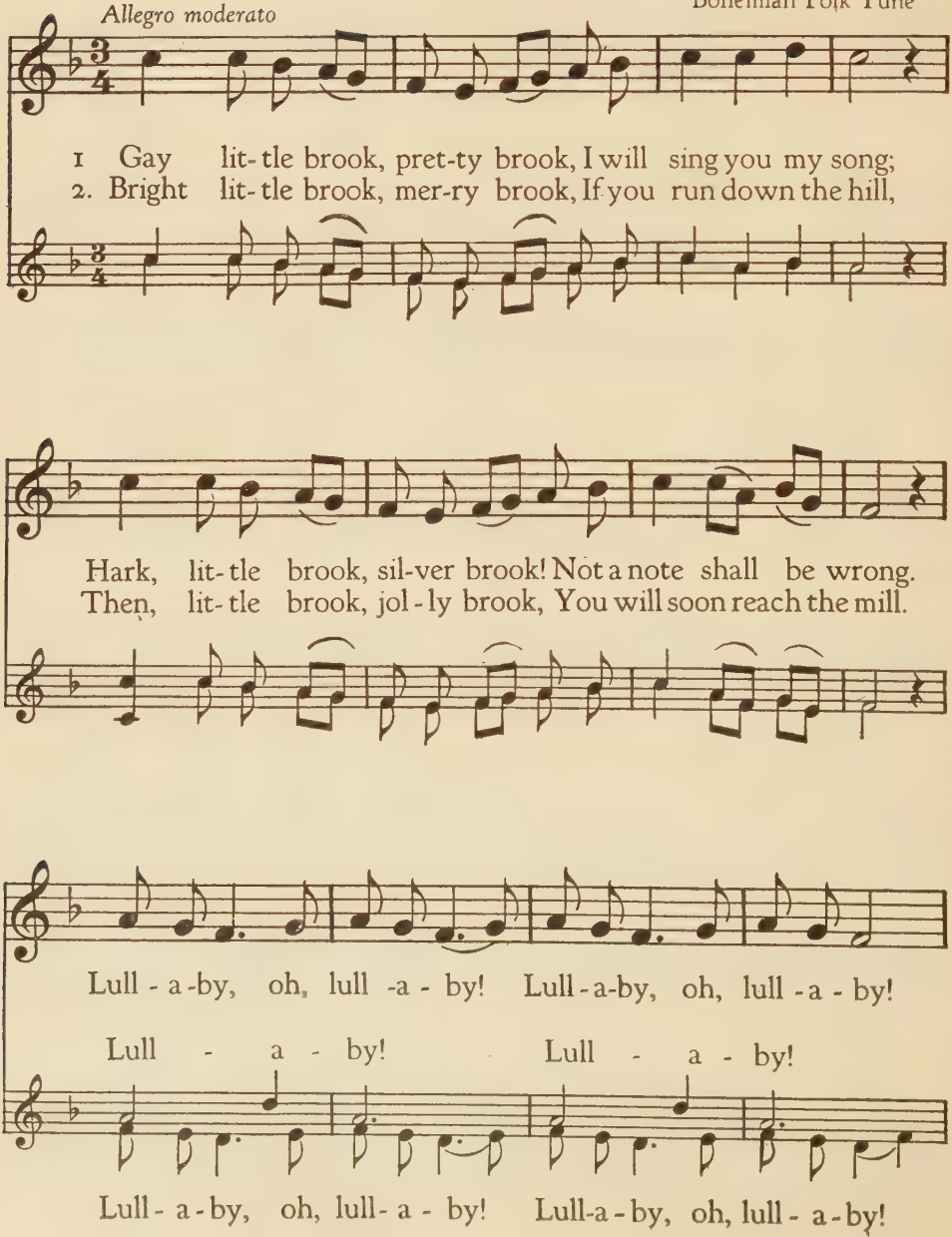
Adapted from
Sir William D'Avenant

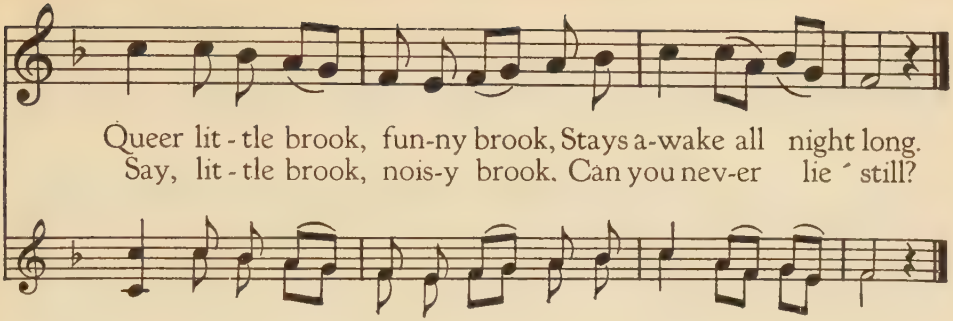
Slovene Folk Song


1. Shout, win - ter winds! Sting, sleet and snow!
2. Port, pi - lot, port, Aye, port the helm!
Rave, tem - pest, rave! Blow high and low.
One foot of shore's worth the whole sea's realm!
Rise, ye wa - ters, rise, Rise to meet the skies!
Hey ho! How these ships Break and fall like chips!
Swell as ye run! Wash out the sun!
Rags are our sails, Rent by the gales.

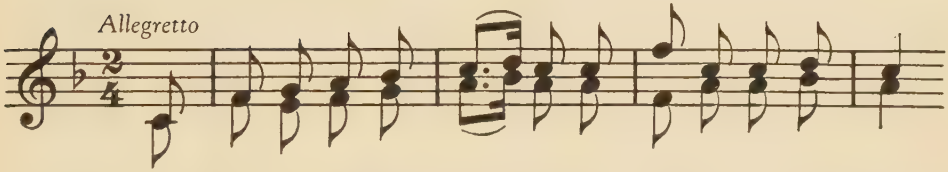
THE WAKEFUL BROOK

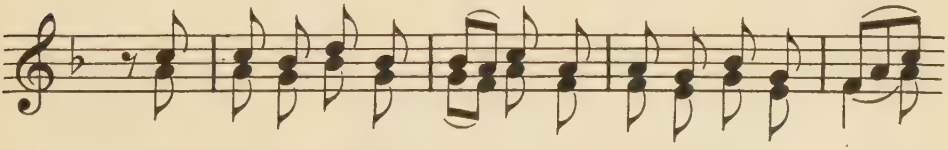
Bohemian Folk Tune


Allegro moderato
1 Gay lit-tle brook, pret-ty brook, I will sing you my song;
2. Bright lit-tle brook, mer-ry brook, If you run down the hill,
Hark, lit-tle brook, sil-ver brook! Not a note shall be wrong.
Then, lit-tle brook, jol-ly brook, You will soon reach the mill.
Lull-a-by, oh, lull-a-by! Lull-a-by, oh, lull-a-by!
Lull - a - by! Lull - a - by!
Lull-a-by, oh, lull-a-by! Lull-a-by, oh, lull-a-by!



THE TIME TO SING

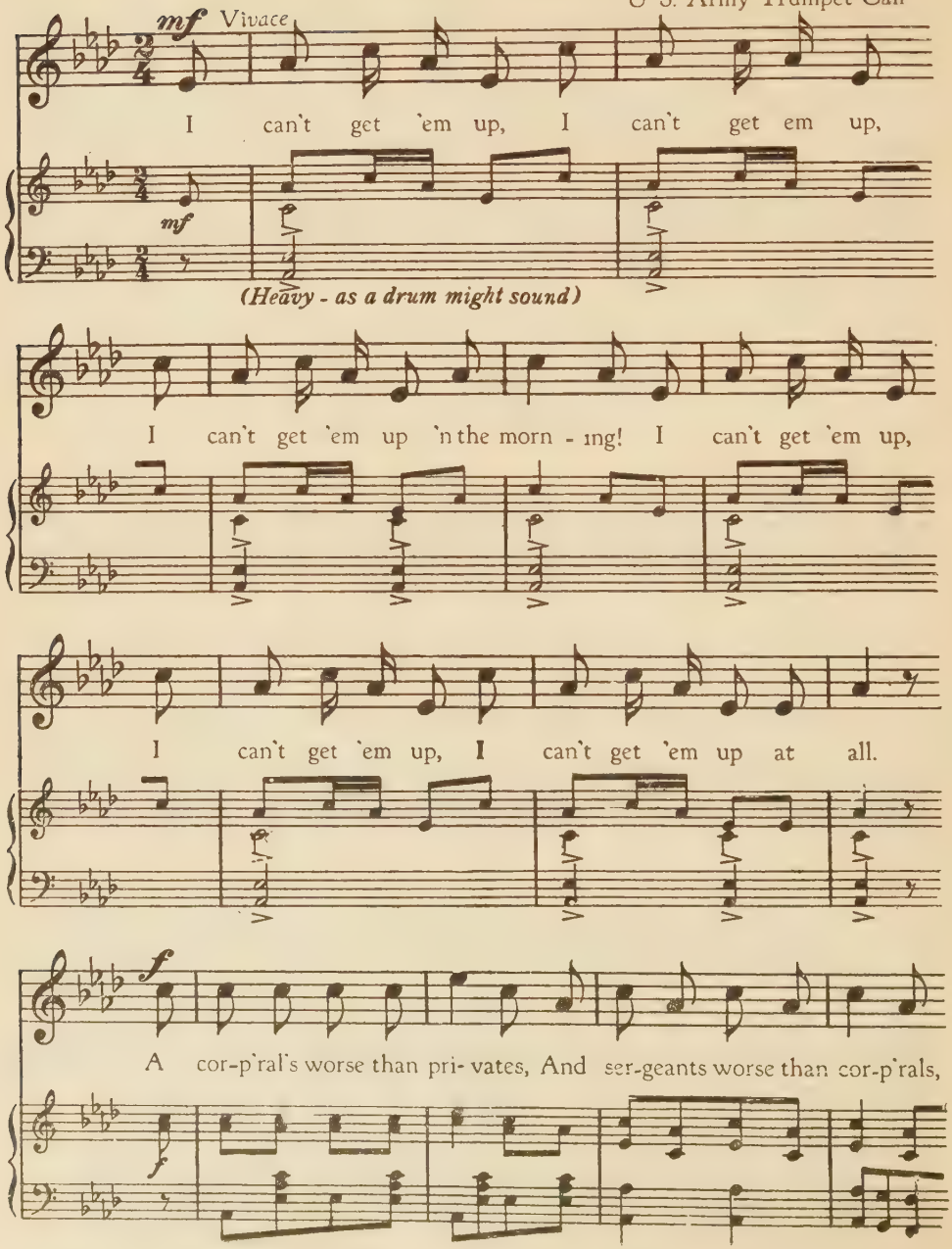

Allegretto
1. When dawns are dark and drear-y, When days no prom-ise bring,
2. Let Fate send what she wills us, Our loss may be our gain;
3. Then let no tide dis- may you, Nor to the an-chor cling;

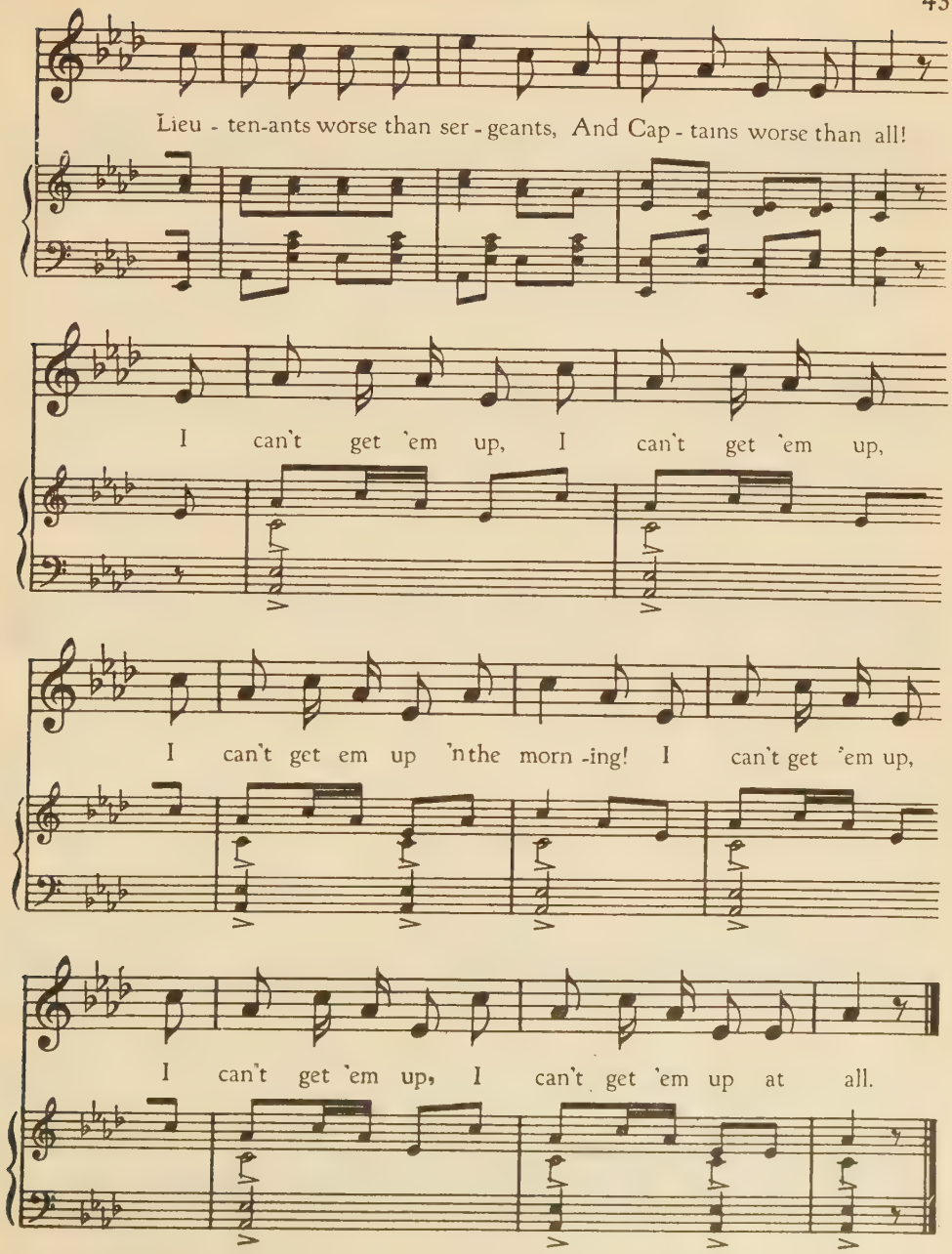

When ev-'ry road is wea-ry, Why that's the time to sing,
The cloud that dims the sun-light, May give re-fresh-ing rain,
When Win - ter calls the loud-est, Set out to meet the Spring,

When ev -'ry road is wea-ry, Why that's the time to sing.
The cloud that dims the sun-light, May give re-fresh-ing rain.
When Win - ter calls the loud-est, Set out to meet the Spring.

THE BUGLER MARCH

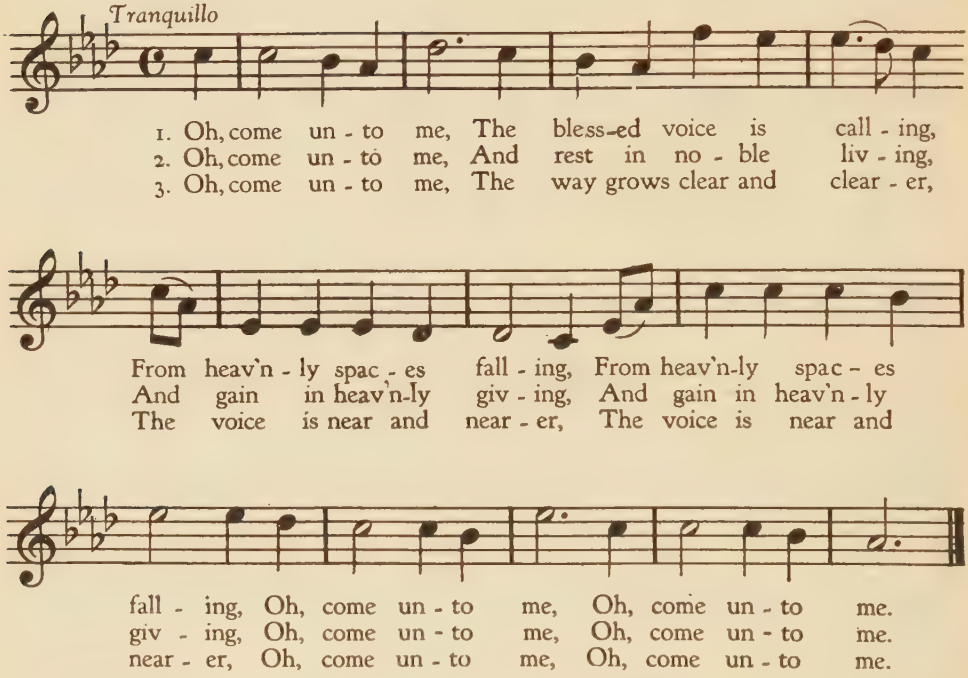
"Reveille"
U. S. Army Trumpet Call


mf Vivace
I can't get 'em up, I can't get em up,
mf
(Heavy - as a drum might sound)
I can't get 'em up 'n the morn - ing! I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up at all.
f
A cor-p'ral's worse than pri- vates, And ser-geants worse than cor-p'rals,
f


Lieu - ten-ants worse than ser - geants, And Cap - tains worse than all!
I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up,
I can't get em up 'nthe morn -ing! I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up at all.

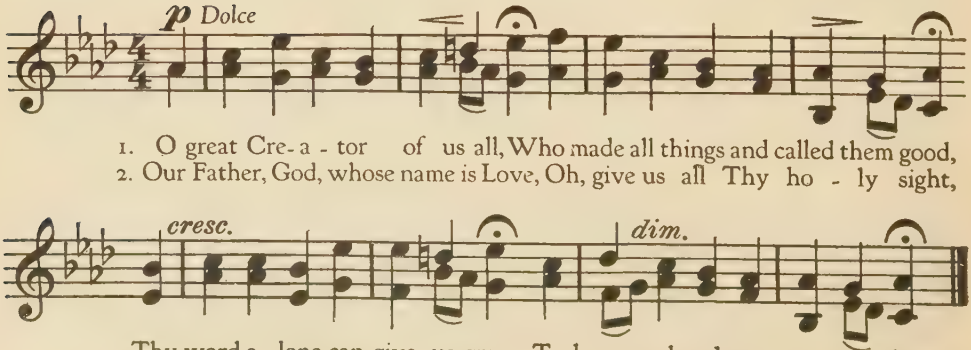
OH, COME UNTO ME

James Geddes — Luise Reichardt


Tranquillo
1. Oh, come un - to me, The bless-ed voice is call - ing,
2. Oh, come un - to me, And rest in no - ble liv - ing,
3. Oh, come un - to me, The way grows clear and clear - er,
From heav'n - ly spac - es fall - ing, From heav'n-ly spac - es
And gain in heav'n-ly giv - ing, And gain in heav'n - ly
The voice is near and near - er, The voice is near and
fall - ing, Oh, come un - to me, Oh, come un - to me.
giv - ing, Oh, come un - to me, Oh, come un - to me.
near - er, Oh, come un - to me, Oh, come un - to me.

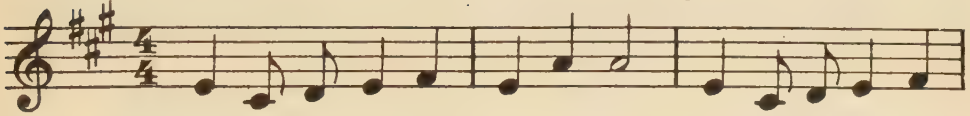
PRAYER

German Choral

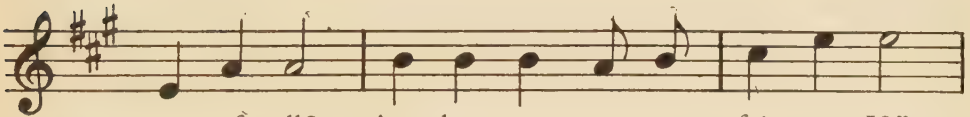

p Dolce
1. O great Cre - a - tor of us all, Who made all things and called them good,
2. Our Father, God, whose name is Love, Oh, give us all Thy ho - ly sight,
cresc.
dim.
Thy word a - lone can give us grace To love each oth - er as we should.
To see, be-yond the veil of earth, Thy per - fect im-age fair and bright!

Carl Reinecke
From the Opera "Snow-white"

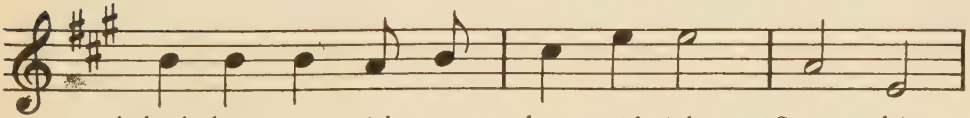
Slowly



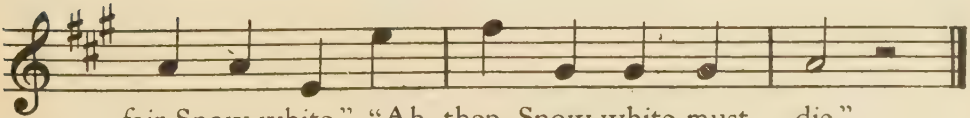
1. "Tell me, O mir-ror on the wall, Who is the love-liest
2. So to the woods she sent the child, Deep in the for-est
3. Then in a cot-tage neat and small, Un-der a per-fumed
4. "Tell me, O mir-ror on the wall, Am I the fair-est



one of all? Are there an - y as fair as I?"
dark and wild. Snow-white trem-bled with cold and fear,
rose-clad wall. Lived Snow-white till a Prince one day
one of all?" "La-dy Queen, there is one be-side;



Asked the queen with a lan-guid sigh. "Snow-white,
Came the elves with a word of cheer, "Snow-white,
Chanced to see her and said straight-way, "Snow-white,
Nev - er for - est so deep could hide Snow-white,

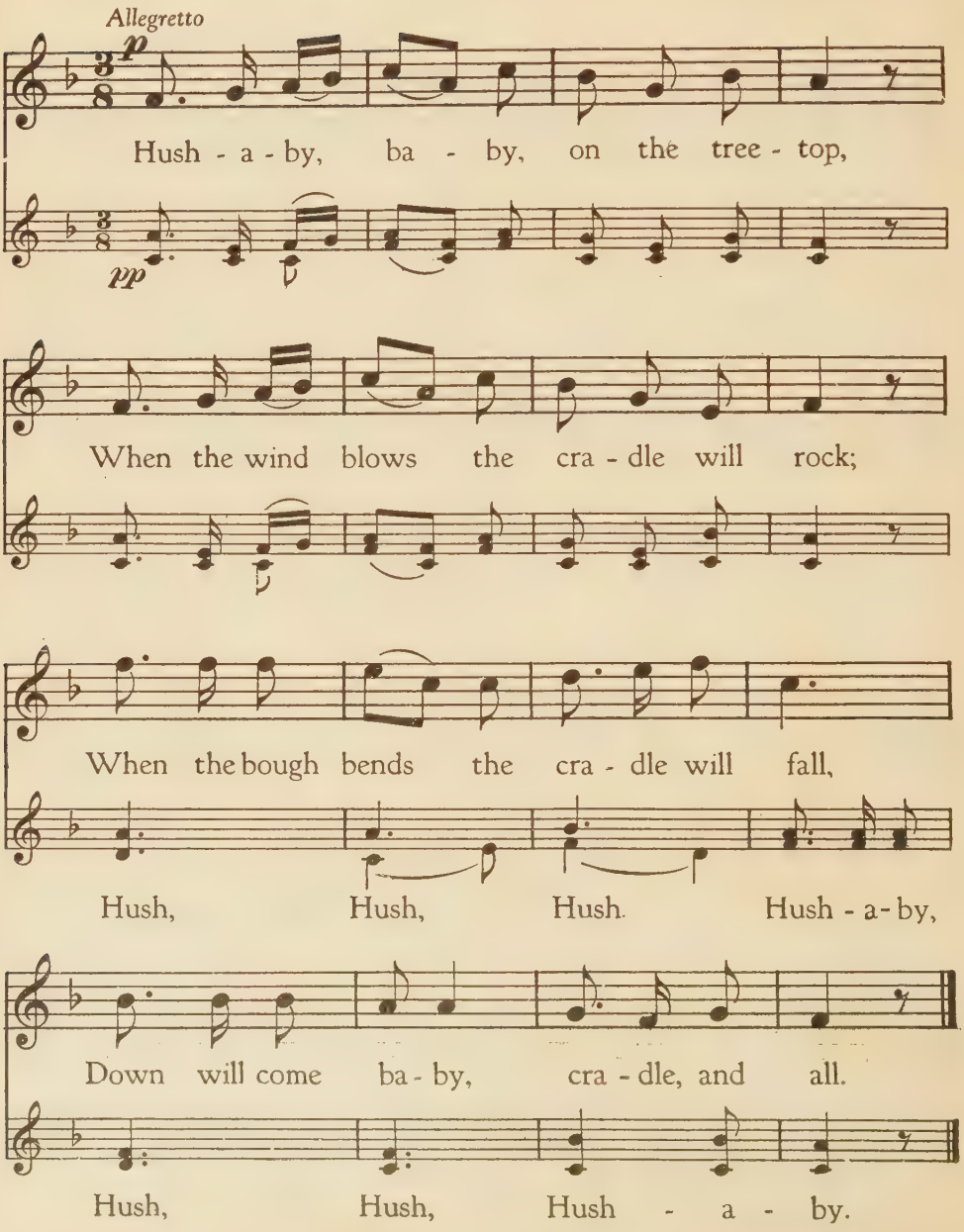


fair Snow-white." "Ah, then, Snow-white must die."
fair Snow-white, Come home with us, my dear!"
fair Snow-white, Oh, come with me a - way!"
fair Snow-white, The Prince - 's love - ly bride!"

HUSH–A–BY BABY

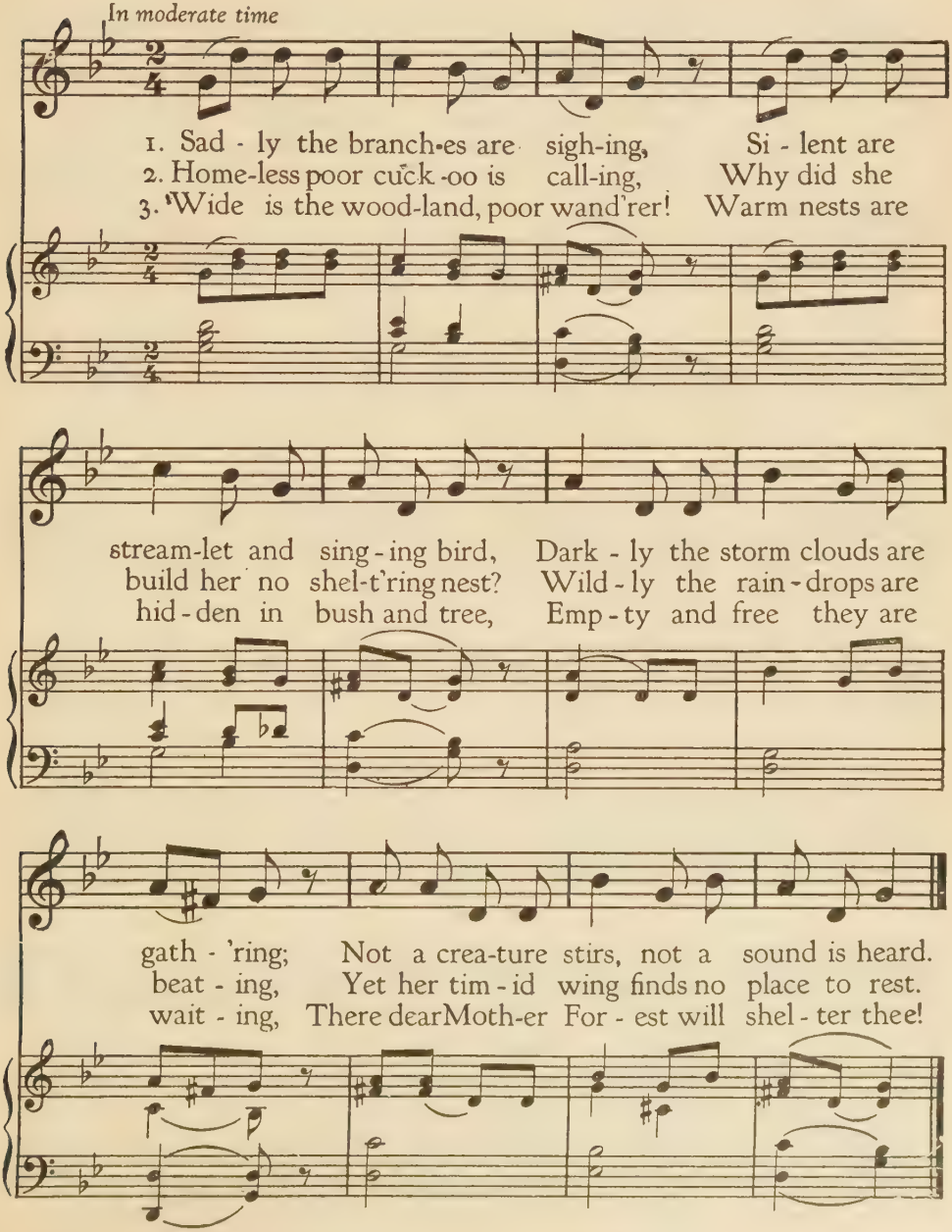
Mother Goose

German Melody


Allegretto
p
pp
Hush - a - by, ba - by, on the tree - top,
When the wind blows the cra - dle will rock;
When the bough bends the cra - dle will fall,
Hush, Hush, Hush. Hush - a - by,
Down will come ba - by, cra - dle, and all.
Hush, Hush, Hush - a - by.

Adapted from the Russian — Russian Folk Tune

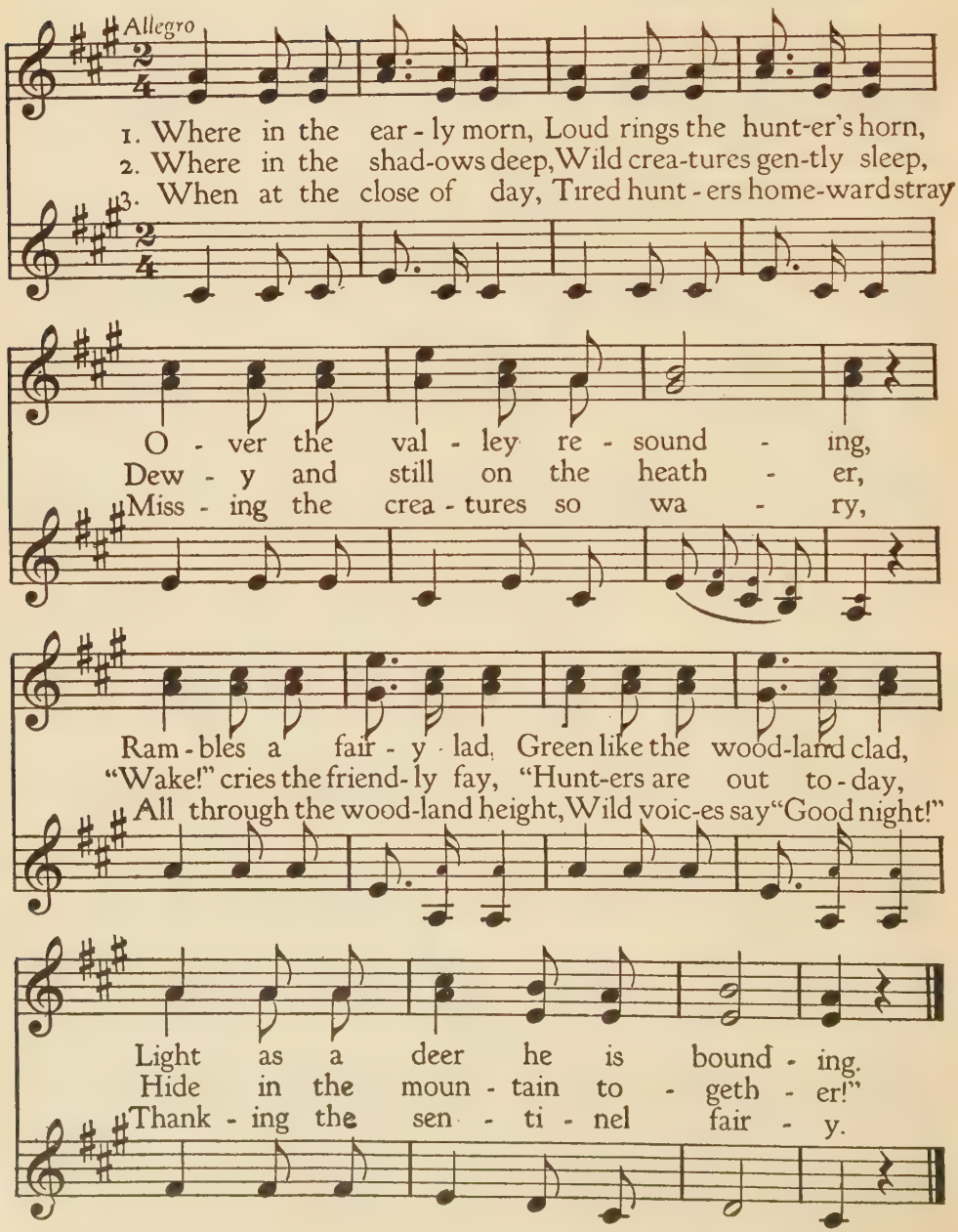
In moderate time


1. Sad - ly the branch-es are sigh-ing, Si - lent are
2. Home-less poor cuck-oo is call-ing, Why did she
3. 'Wide is the wood-land, poor wand'rer! Warm nests are
stream-let and sing - ing bird, Dark - ly the storm clouds are
build her no shel-t'ring nest? Wild - ly the rain - drops are
hid - den in bush and tree, Emp - ty and free they are
gath - 'ring; Not a crea-ture stirs, not a sound is heard.
beat - ing, Yet her tim - id wing finds no place to rest.
wait - ing, There dear Moth-er For - est will shel - ter thee!

THE SENTINEL FAIRY

Kate Forman

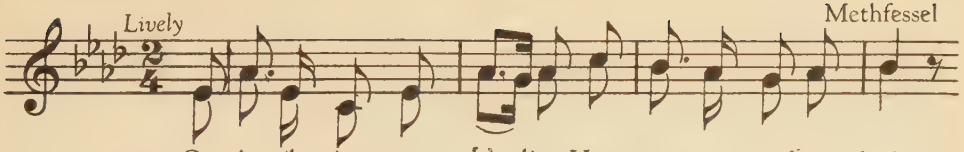
Danish Folk Tune


Allegro
1. Where in the ear - ly morn, Loud rings the hunt-er's horn,
2. Where in the shad-ows deep, Wild crea-tures gen-tly sleep,
3. When at the close of day, Tired hunt - ers home-ward stray
O - ver the val - ley re - sound - ing,
Dew - y and still on the heath - er,
Miss - ing the crea - tures so wa - ry,
Ram - bles a fair - y lad, Green like the wood-land clad,
"Wake!" cries the friend - ly fay, "Hunt-ers are out to - day,
All through the wood-land height, Wild voic-es say "Good night!"
Light as a deer he is bound - ing.
Hide in the moun - tain to - geth - er!"
Thank - ing the sen - ti - nel fair - y.

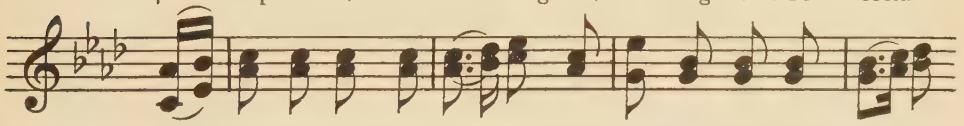
James Geddes

Methfessel

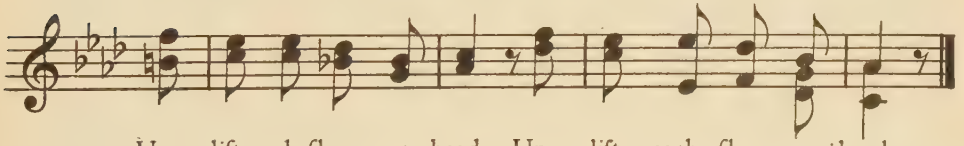
Lively



1. O A-pril rain, come driz-zling Up - on my gar-den bed!
2. O A-pril clouds, come dark-en, But bring no thun-der frown,
3. O A-pril rain, come driz-zling, Up - on my pre-cious seeds!
4. O A-pril rain, come driz-zling! My seed-lings can't be seen.



I long to see my tril-liums, Nas-tur-tiums, and Sweet Will-iams
No sound of might - y bat - tle, With hail and crash and rat - tle,
They sleep, be - low so blind - ly, Oh, wake them ver - y kind - ly,
They'll know your gen-tle strok - ing, And up they'll come a pok - ing,



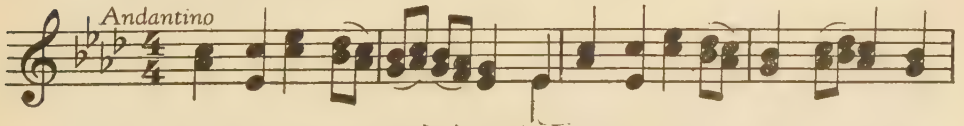
Up - lift each flow - er head, Up - lift each flow - er head.
But pat - ter soft - ly down, But pat - ter soft - ly down!
But do not stir the weeds! But do not stir the weeds!
All sweet and new and green, All sweet and new and green.

NOVEMBER

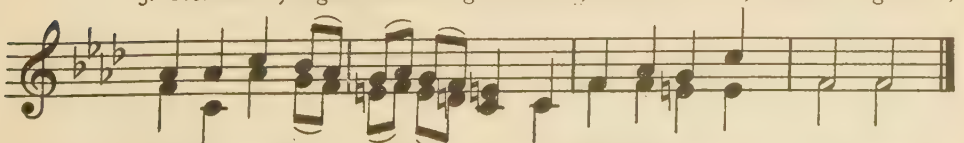
Translated from the Russian
by Sigmund Spaeth

Russian Folk Song

Andantino



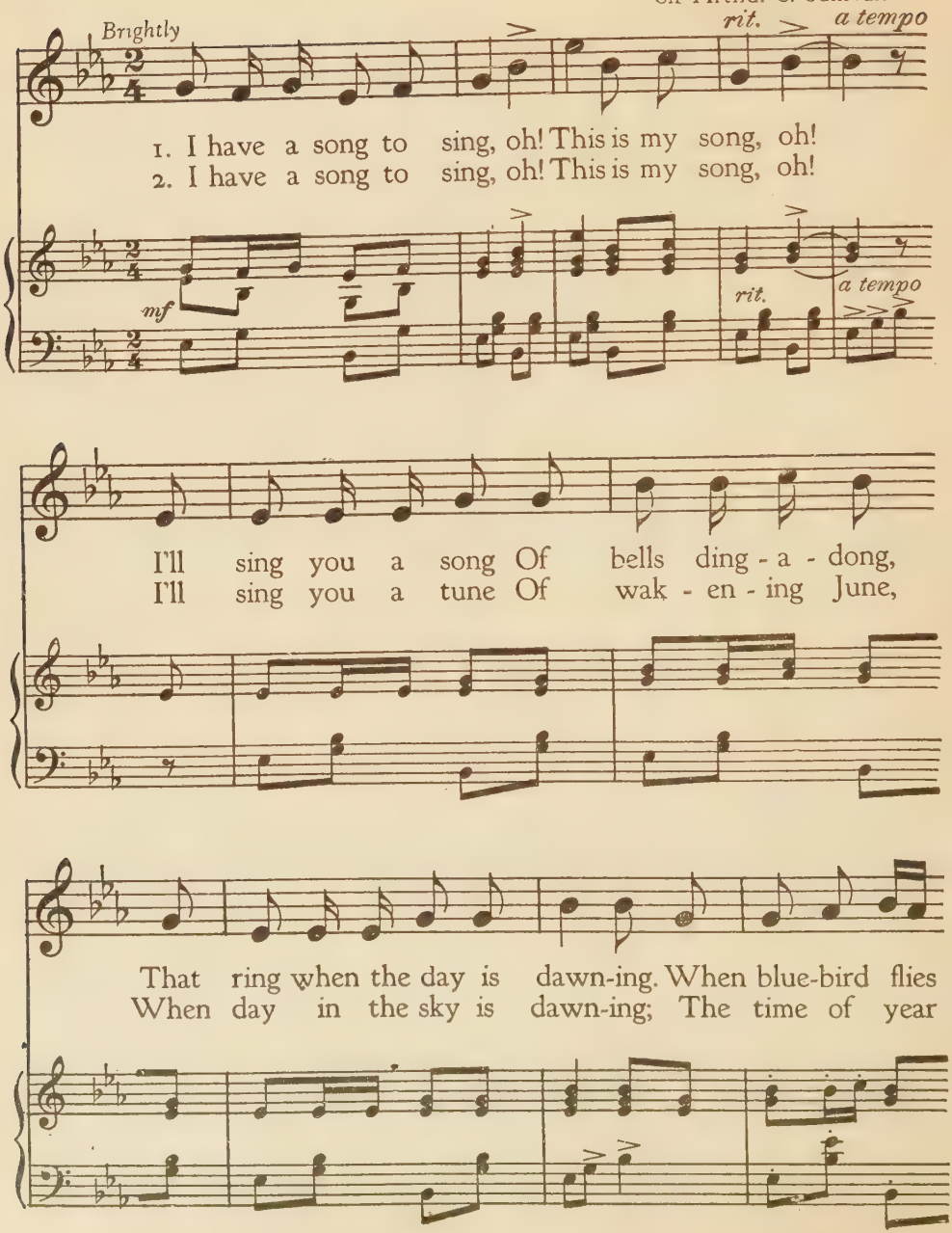
1. Friend-ly fires are burn-ing bright-ly, Winds of au-tumn vain-ly bat-tling;
2. Leap-ing flames are gay-ly play-ing, Crack-ling logs and sparks ca-pri-cious;
3. Storms may rage while fire-light flash-es; Safe and warm, at home to-geth-er,

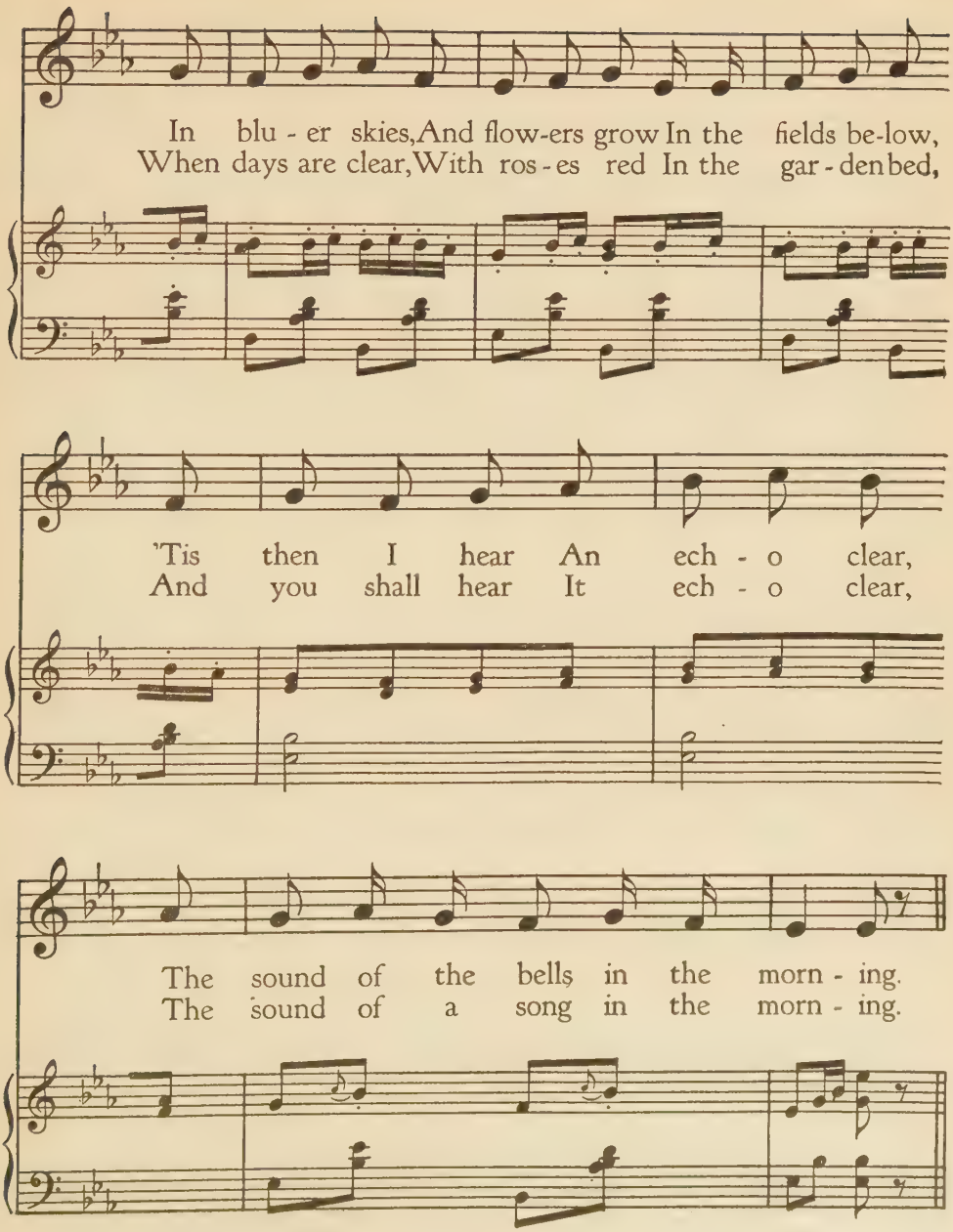


Who can read their lan-guage right-ly, 'Mid the win-dows' rat - tling?
Who can tell what they are say-ing, Is it luck they wish us?
We de - fy No - vem - ber weath-er, Till our logs are ash - es.

A SONG TO SING

Sir Arthur S. Sullivan

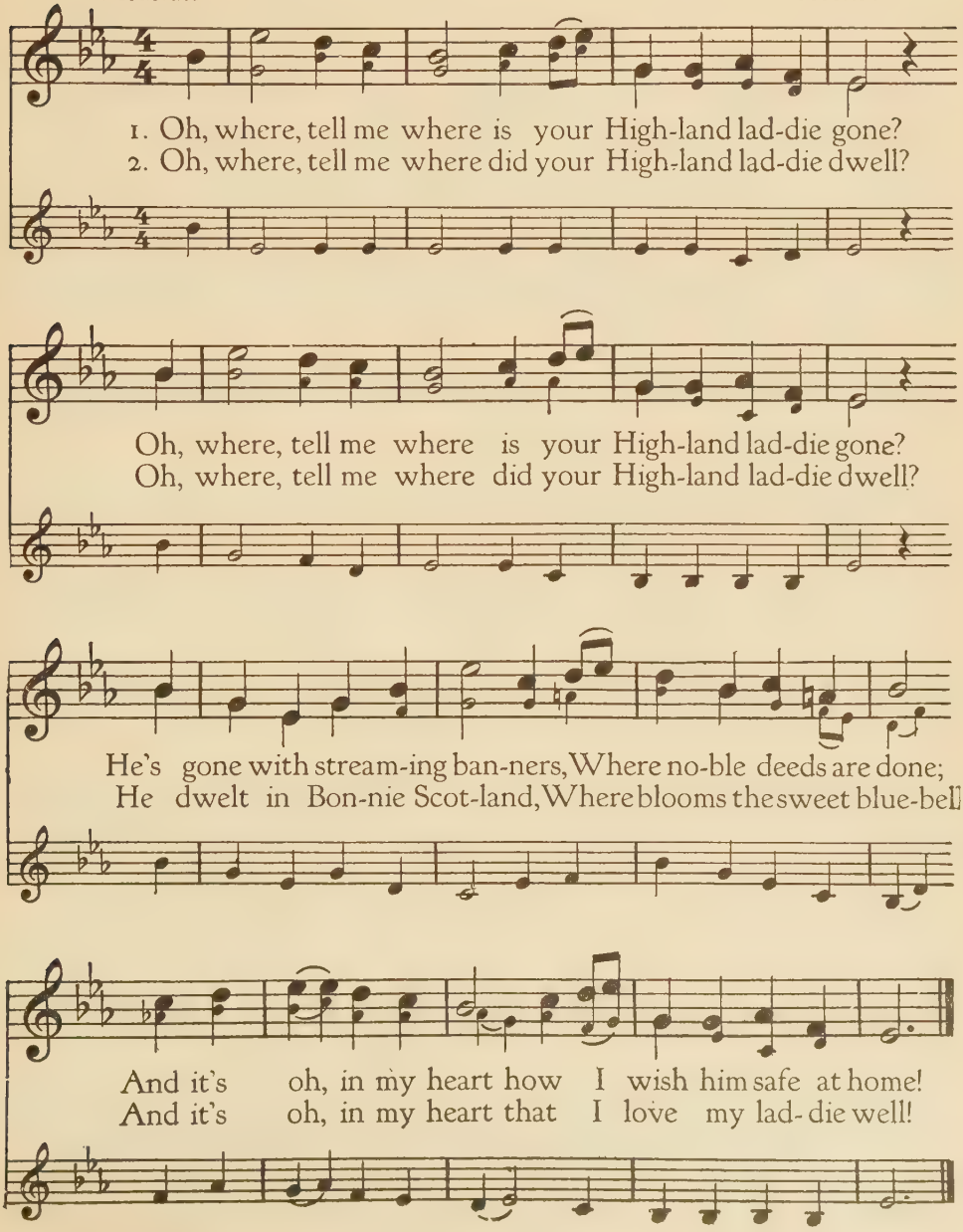

Brightly
rit.
a tempo
1. I have a song to sing, oh! This is my song, oh!
2. I have a song to sing, oh! This is my song, oh!
mf
rit.
a tempo
I'll sing you a song Of bells ding - a - dong,
I'll sing you a tune Of wak - en - ing June,
That ring when the day is dawn-ing. When blue-bird flies
When day in the sky is dawn-ing; The time of year


In blu - er skies, And flow-ers grow In the fields be-low,
When days are clear, With ros - es red In the gar - den bed,
'Tis then I hear An ech - o clear,
And you shall hear It ech - o clear,
The sound of the bells in the morn - ing.
The sound of a song in the morn - ing.

Joy - bells, joy - bells, Hol - i - day bells,
Sing - song, sing - song, Hol - i - day tune,
Joy - bells, Joy - bells, Ding, Dong,
Ding, Dong, Ding, Dong, La,
f
mf (p)
Jol - ly day bells! I love to hear The ech - o clear,
Jol - ly day tune! I love to hear It ech - o clear,
Ding, Dong,
La, La.
(p)
(p)
The sound of the bells in the morn - ing.
The sound of a song in the morn - ing.
Ding, Dong, Ding, Dong.
La, La, La, La.

THE BLUE-BELLS OF SCOTLAND

Moderato Scotch Air

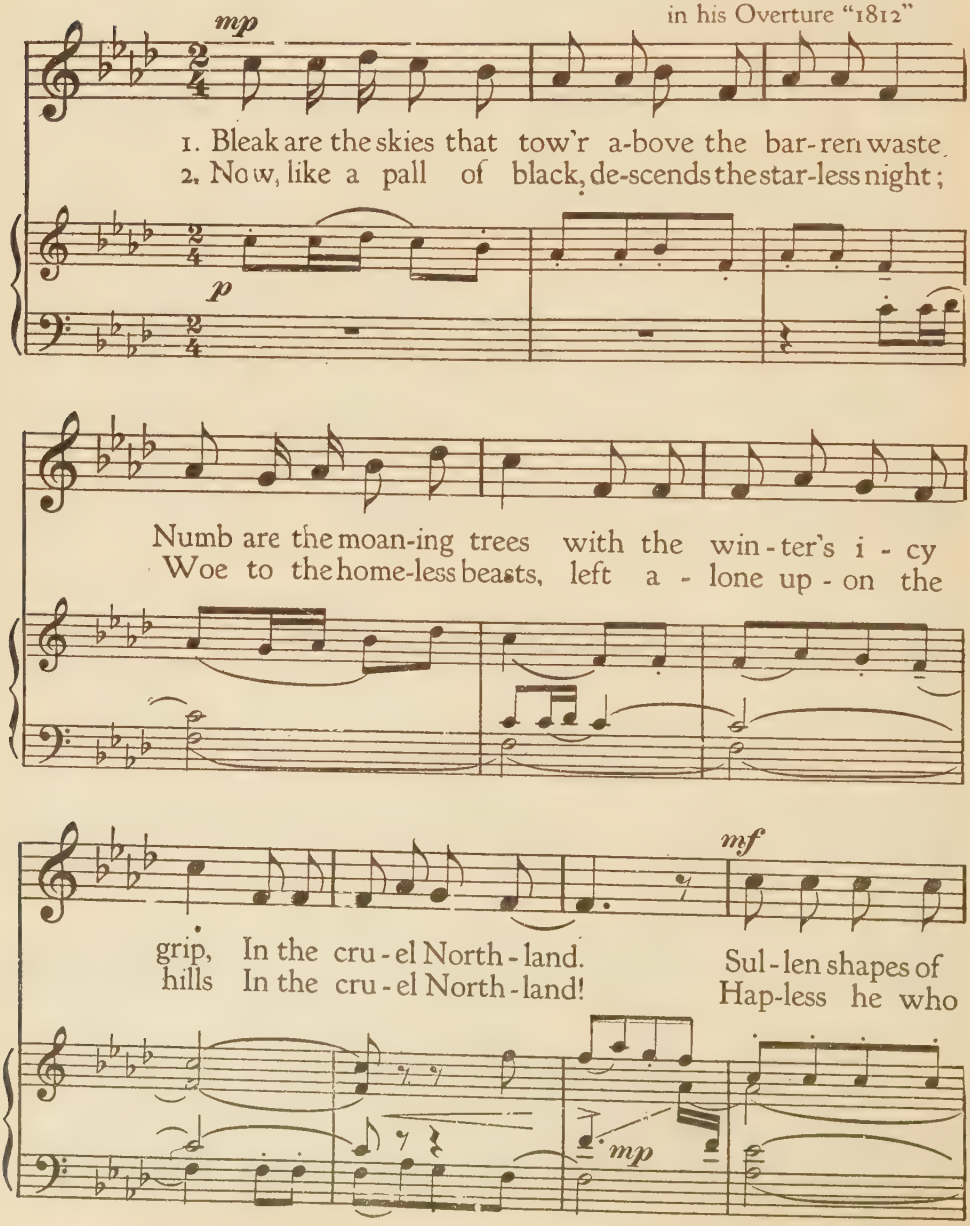

1. Oh, where, tell me where is your High-land lad-die gone?
2. Oh, where, tell me where did your High-land lad-die dwell?
Oh, where, tell me where is your High-land lad-die gone?
Oh, where, tell me where did your High-land lad-die dwell?
He's gone with stream-ing ban-ners, Where no-ble deeds are done;
He dwelt in Bon-nie Scot-land, Where blooms the sweet blue-bell
And it's oh, in my heart how I wish him safe at home!
And it's oh, in my heart that I love my lad-die well!

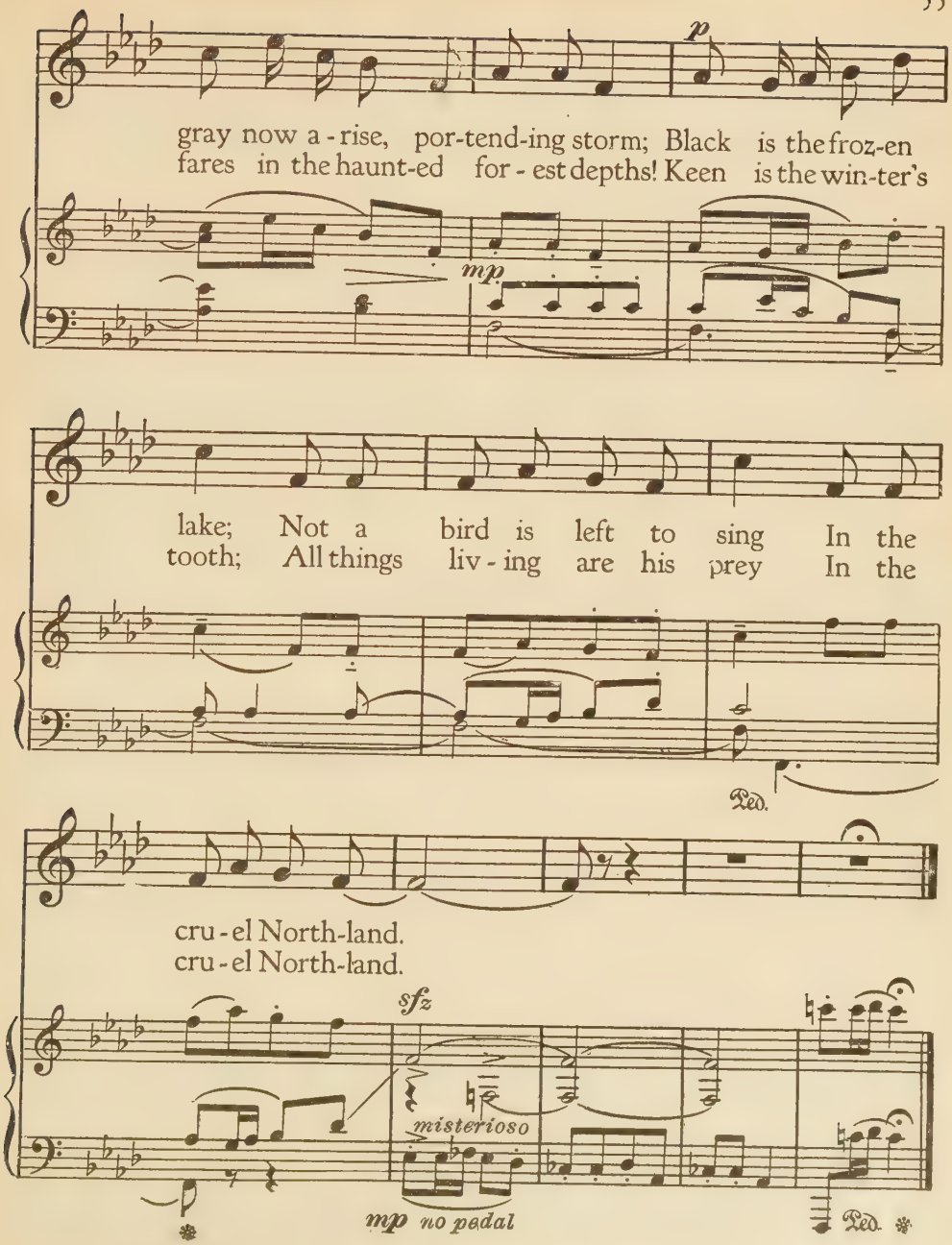
THE DREARY NORTH

Translated from the Russian

Russian Folk Tune

Used by Tschaikowsky
in his Overture "1812"


mp
1. Bleak are the skies that tow'r a-bove the bar-ren waste
2. Now, like a pall of black, de-scends the star-less night;
p
Numb are the moan-ing trees with the win-ter's i-cy
Woe to the home-less beasts, left a-lone up-on the
mf
grip, In the cru-el North-land.
hills In the cru-el North-land!
Sul-len shapes of
Hap-less he who
mp


p
gray now a - rise, por-tend-ing storm; Black is the froz-en
fares in the haunt-ed for - est depths! Keen is the win-ter's
mp
lake; Not a bird is left to sing In the
tooth; All things liv - ing are his prey In the
Ped.
cru - el North-land.
cru - el North-land.
sfz
misterioso
mp no pedal
Ped.

CHINK. CHINK. CHINK

Jacques Offenbach
from "Die Verwandelte Katze"

Allegretto
Chink, chink, chink, chink, chink! Hear the gold and sil-ver clink!
How I love that sound, sweet - er far than food or drink!
Chink, chink, chink, chink, chink! When I hear it, then I think
Of all the things 'twill do for me! Oh, chink, chink,
Chink, chink, chink, chink, chink, chink, chink, chink, chink, chink,
chink! It's a friend in - deed;
chink, chink, chink, chink, chink, chink, chink, chink, chink,
And with it you will suc - ceed.

Ev - er true, it nev - er fails you, in your hour of need.
Chink, chink, chink, chink, chink, chink, chink, chink, chink, chink,
Chink, chink, chink, chink, chink!
chink, chink, chink, chink, chink, chink, chink, chink,
Hear the gold and sil - ver clink!
Oh, how I love the joy - ful sound of chink, chink, chink!
Oh, how I love the joy - ful sound of chink, chink, chink!

WAH-WAH-TAY-SEE

From Longfellow's "Hiawatha"

American Indian Melody

Allegro moderato

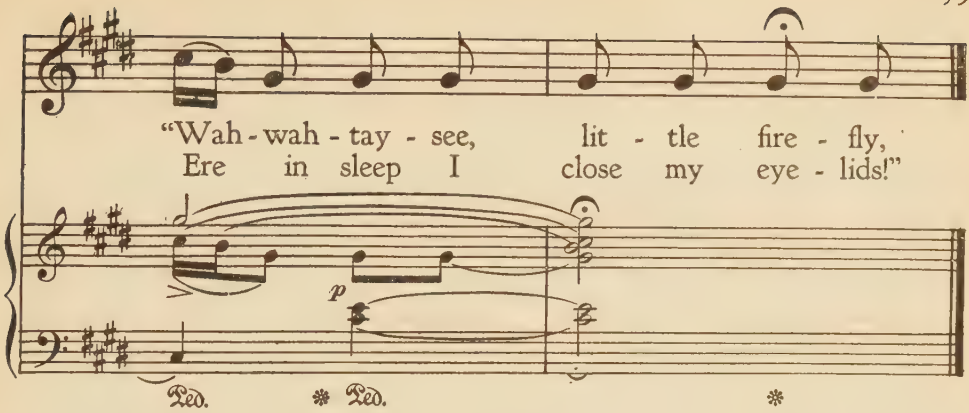
1. At the door on sum - mer eve-nings, Sat the lit - tle
2. "Lit-tle flit - ting white-fire in - sect, Lit - tle dan-cing

mf *sfz* *p*

Hi - a - wa - tha; Saw the fire-fly, Wah-wah-tay - see;
white-fire crea-ture, Light me with your lit - tle can - dle,

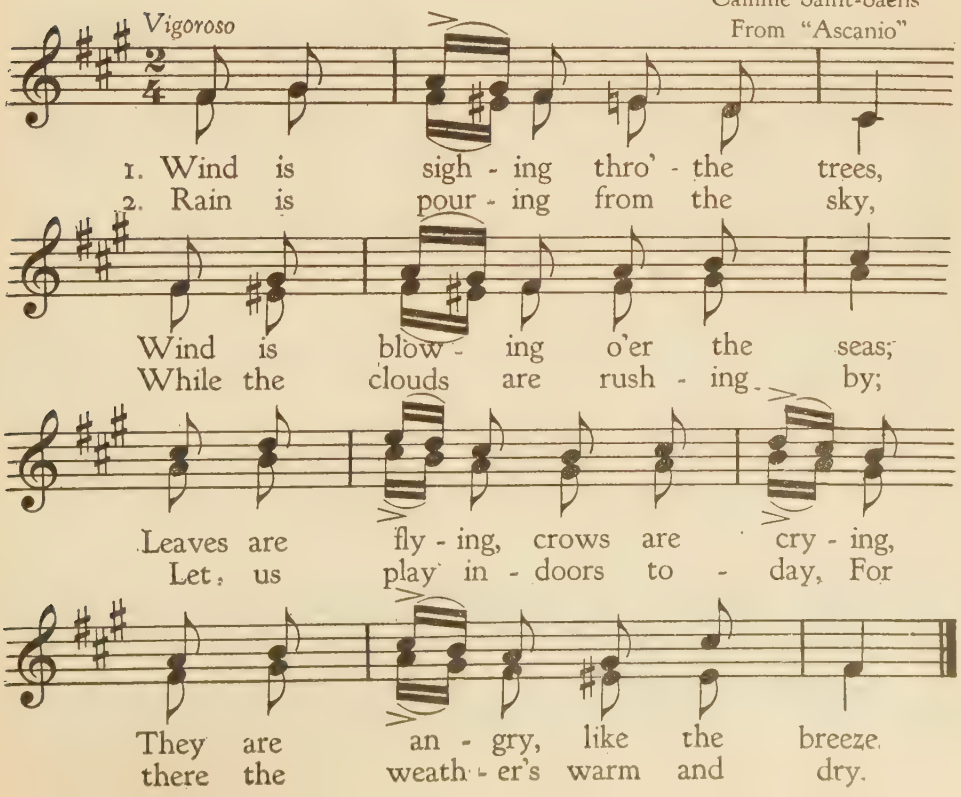
dim.

Sang the song No - ko - mis taught him:
Ere up - on my bed I lay me,



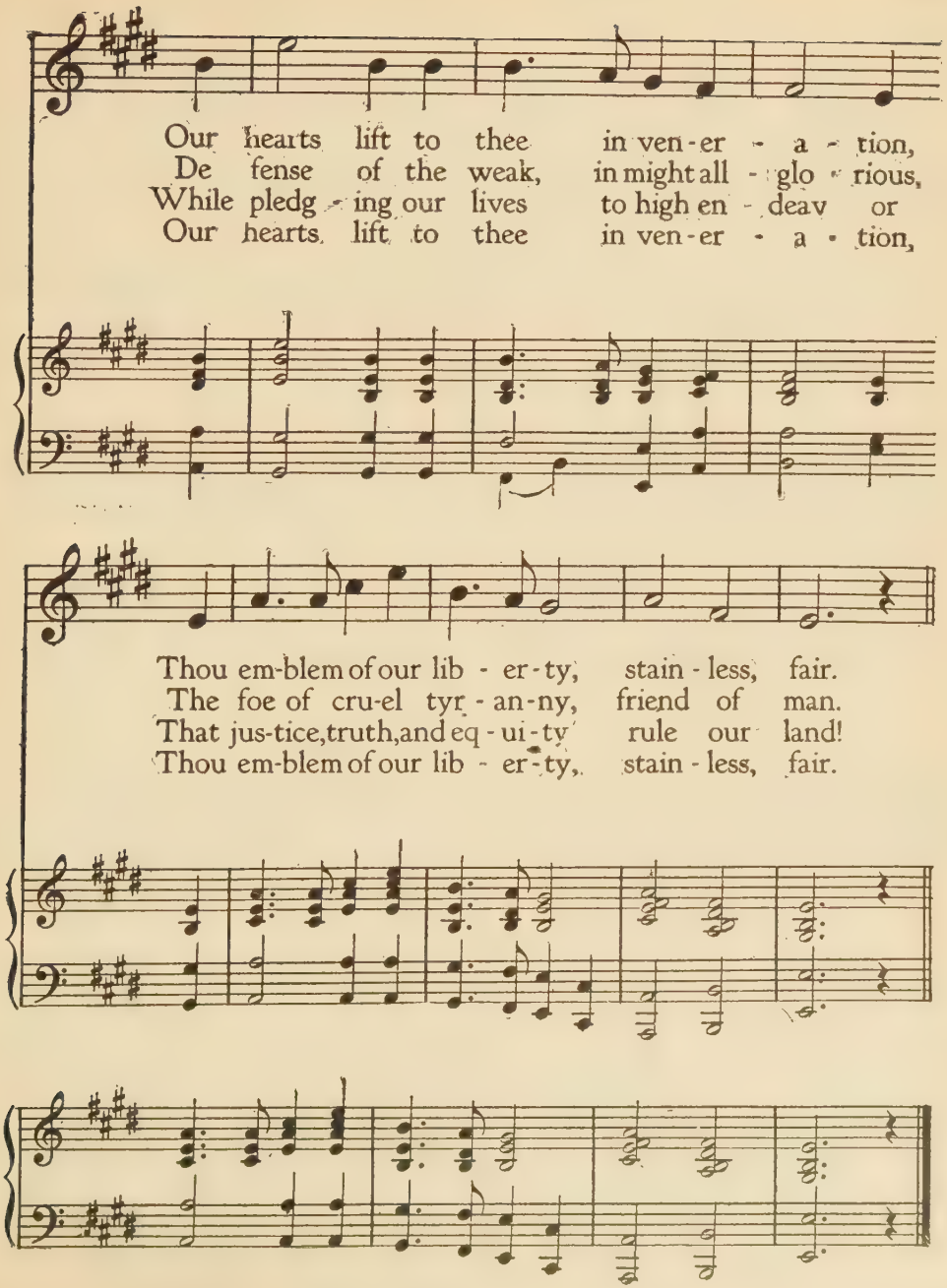
ROUGH WEATHER

Camille Saint-Saëns
From "Ascanio"


Vigoroso
1. Wind is sigh - ing thro' - the trees,
2. Rain is pour - ing from the sky,
Wind is blow - ing o'er the seas;
While the clouds are rush - ing by;
Leaves are fly - ing, crows are cry - ing,
Let us play in - doors to - day, For
They are an - gry, like the breeze
there the weath - er's warm and dry.

Melody by Schubert

With spirit
f
1. Hail, star - ry ban - ner of our na - tion,
2. War saw thee ev - er wave vic - to - rious;
3. Wave in the peace of God for - ev - er!
4. Hail, star - ry ban - ner of our na - tion,
f
May God pre-serve thee ev - er-more, float - ing there!
In free-dom's cause thy shin - ing stars led the van,
U - nit - ed firm be-neath thy folds let us stand,
May God pre-serve thee ev - er - more, float - ing there!


Our hearts lift to thee in ven-er - a - tion,
De fense of the weak, in might all - glo - rious,
While pledg - ing our lives to high en - deav or
Our hearts lift to thee in ven-er - a - tion,
Thou em-blem of our lib - er-ty, stain - less, fair.
The foe of cru-el tyr - an-ny, friend of man.
That jus-tice, truth, and eq - ui-ty rule our land!
Thou em-blem of our lib - er-ty, stain - less, fair.

WERE I A BIRD

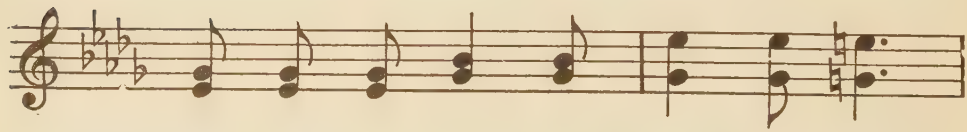
Adapted from the Polish

A. C. Gomes
From the Opera "Il Guarany"

Moderato

1. Were I a bird on mer - ry wing,
2. Were I a sun - beam bright with cheer,
3. Were I a breeze of per - fumed air,

Not in the branch - es would I sing!
Shin - ing from heav - en, warm and clear,
Breath - ing o'er beds of flow - 'rets fair,



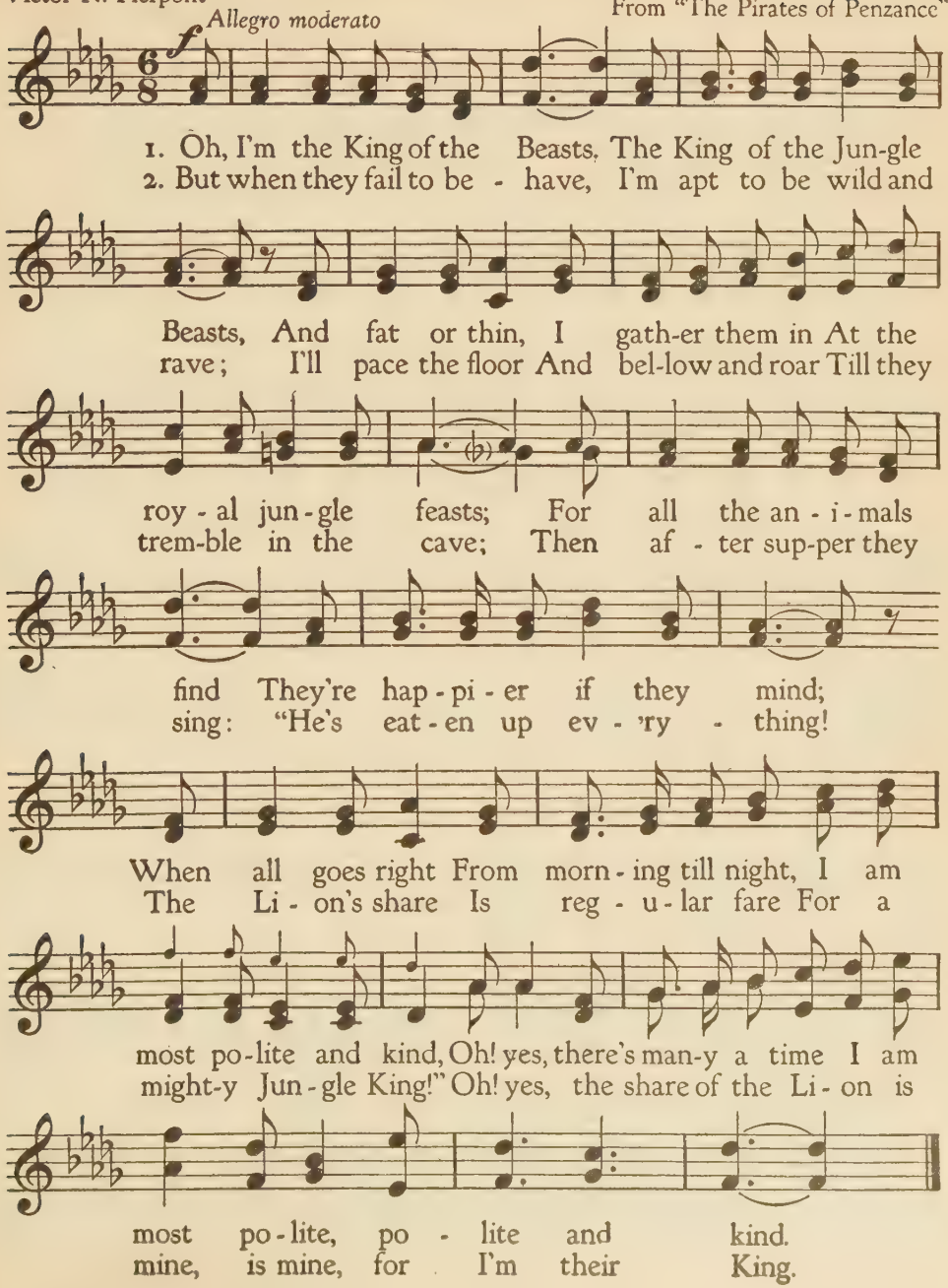
O - ver the hills, a cross the sky,
Leav - ing the fields, the gar - dens fine,
Cooled by the rip - pling lake be - low,

Far to your win - dow I would fly!
There at your win - dow I would shine!
In at your win - dow I would blow!

THE KING OF THE JUNGLE

Victor N. Pierpont

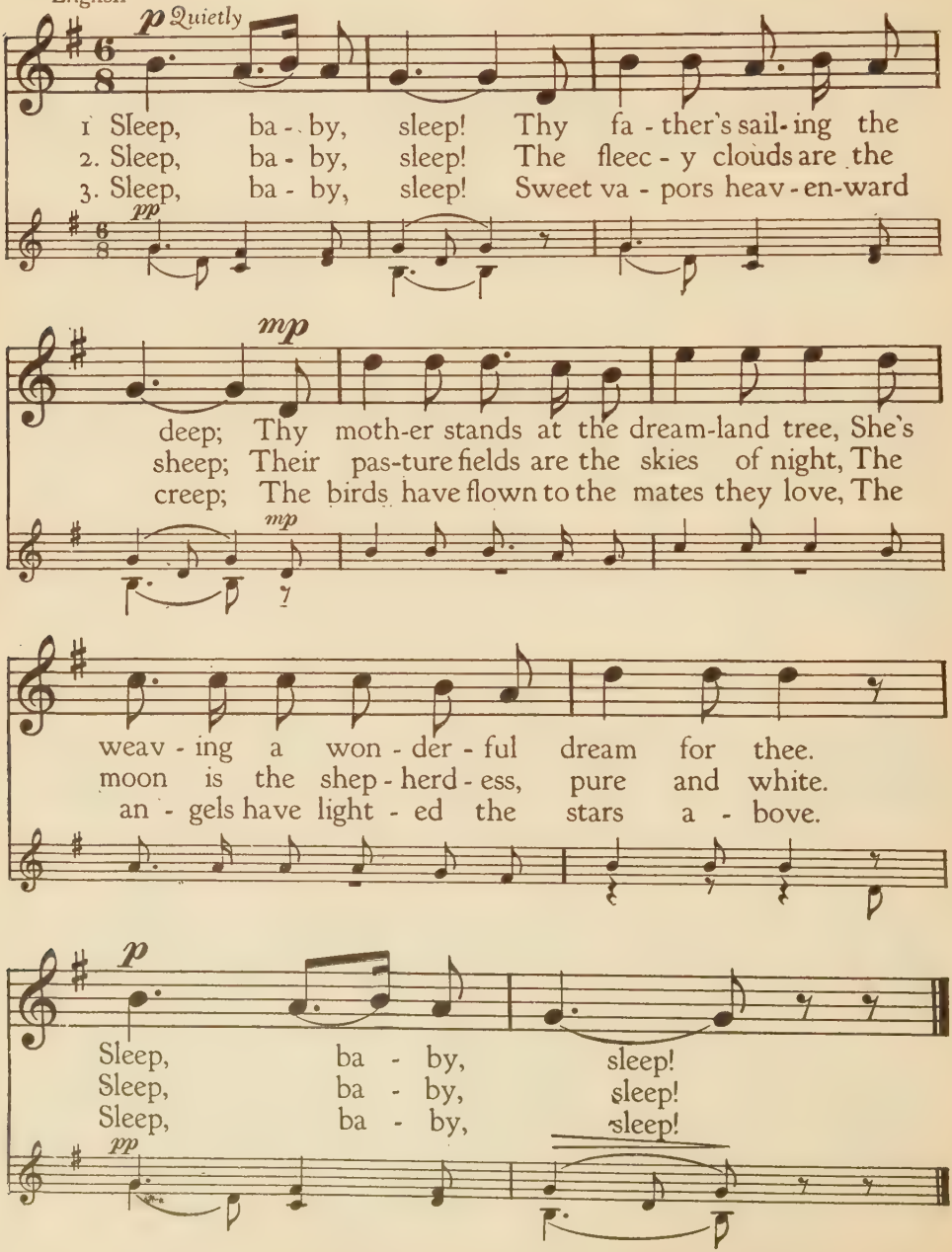
From "The Pirates of Penzance"


Allegro moderato
f
1. Oh, I'm the King of the Beasts, The King of the Jun-gle
2. But when they fail to be - have, I'm apt to be wild and
Beasts, And fat or thin, I gath-er them in At the
rave; I'll pace the floor And bel-low and roar Till they
roy - al jun - gle feasts; For all the an - i - mals
trem-ble in the cave; Then af - ter sup-per they
find They're hap - pi - er if they mind;
sing: "He's eat - en up ev - 'ry - thing!
When all goes right From morn - ing till night, I am
The Li - on's share Is reg - u - lar fare For a
most po - lite and kind, Oh! yes, there's man-y a time I am
might-y Jun - gle King!" Oh! yes, the share of the Li - on is
most po - lite, po - lite and kind.
mine, is mine, for I'm their King.

UNDER THE DREAMLAND TREE

English

Folk Tune


p Quietly
1 Sleep, ba - by, sleep! Thy fa - ther's sail - ing the
2. Sleep, ba - by, sleep! The fleec - y clouds are the
3. Sleep, ba - by, sleep! Sweet va - pors heav - en-ward
pp
mp
deep; Thy moth-er stands at the dream-land tree, She's
sheep; Their pas-ture fields are the skies of night, The
creep; The birds have flown to the mates they love, The
mp
weav - ing a won - der - ful dream for thee.
moon is the shep - herd - ess, pure and white.
an - gels have light - ed the stars a - bove.
p
Sleep, ba - by, sleep!
Sleep, ba - by, sleep!
Sleep, ba - by, sleep!
pp

THE HUMMING BIRD

mp *Rather fast*

Tyrolese Melody

1. Stay, pret-ty hum-ming bird, Whis-per your se-cret! Oh,
2. Say, pret-ty hum-ming bird, Are you a fair - y? Oh,

pp

say, pret - ty hum-ming bird, Have you no song?
stay, pret - ty hum-ming bird, Show me your wings!

mf

What do you tell to the rose in the dell? Prith-ee,
Poised in the air like a flow'r flash-ing fair? Prith-ee,

mp

mp

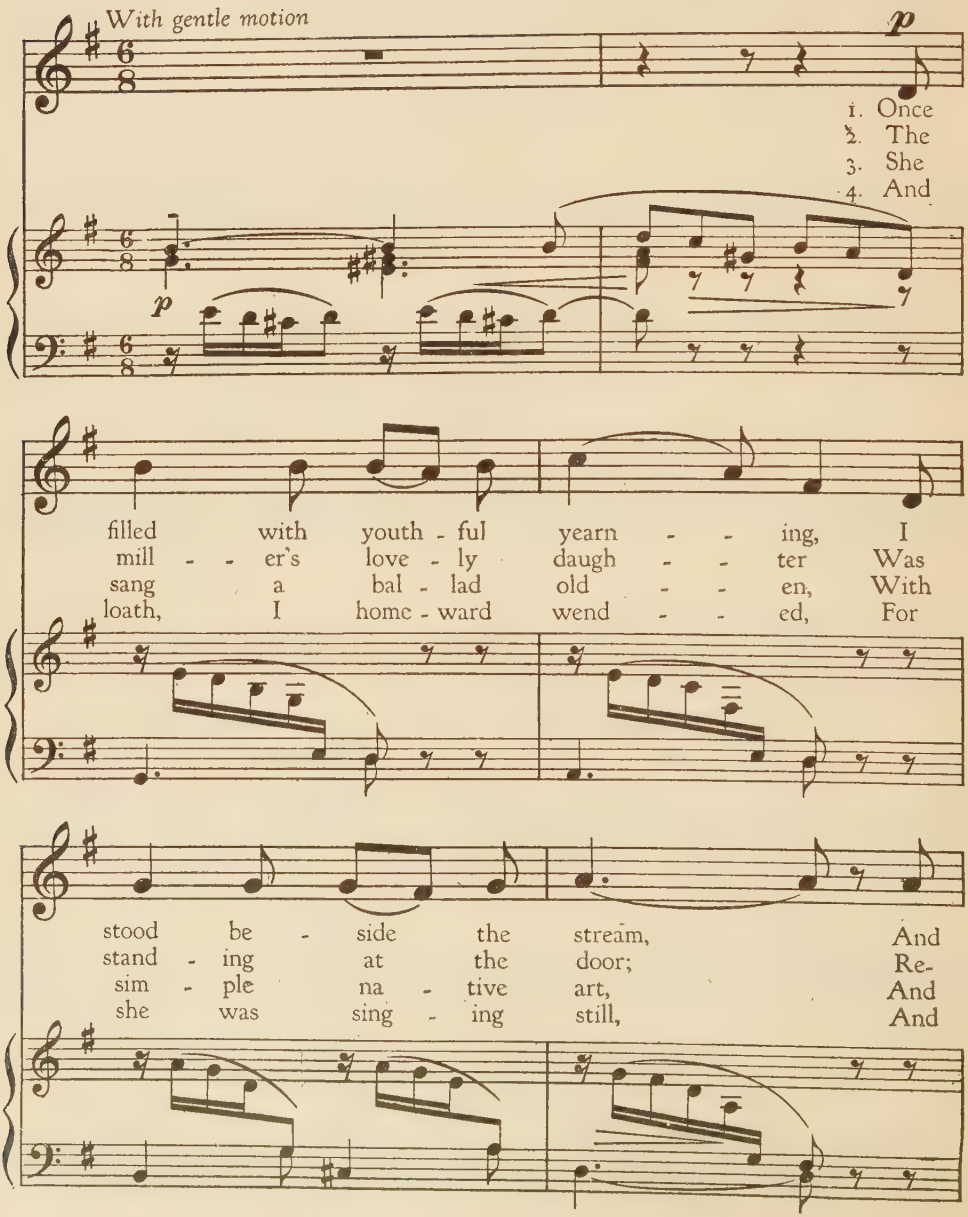
p *rall.*

say, pret - ty hum-ming bird, Have you no song?
stay, pret - ty hum-ming bird, Show me your wings!

mp

pp *rall.*

Charles Harvey — Melody by J. L. F. Gluck


With gentle motion
p
1. Once
2. The
3. She
4. And
filled with youth - ful yearn - - ing, I
mill - - er's love - ly daugh - - ter Was
sang a bal - lad old - - en, With
loath, I home - ward wend - - ed, For
stood be - side the stream, And
stand - ing at the door; Re-
sim - ple na - tive art, And
she was sing - ing still, And

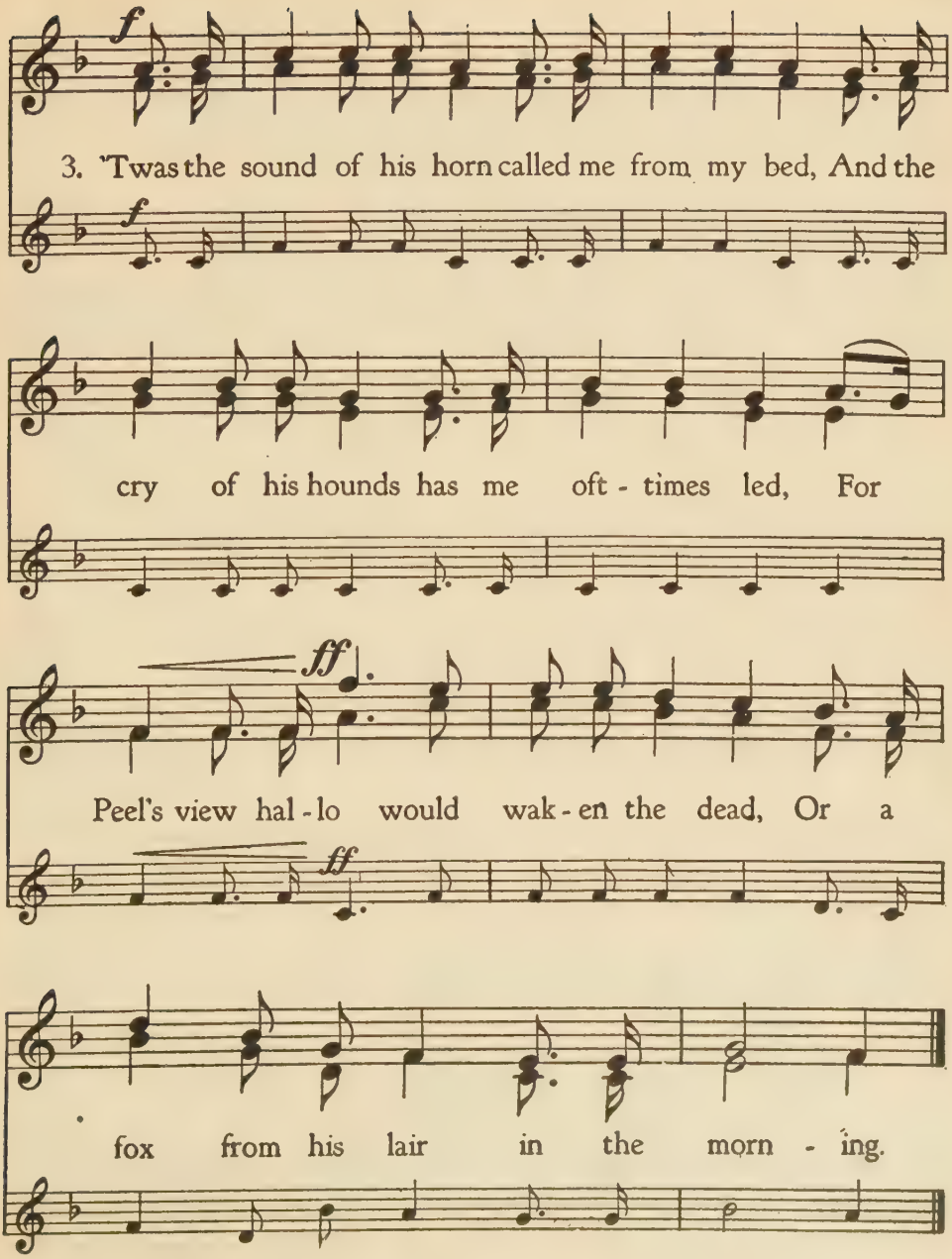
heard the mill wheel turn - - ing, And
flect - ed in the wa - - ter, I
now those notes so gold - - en Are
with her lyr - ic blend - - ed The
mp
watched the wa - ter's gleam. I heard the mill wheel
saw her face once more, Re - flect - ed in the
grav - en on my heart, And now those notes so
mu - sic of the mill, And with her lyr - ic
pp
mp
rall.
f
turn - ing And watched the wa - ter's gleam.
wa - ter, I saw her face once more.
gold - en Are grav - en on my heart.
blend - ed The mu - sic of the mill.
mf rall.
mf
pp
ppp

JOHN PEEL

J. W. Graves

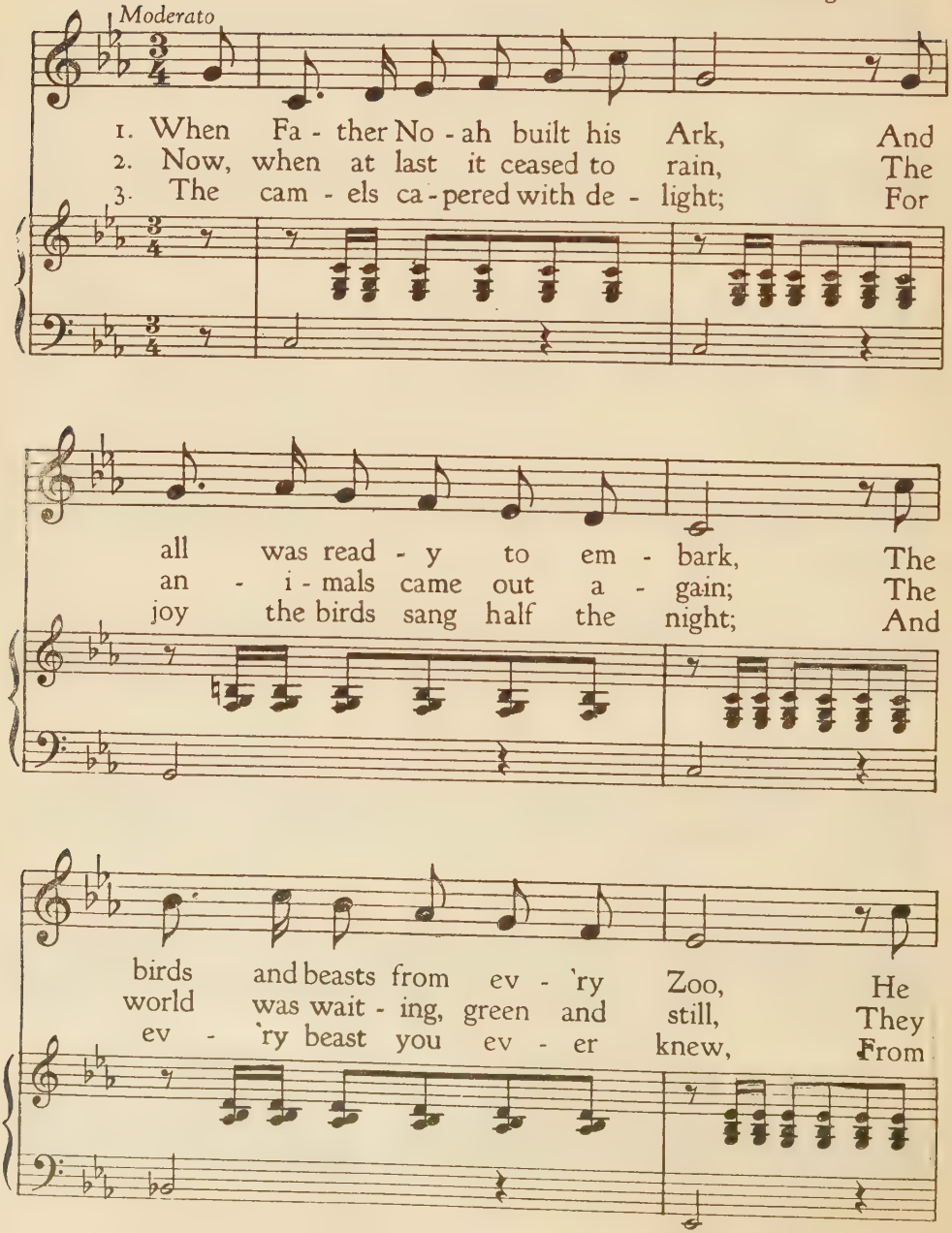
English Folk Song

Allegro
mf
1. D' ye ken John Peel, with his coat so gay? D'ye
2. Yes, I ken John Peel and auld Ru - by too, And
mf
ken John Peel at the break of day? D' ye
Ranter and Roy - al and Bell - man true; From the
ken John Peel when he's far · a - way, With his
drag to the chase, from the chase to the view, From the
hounds and his horn in the morn - ing?
view to the death in the morn - ing.


f
3. 'Twas the sound of his horn called me from my bed, And the
f
cry of his hounds has me oft - times led, For
ff
Peel's view hal - lo would wak - en the dead, Or a
ff
fox from his lair in the morn - ing.

NOAH AND HIS ARK

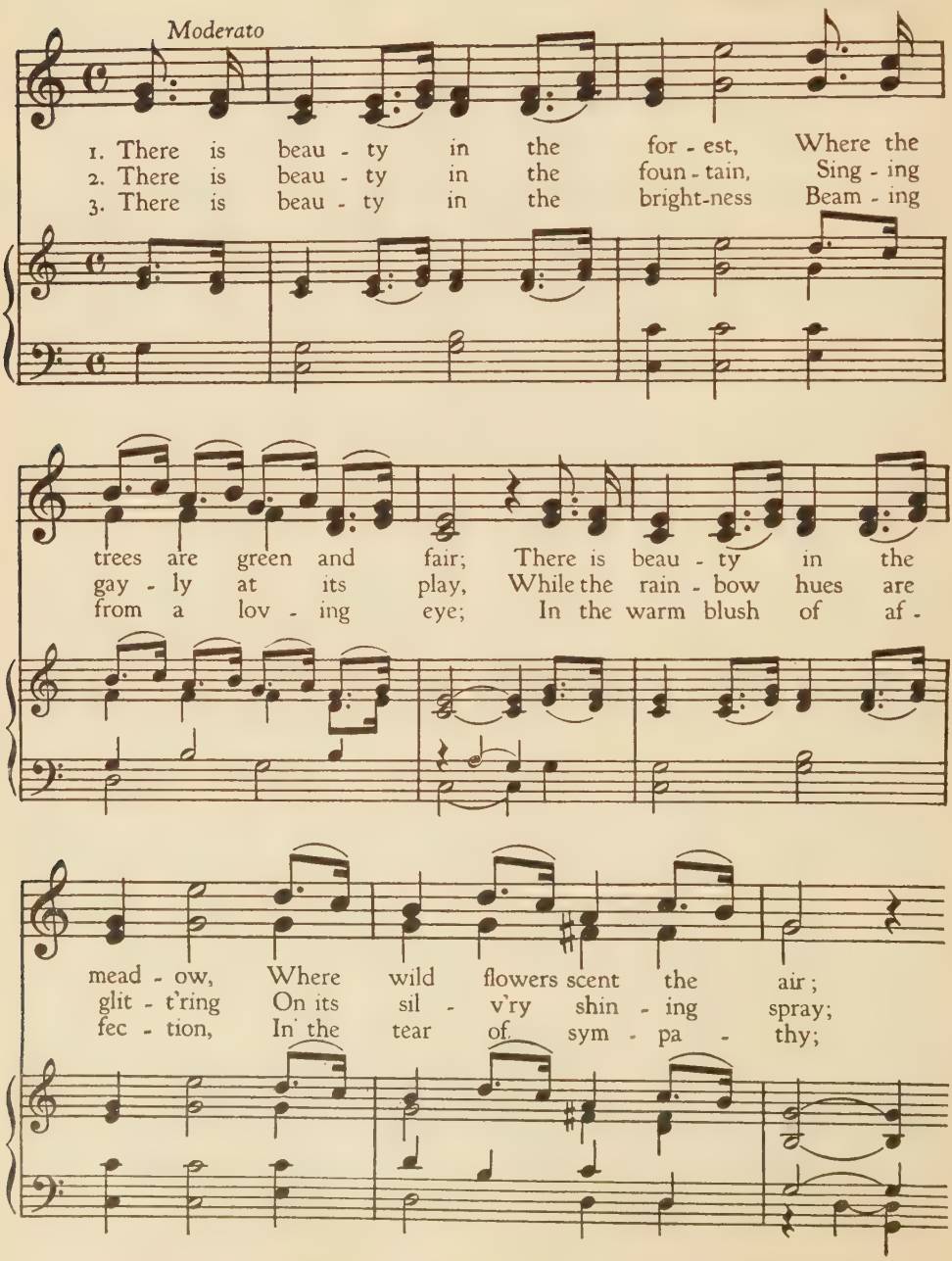
Carl Gottlieb Reissiger

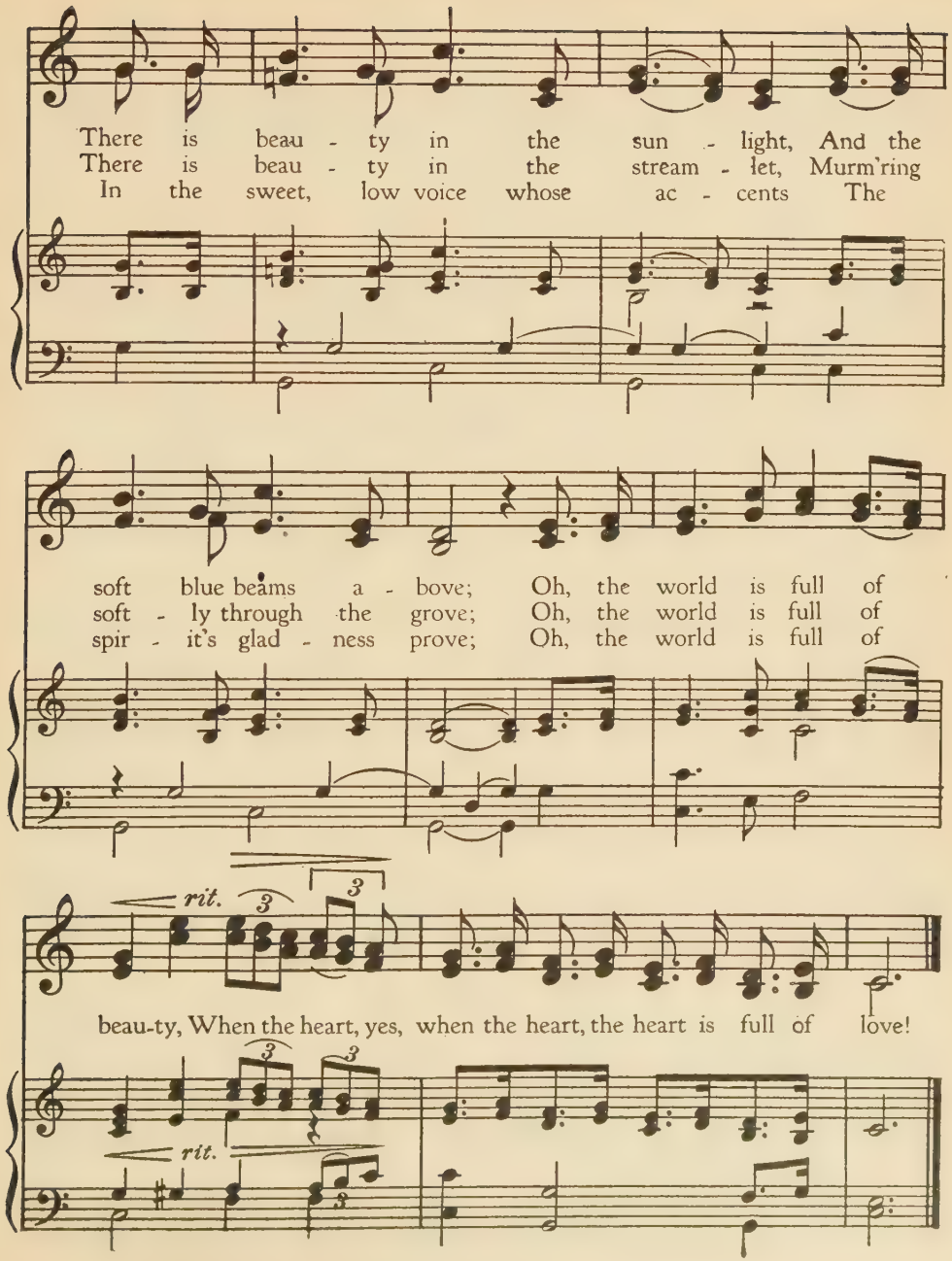

Moderato
1. When Fa - ther No - ah built his Ark, And all was read - y to em - bark, The birds and beasts from ev - 'ry Zoo, He
2. Now, when at last it ceased to rain, The an - i - mals came out a - gain; The world was wait - ing, green and still, They
3. The cam - els ca - pered with de - light; For joy the birds sang half the night; And ev - 'ry beast you ev - er knew, From

marched them all in, two by two. Their
roared and stretched them-selves at will; And
el - e-phant to kan-ga - roo, Went
life was hard in man - y ways,
great and small cried out in glee,
danc - ing gay - ly round and round,
Yet there they stayed for for - ty days.
"Dry land is good e-nough for me!"
To find it - self on sol - id ground.

THE WORLD IS FULL OF BEAUTY

Gaetano Donizetti

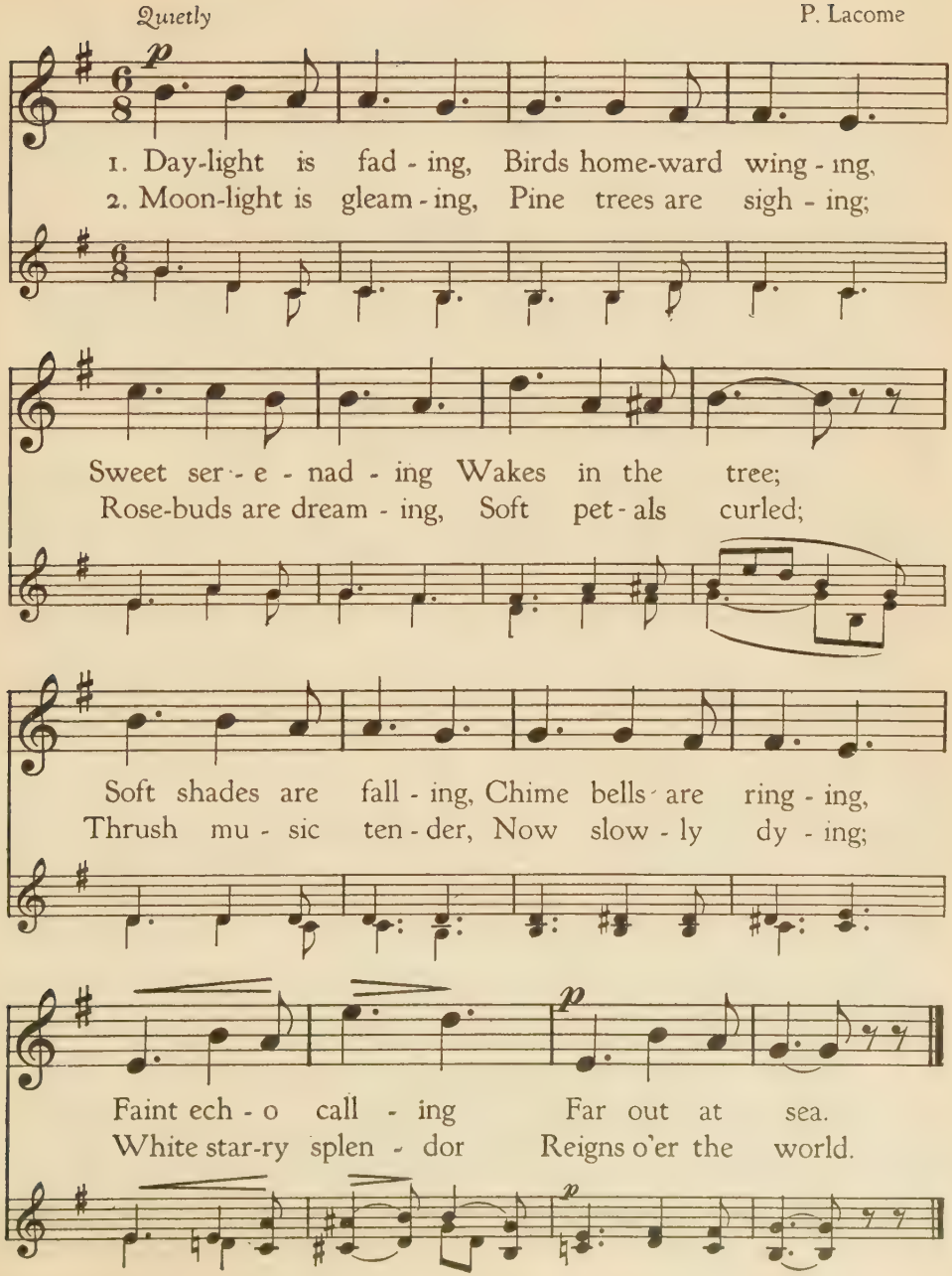

Moderato
1. There is beau - ty in the for - est, Where the
2. There is beau - ty in the foun - tain, Sing - ing
3. There is beau - ty in the bright-ness Beam - ing
trees are green and fair; There is beau - ty in the
gay - ly at its play, While the rain - bow hues are
from a lov - ing eye; In the warm blush of af -
mead - ow, Where wild flowers scent the air;
glit - t'ring On its sil - v'ry shin - ing spray;
fec - tion, In the tear of sym - pa - thy;


There is beau - ty in the sun - light, And the
There is beau - ty in the stream - let, Murm'ring
In the sweet, low voice whose ac - cents The
soft blue beams a - bove; Oh, the world is full of
soft - ly through the grove; Oh, the world is full of
spir - it's glad - ness prove; Oh, the world is full of
rit.
3
3
beau-ty, When the heart, yes, when the heart, the heart is full of love!
3
3
rit.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE

Sigmund Spaeth — Geisenbach

Moderato
1. The Christ - mas tree is fair - est of
2. Then let the spir - it en - ter in
the trees of Na - ture's dream - ing.
That makes each heart grow strong - er!
How - ev - er small the room may be,
For Christ - mas brings to ev - 'ry - one
It spar - kles thro' the won - drous tree,
Some deed of good - ness, kind - ly done,
When all its lights are gleam - ing,
And last - ing all the long - er,
When all its lights are gleam - ing, All gleam - ing.
And last - ing all the long - er, The long - er.


Quietly
P. Lacome
p
1. Day-light is fad - ing, Birds home-ward wing - ing,
2. Moon-light is gleam - ing, Pine trees are sigh - ing;
Sweet ser - e - nad - ing Wakes in the tree;
Rose-buds are dream - ing, Soft pet - als curled;
Soft shades are fall - ing, Chime bells are ring - ing,
Thrush mu - sic ten - der, Now slow - ly dy - ing;
p
Faint ech - o call - ing Far out at sea.
White star-ry splen - dor Reigns o'er the world.
p

Arthur Edward Johnstone

Tempo di valse
1. Rip-ple on, mer - ry mead-ow brook,
2. Float and whirl, pret - ty cloud-let white,
Ev - er sing-ing in the shad - y nook!
Spread your pin-ion in the morn-ing light!
Car - ol forth, O bird - ling of the spring,
Dance a - bout, pink pet - als of the peach,
Sweet as youth the mes - sage that you bring!
Zeph - yrs warm will bring a kiss to each!

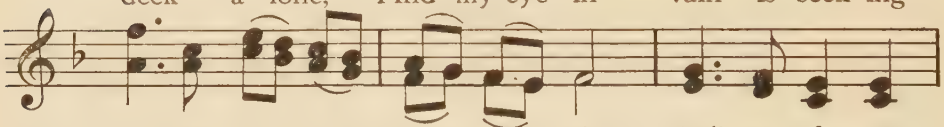
Flut - ter by, gen - tle south-ern breeze,
Trip a - long, chil - dren of the May,
Soft - ly sing - ing thro' the ma - ple trees!
Sun - ny hours are meant for hap - py play!
Leap ing wave - let of the sea - shore,
Song and danc - ing in the spring - time
Bring a song from o - ver seas!
Make a joy - ous world more gay!

ISLE OF BEAUTY

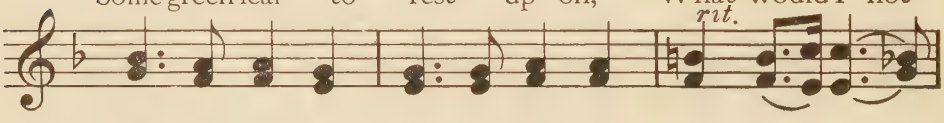
Thomas Haynes Bayly — Irish Folk Song

1. Shades of eve-ning, close not o'er us, Leave our lone-ly
2. 'Tis the hour when hap-py fac-es Smile a-round the
3. When the waves are round us break-ing, As I pace the

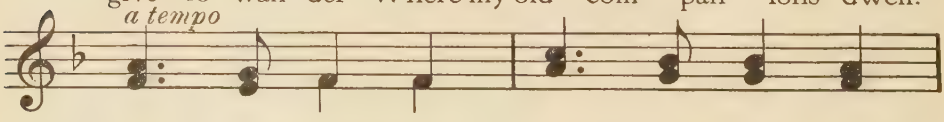
bark a-while! Morn, a-las, will not re-store us
ta-per's light. Who will fill our va-cant plac-es?
deck a-lone, And my eye in vain is seek-ing



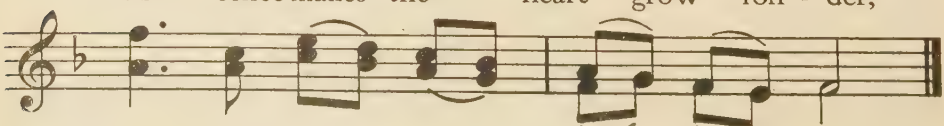
Yon-der dim and dis-tant Isle! Still my fan-cy
Who will sing our songs to-night? Thro' the mist that
Some green leaf to rest up-on, What would I not



can dis cov-er Sun-ny spots where friends may dwell;
floats a-bove us, Faint-ly sounds the ves-per bell,
give to wan-der Where my old com-pan-ions dwell?

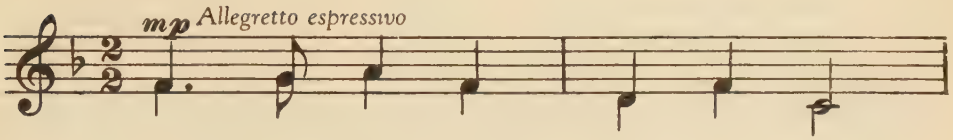


Dark-er shad-ows round us hov-er;
Like a voice from those who love us,
Ab-sence makes the heart grow fon-der;

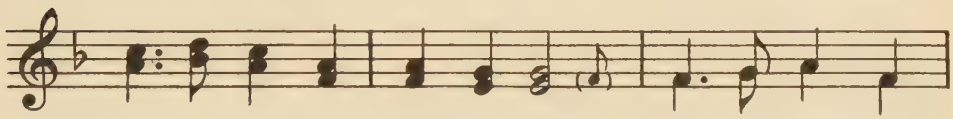


Isle of Beau-ty, fare thee well!
Breath-ing fond-ly, "Fare thee well!"
Isle of Beau-ty, fare thee well!

Lady Nairne Scotch Folk Tune



1. Bon - nie Char - lie's now a - wa',
2. Hills he trod were all his ain,
3. Sweet the lav - rock's note and lang,
4. Mon - y a gal - lant sod - jer fought,



Safe - ly owre the friend - ly main; Mon - y a heart will
Bed be - neath the birk - en tree, The bush that hid him
Lilt - in' wild - ly up the glen, But aye to me he
Mon - y a gal - lant chief did fa'; Death it - self were

break in twa' Should he ne'er come back a - gain.
on the plain, None on earth can claim but he.
sings ae sang: "Will ye no come back a - gain?"
dear - ly bought A' for Scot - land's King and law.

Will ye no come back a-gain? Will ye no come back a-gain?

Bet-ter lo'ed ye can-na be Will ye no come back a-gain?

MARINKA, COME AND DANCE WITH ME

Adapted from the German
by Cecil Cowdrey

Johann Strauss
from "Die Fledermaus"

Lively

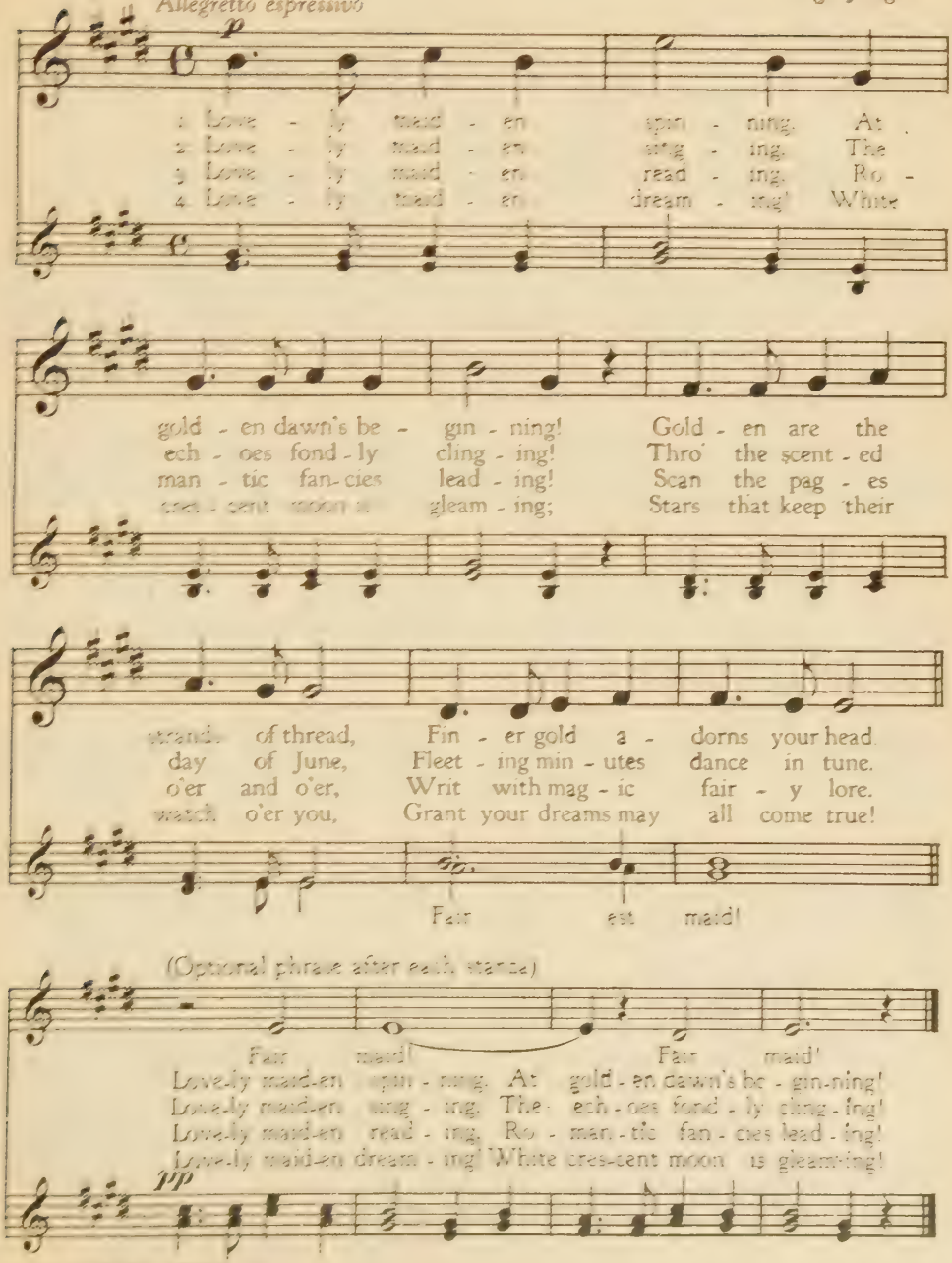
Ma - rin - ka, come and dance with me,
My heart to - day is light and free;
We'll dance the pol - ka, thou and I,
Who'd step it bet - ter, let them try!
The folk are danc - ing, one and all.
Then come, Ma - rin - ka, dance with me!
No clar - i - net or trum - pet call,
A blu - er sky we'll nev - er see,
No mu - sic ev - er sounds so fine
No tru - er hearts, no maids so fine,
D.S. Fine.
As in this land of thine and mine.
As in this land of thine and mine.

LOVELY MAIDEN

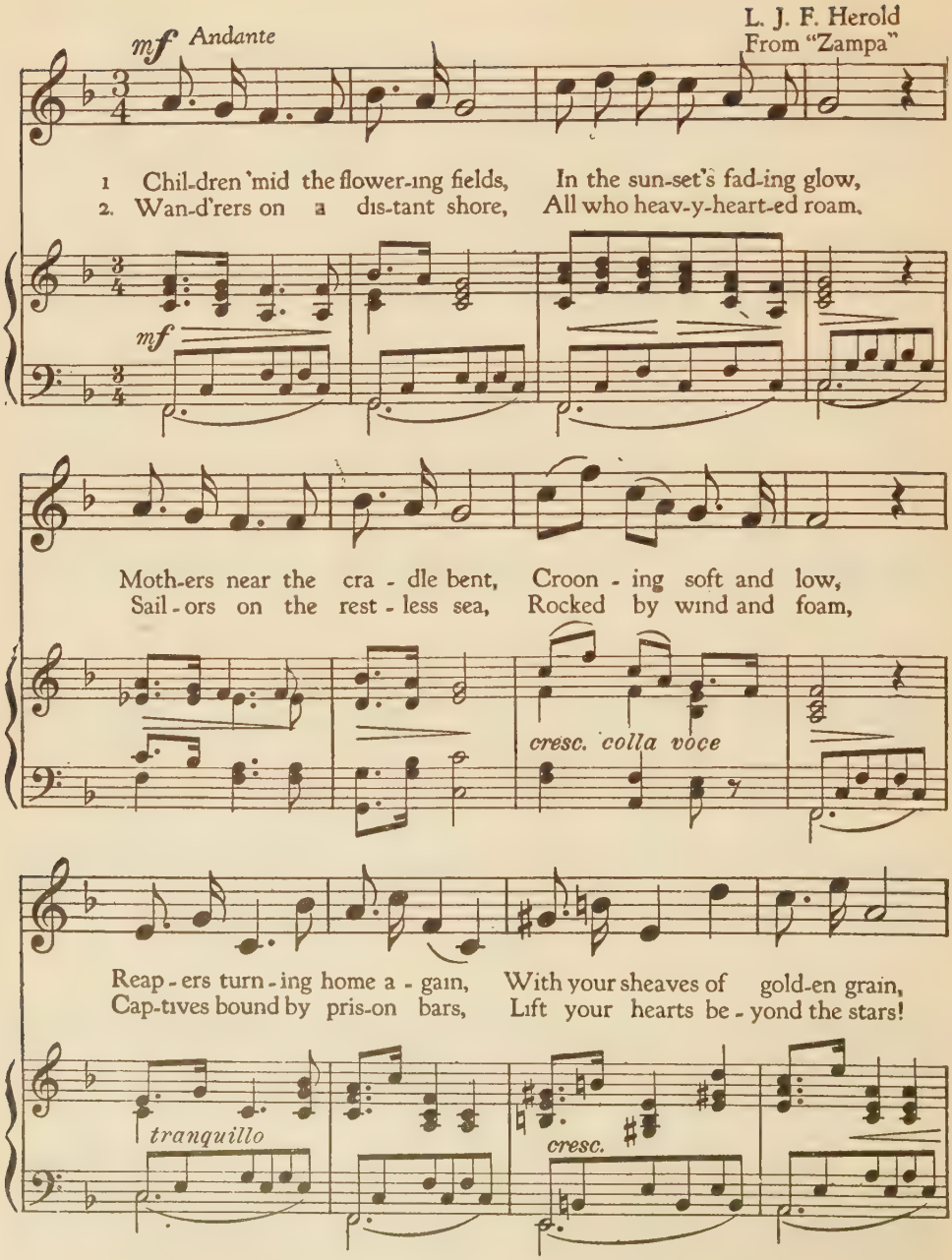
George W. Pennington

Hugo Jüngst

Allegretto espressivo


1. Love - ly maid - en spin - ning, At gold - en dawn's be - gin - ning! Gold - en are the
2. Love - ly maid - en sing - ing, The ech - oes fond - ly cling - ing! Thro' the scent - ed
3. Love - ly maid - en read - ing, Ro - man - tic fan - cies lead - ing! Scan the pag - es
4. Love - ly maid - en dream - ing! White cres - cent moon is gleam - ing; Stars that keep their
strand - of thread, Fin - er gold a - dorns your head.
day of June, Fleet - ing min - utes dance in tune.
o'er and o'er, Writ with mag - ic fair - y lore.
watch o'er you, Grant your dreams may all come true!
Fair est maid!
(Optional phrase after each stanza)
Fair maid! Fair maid!
Love-ly maid-en spin - ning. At gold - en dawn's be - gin-ning!
Love-ly maid-en sing - ing. The ech - oes fond - ly cling - ing!
Love-ly maid-en read - ing. Ro - man - tic fan - cies lead - ing!
Love-ly maid-en dream - ing! White cres-cent moon is gleam-ing!

L. J. F. Herold
From "Zampa"


mf Andante
1 Chil-dren 'mid the flower-ing fields, In the sun-set's fad-ing glow,
2. Wan-d'rers on a dis-tant shore, All who heav-y-heart-ed roam,
mf
Moth-ers near the cra - dle bent, Croon - ing soft and low,
Sail - ors on the rest - less sea, Rocked by wind and foam,
cresc. colla voce
Reap - ers turn - ing home a - gain, With your sheaves of gold-en grain,
Cap-tives bound by pris-on bars, Lift your hearts be - yond the stars!
tranquillo
cresc.

Lift your eyes to Him Whose hand Guard-eth still by sea and land,
He Who bids the shad - ows fall Sure - ly car - eth for us all.
Lift your eyes to Him Whose hand Guard-eth still by sea and land!
He Who bids the shad - ows fall Sure - ly car - eth for us all.
f

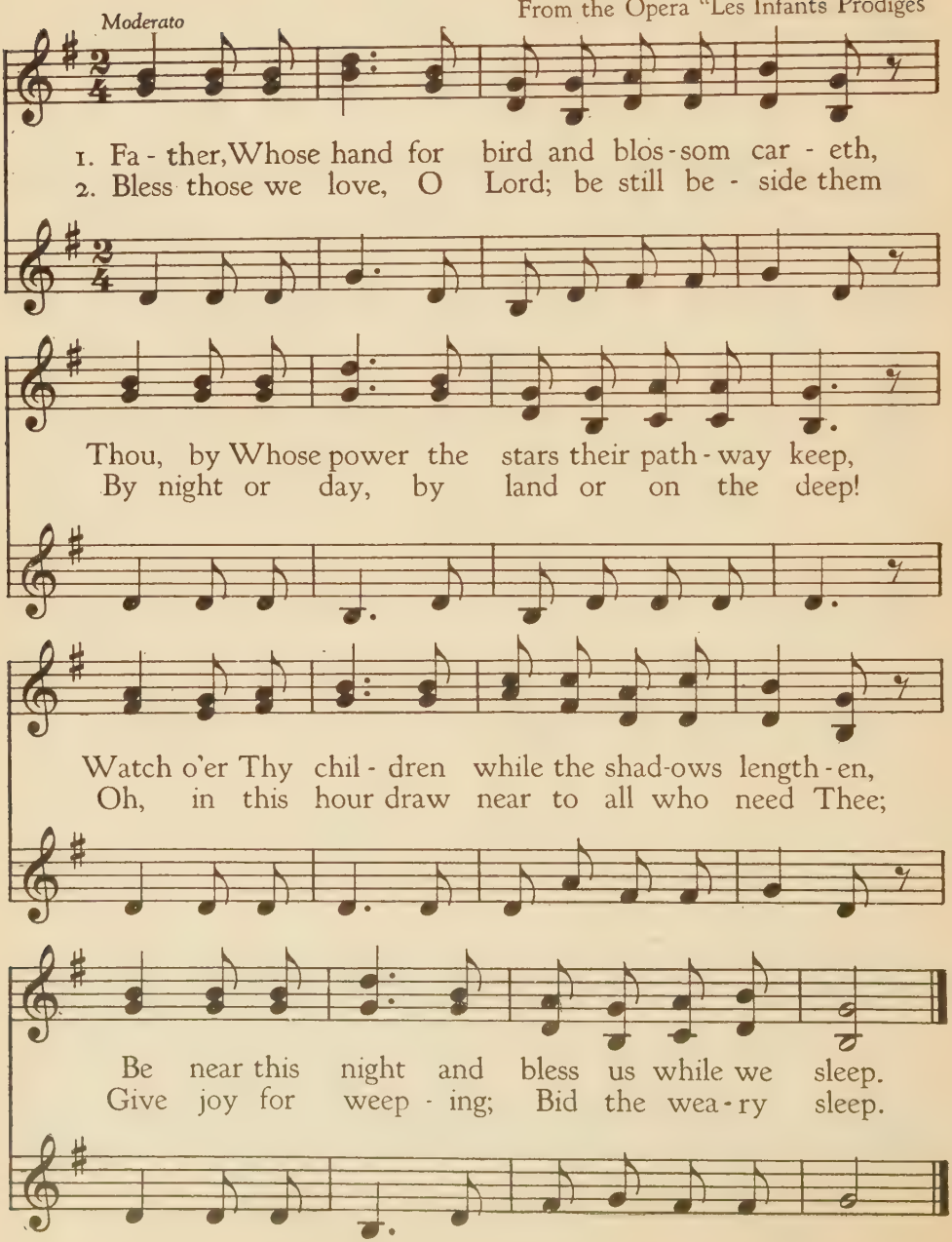
A MORNING PRAYER

Cecil Cowdrey — Folk Song

Moderato
1. Dawn at my win - dow, Day will soon break,
2. Dew on the mead - ow, Gold on the hill;
Birds stir in tree tops, And chil-dren all a - wake.
Through all this day, Lord, Help us to do Thy will!

AN EVENING HYMN

E. Jonas.
From the Opera "Les Infants Prodiges"


Moderato
1. Fa - ther, Whose hand for bird and blos - som car - eth,
2. Bless those we love, O Lord; be still be - side them
Thou, by Whose power the stars their path - way keep,
By night or day, by land or on the deep!
Watch o'er Thy chil - dren while the shad-ows length - en,
Oh, in this hour draw near to all who need Thee;
Be near this night and bless us while we sleep.
Give joy for weep - ing; Bid the wea - ry sleep.

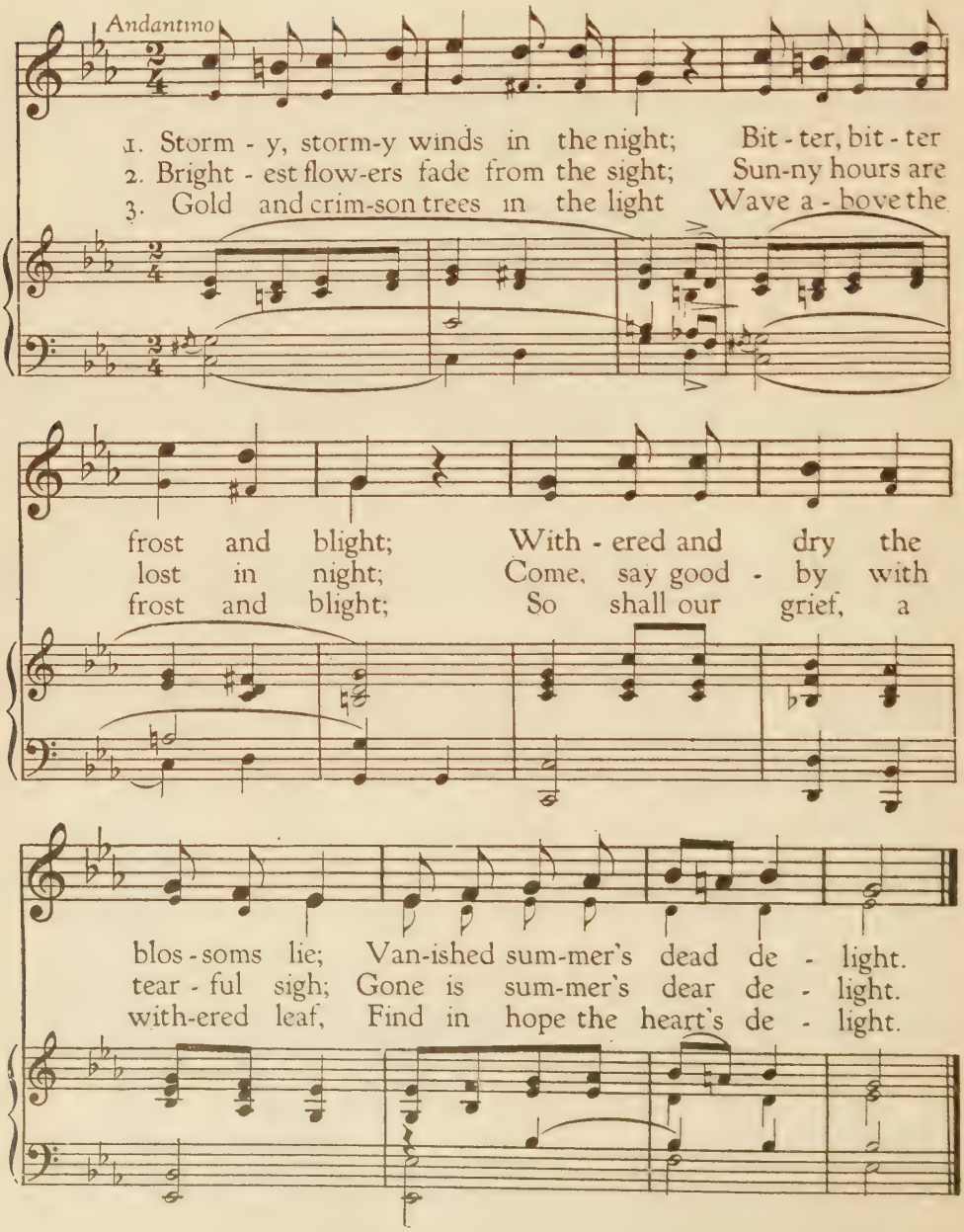
Rebecca Foresman — Russian Peasant's Folk Song

Tenderly
1. Long, long a - go a song I heard,
2. Sweet spring - time then was glad and gay,
Sung by a lit - tle friend - ly bird;
Joy ruled the world that month of May;
Fill - ing all the air with glee,
Now the si - lent win - ter's here,
As he sat and car - oled from the tree.
But that song still ech - oes soft and clear.

AUTUMN LEAVES

Kate Forman

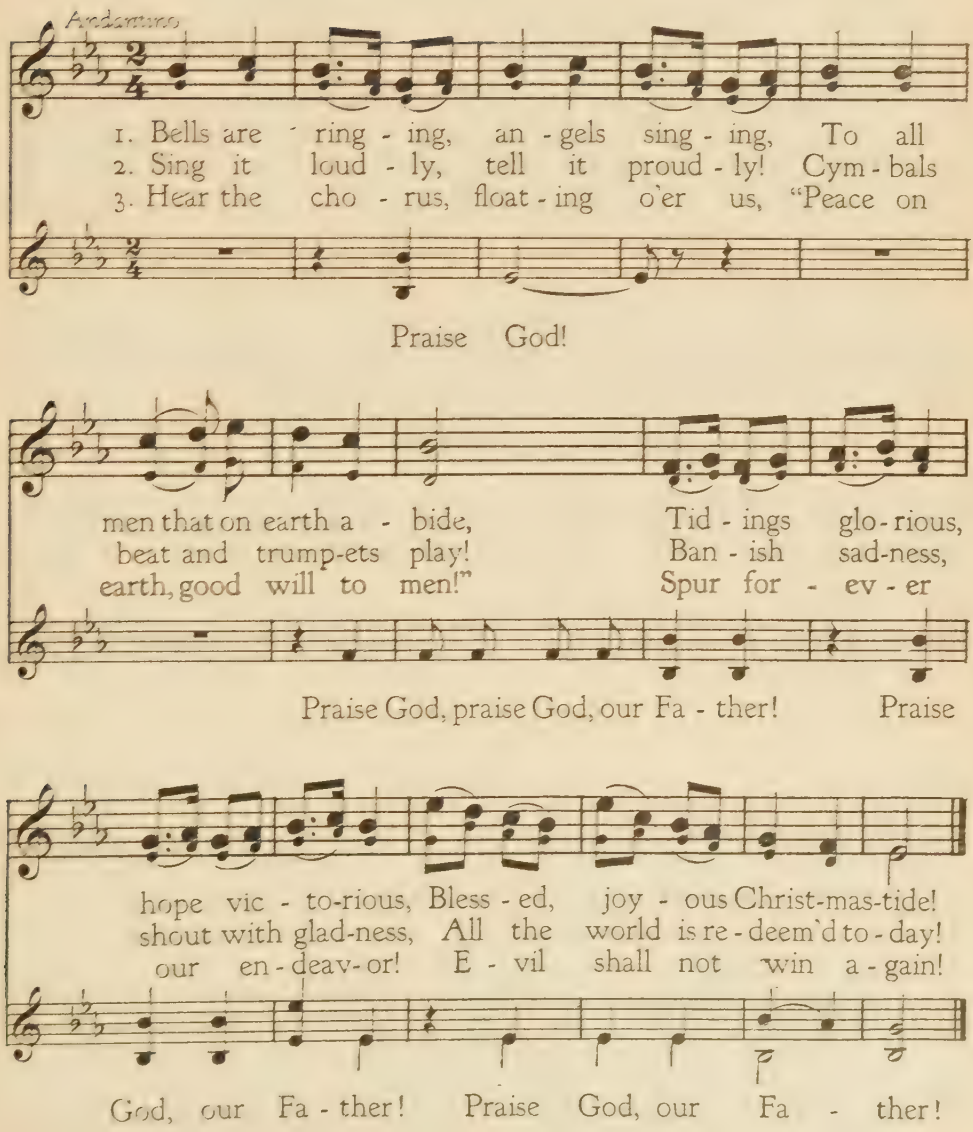
Bohemian Folk Song


Andantino
1. Storm - y, storm-y winds in the night; Bit - ter, bit - ter
2. Bright - est flow-ers fade from the sight; Sun-ny hours are
3. Gold and crim-son trees in the light Wave a - bove the
frost and blight; With - ered and dry the
lost in night; Come, say good - by with
frost and blight; So shall our grief, a
blos - soms lie; Van-ished sum-mer's dead de - light.
tear - ful sigh; Gone is sum-mer's dear de - light.
with-ered leaf, Find in hope the heart's de - light.

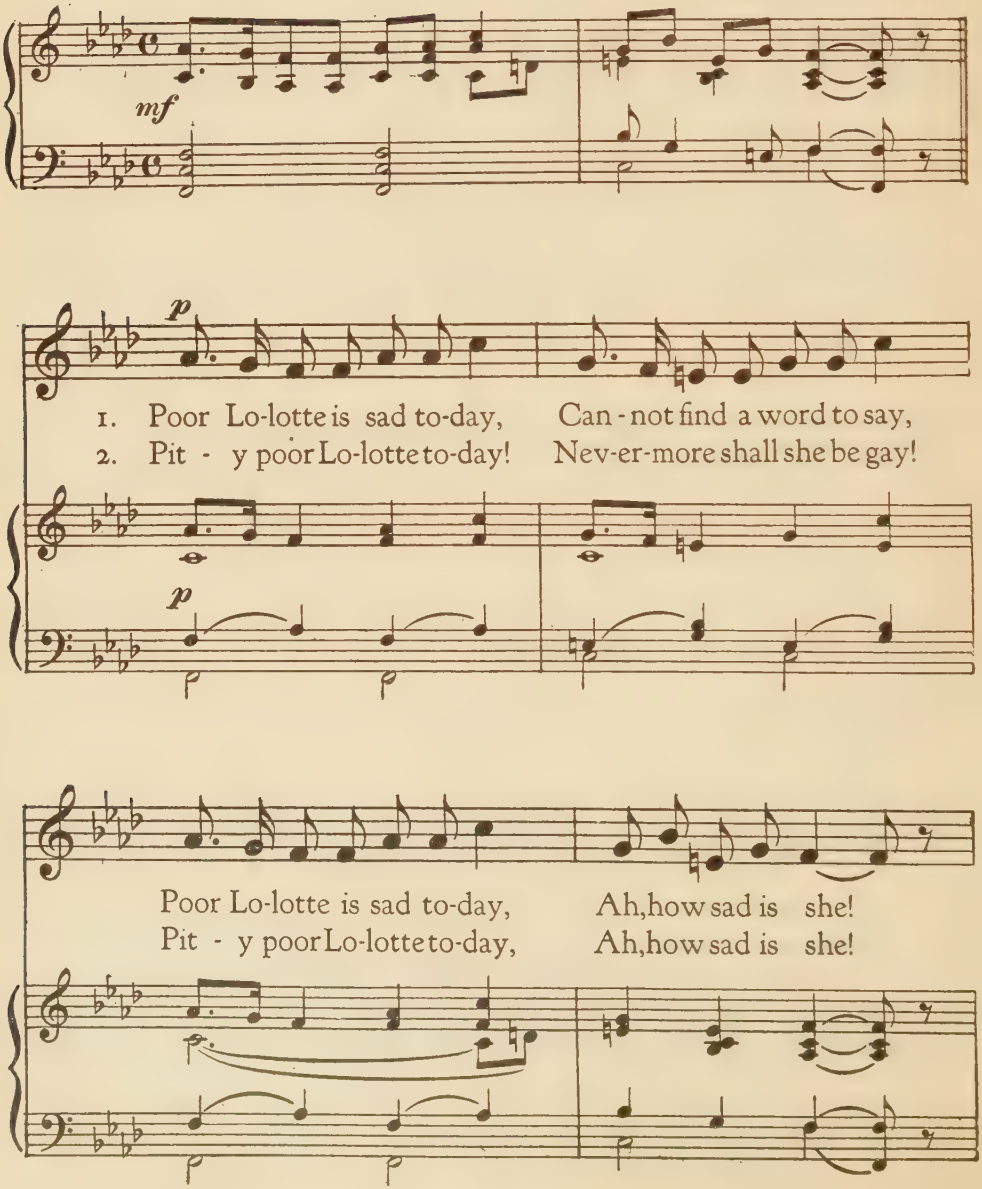
CHRISTMAS SONG

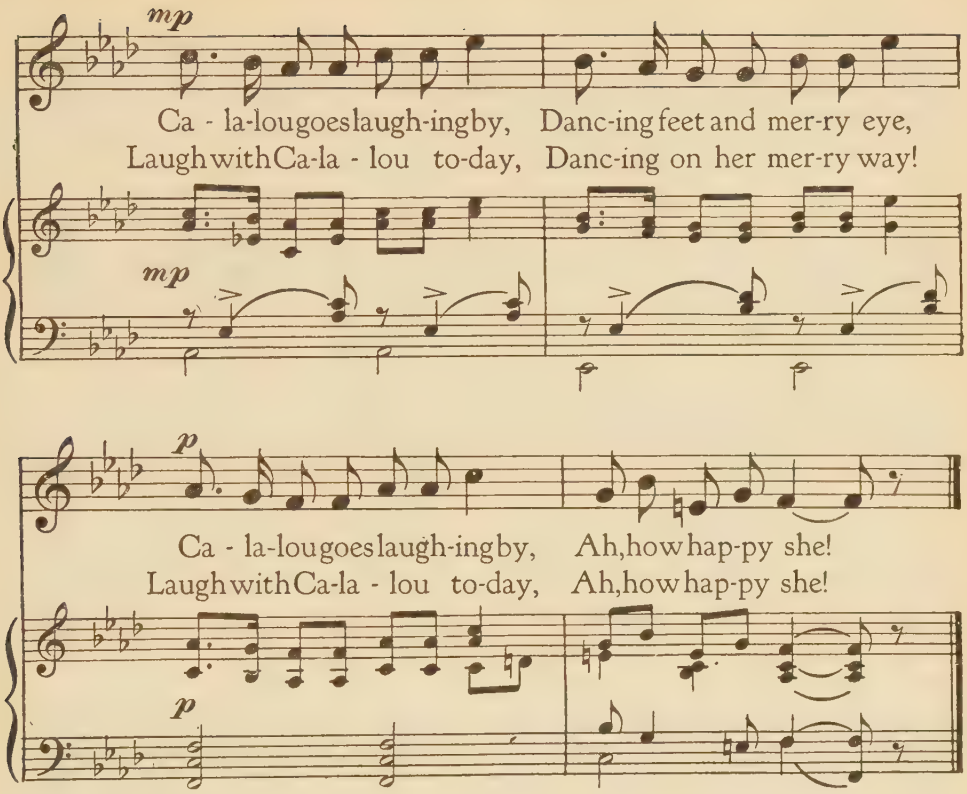
(Optional Alto)

Sigmund Spaeth — Old Italian Folk Song

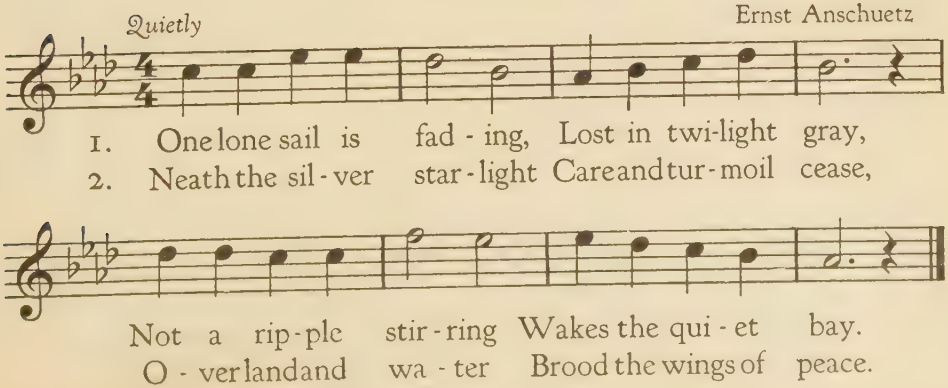

Andantino
1. Bells are ring - ing, an - gels sing - ing, To all
2. Sing it loud - ly, tell it proud - ly! Cym - bals
3. Hear the cho - rus, float - ing o'er us, "Peace on
Praise God!
men that on earth a - bide, Tid - ings glo - rious,
beat and trump-ets play! Ban - ish sad-ness,
earth, good will to men!" Spur for - ev - er
Praise God, praise God, our Fa - ther! Praise
hope vic - to-rious, Bless - ed, joy - ous Christ-mas-tide!
shout with glad-ness, All the world is re - deem'd to - day!
our en - deav - or! E - vil shall not win a - gain!
God, our Fa - ther! Praise God, our Fa - ther!

Creole Folk Song


mf
p
1. Poor Lo-lotte is sad to-day, Can - not find a word to say,
2. Pit - y poor Lo-lotte to-day! Nev-er-more shall she be gay!
p
Poor Lo-lotte is sad to-day, Ah, how sad is she!
Pit - y poor Lo-lotte to-day, Ah, how sad is she!

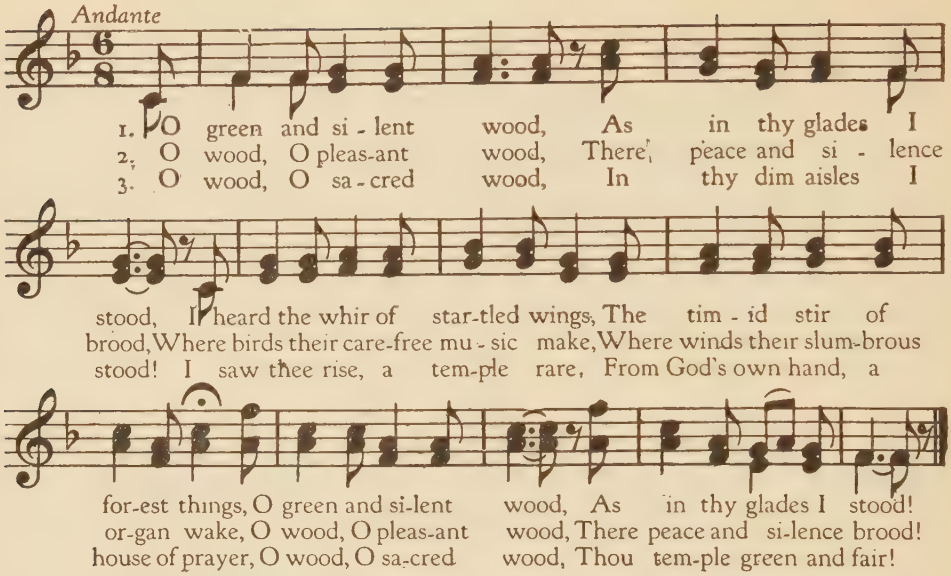

mp
Ca - la-lou goes laugh-ing by, Danc-ing feet and mer-ry eye,
Laugh with Ca-la - lou to-day, Danc-ing on her mer-ry way!
mp
p
Ca - la-lou goes laugh-ing by, Ah, how hap-py she!
Laugh with Ca-la - lou to-day, Ah, how hap-py she!
p

ONE LONE SAIL.


Quietly
Ernst Anschuetz
1. One lone sail is fad - ing, Lost in twi-light gray,
2. Neath the sil - ver star - light Care and tur - moil cease,
Not a rip - ple stir - ring Wakes the qui - et bay.
O - ver land and wa - ter Brood the wings of peace.

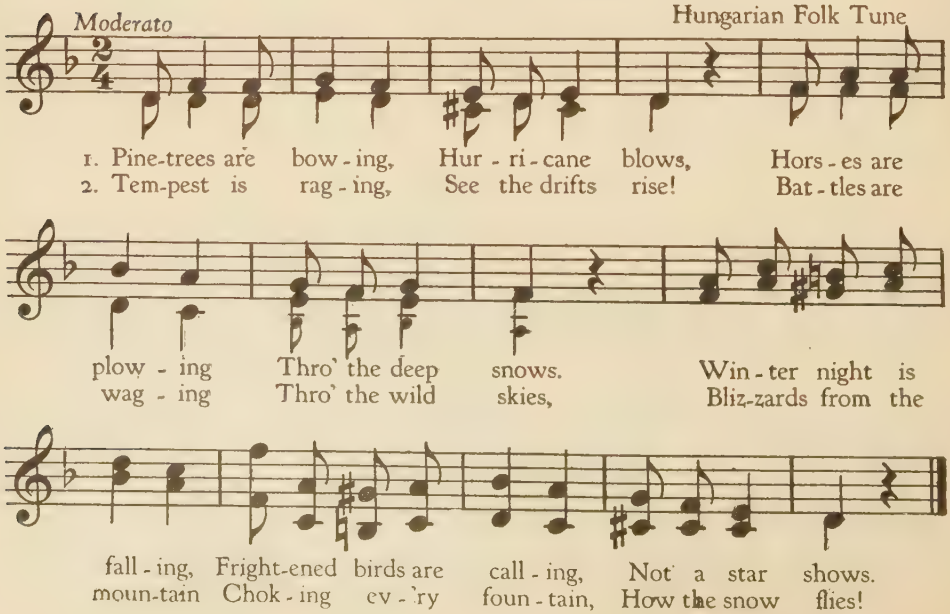
IN THE WOOD

Cecil Cowdrey — F. F. Hulka


Andante
1. O green and si - lent wood, As in thy glades I
2. O wood, O pleas-ant wood, There peace and si - lence
3. O wood, O sa - cred wood, In thy dim aisles I
stood, I heard the whir of star-tled wings, The tim - id stir of
brood, Where birds their care-free mu - sic make, Where winds their slum-brous
stood! I saw thee rise, a tem-ple rare, From God's own hand, a
for-est things, O green and si-lent wood, As in thy glades I stood!
or-gan wake, O wood, O pleas-ant wood, There peace and si-lence brood!
house of prayer, O wood, O sa-cred wood, Thou tem-ple green and fair!

A WINTER STORM

Hungarian Folk Tune

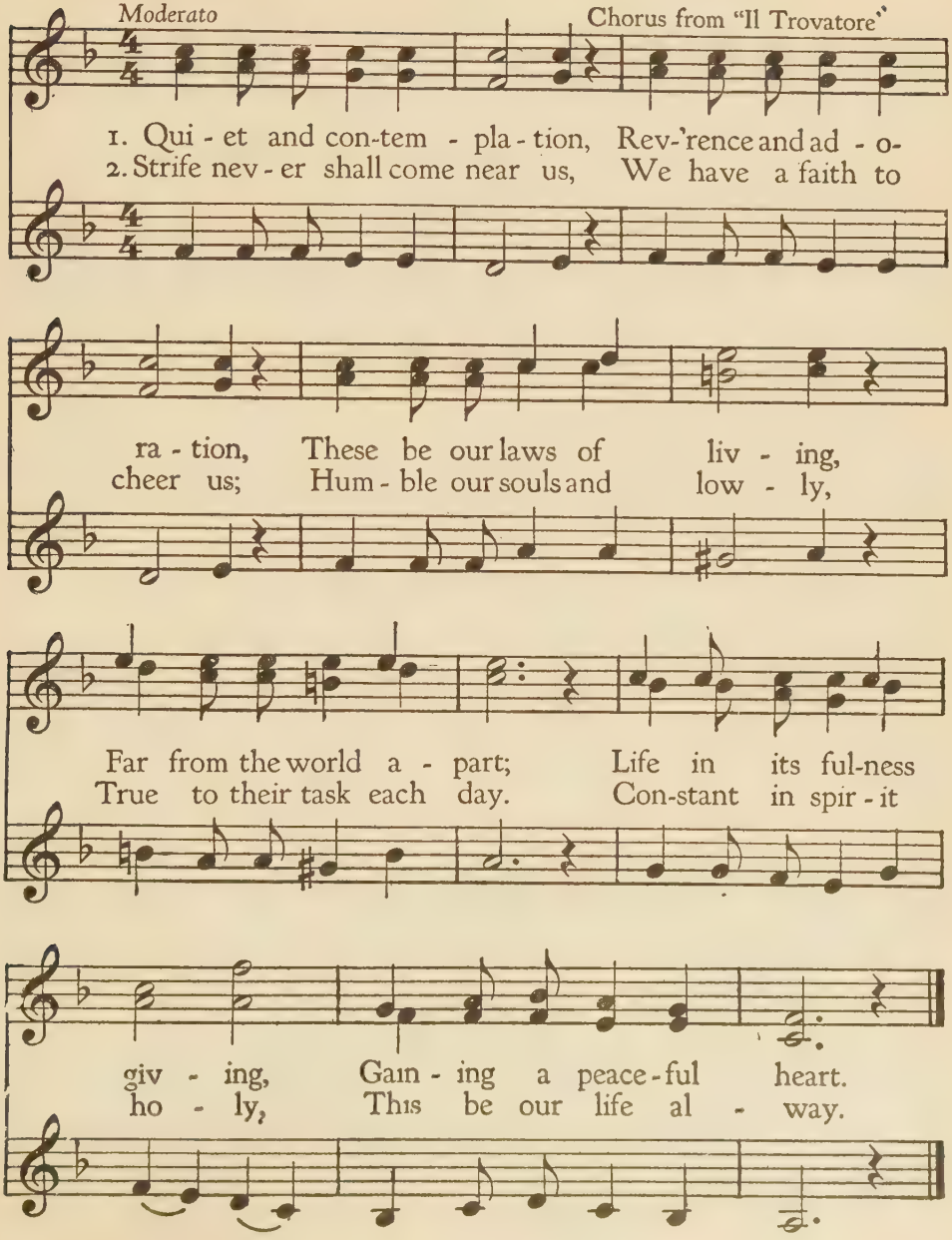

Moderato
1. Pine-trees are bow - ing, Hur - ri - cane blows, Hors - es are
2. Tem-pest is rag - ing, See the drifts rise! Bat - tles are
plow - ing Thro' the deep snows. Win - ter night is
wag - ing Thro' the wild skies, Bliz-zards from the
fall - ing, Fright-ened birds are call - ing, Not a star shows.
moun-tain Chok - ing ev - 'ry foun - tain, How the snow flies!

Sigmund Spaeth

Guiseppe Verdi

Moderato

Chorus from "Il Trovatore"

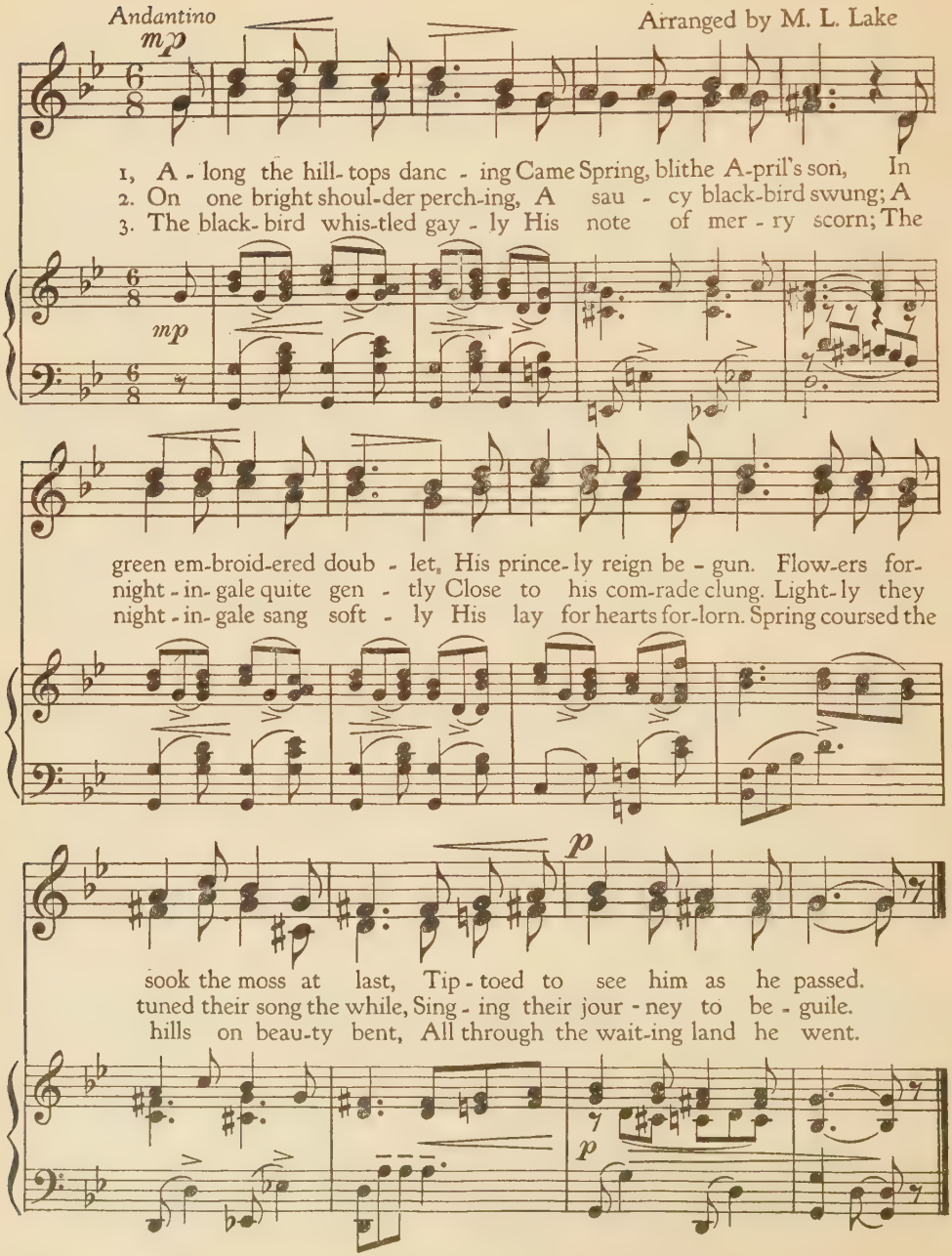

1. Qui - et and con-tem - pla - tion, Rev-'rence and ad - o-
2. Strife nev - er shall come near us, We have a faith to
ra - tion, These be our laws of liv - ing,
cheer us; Hum - ble our souls and low - ly,
Far from the world a - part; Life in its ful-ness
True to their task each day. Con-stant in spir - it
giv - ing, Gain - ing a peace - ful heart.
ho - ly, This be our life al - way.

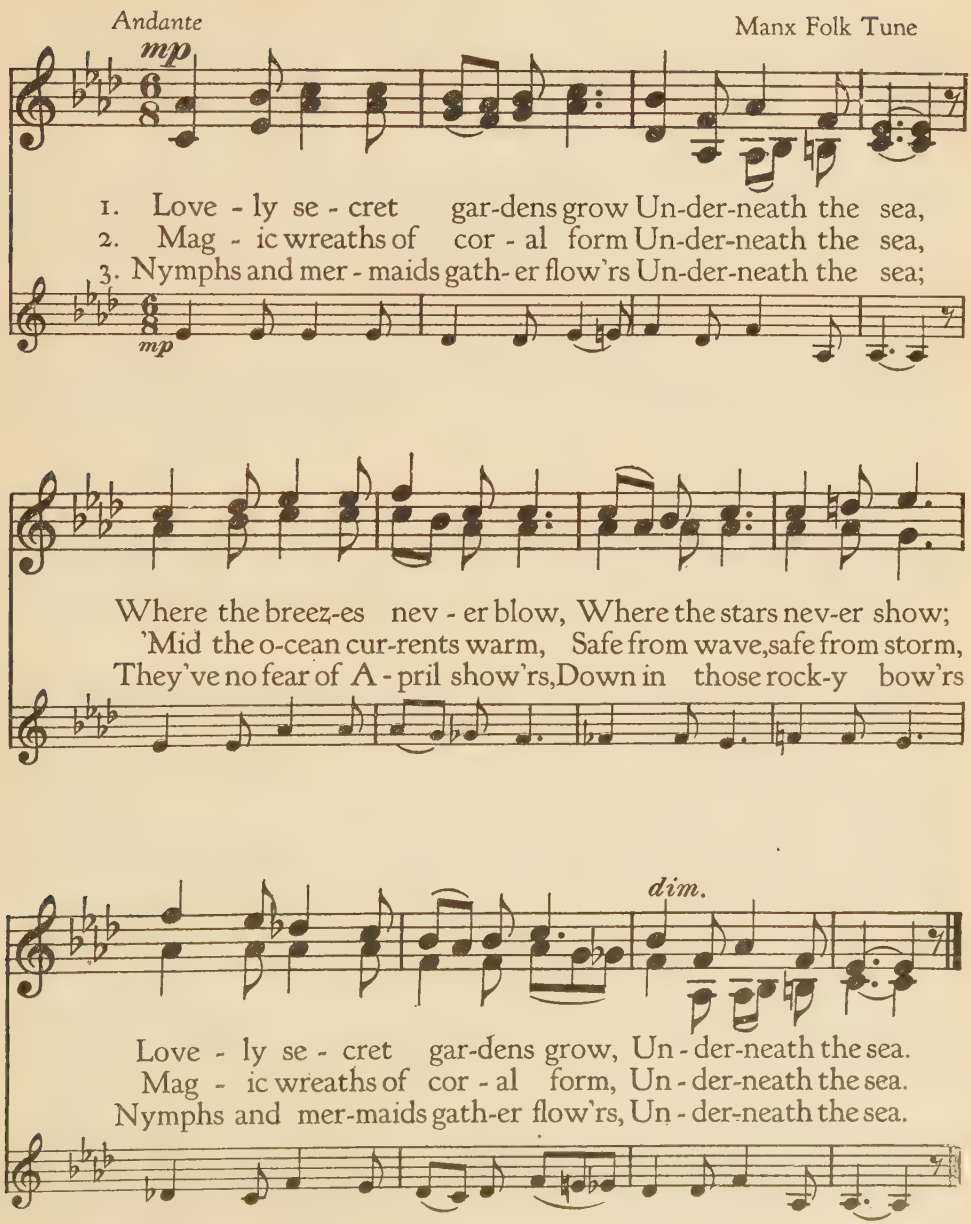
A ROYAL GUEST

Louise Reichardt

Andantino

Arranged by M. L. Lake


mp
1, A - long the hill- tops danc - ing Came Spring, blithe A-pril's son, In
2. On one bright shoul-der perch-ing, A sau - cy black-bird swung; A
3. The black- bird whis-tled gay - ly His note of mer - ry scorn; The
green em-broid-ered doub - let, His prince- ly reign be - gun. Flow-ers for-
night - in- gale quite gen - tly Close to his com-rade clung. Light- ly they
night - in- gale sang soft - ly His lay for hearts for-lorn. Spring coursed the
p
sook the moss at last, Tip - toed to see him as he passed.
tuned their song the while, Sing - ing their jour - ney to be - guile.
hills on beau-ty bent, All through the wait-ing land he went.
p

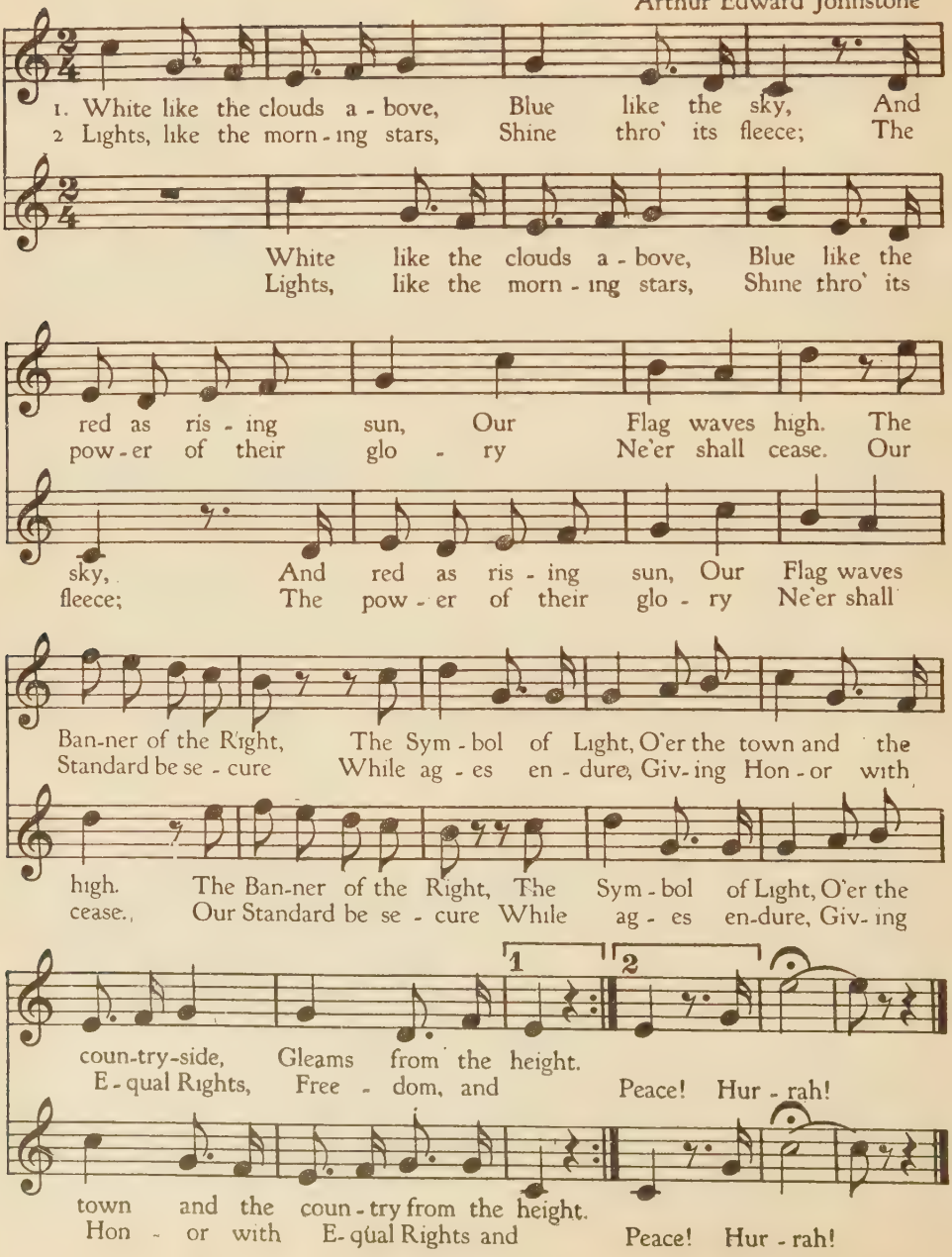

Andante
mp
Manx Folk Tune
1. Love - ly se - cret gar-dens grow Un-der-neath the sea,
2. Mag - ic wreaths of cor - al form Un-der-neath the sea,
3. Nymphs and mer - maids gath- er flow'rs Un-der-neath the sea;
mp
Where the breez-es nev - er blow, Where the stars nev-er show;
'Mid the o-cean cur-rents warm, Safe from wave,safe from storm,
They've no fear of A - pril show'rs,Down in those rock-y bow'rs
dim.
Love - ly se - cret gar-dens grow, Un - der-neath the sea.
Mag - ic wreaths of cor - al form, Un - der-neath the sea.
Nymphs and mer-maids gath-er flow'rs, Un - der-neath the sea.

OUR FLAG

(Canon in the Unison)

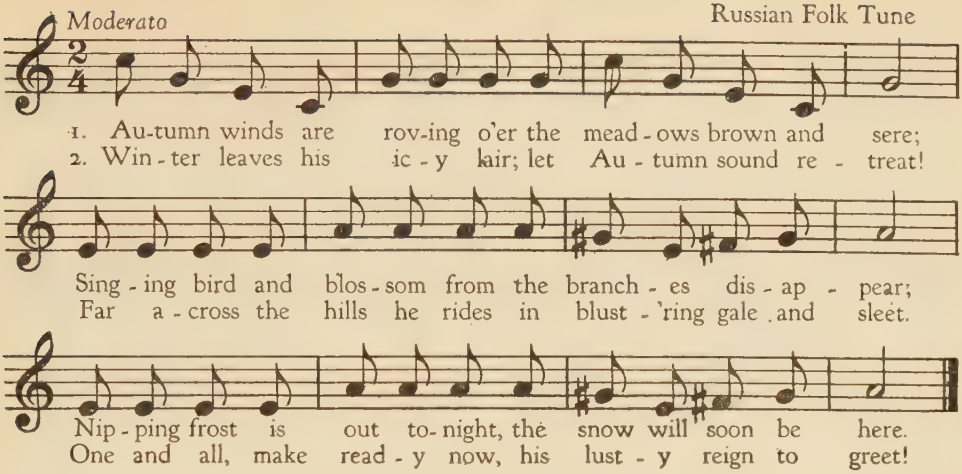
H. W. Loomis

Arthur Edward Johnstone


1. White like the clouds a - bove, Blue like the sky, And
2 Lights, like the morn - ing stars, Shine thro' its fleece; The
White like the clouds a - bove, Blue like the
Lights, like the morn - ing stars, Shine thro' its
red as ris - ing sun, Our Flag waves high. The
pow - er of their glo - ry Ne'er shall cease. Our
sky, And red as ris - ing sun, Our Flag waves
fleece; The pow - er of their glo - ry Ne'er shall
Ban-ner of the Right, The Sym - bol of Light, O'er the town and the
Standard be se - cure While ag - es en - dure, Giv-ing Hon - or with
high. The Ban-ner of the Right, The Sym - bol of Light, O'er the
cease. Our Standard be se - cure While ag - es en-dure, Giv- ing
1
2
coun-try-side, Gleams from the height.
E - qual Rights, Free - dom, and Peace! Hur - rah!
town and the coun - try from the height.
Hon - or with E- qual Rights and Peace! Hur - rah!

Moderato

Russian Folk Tune

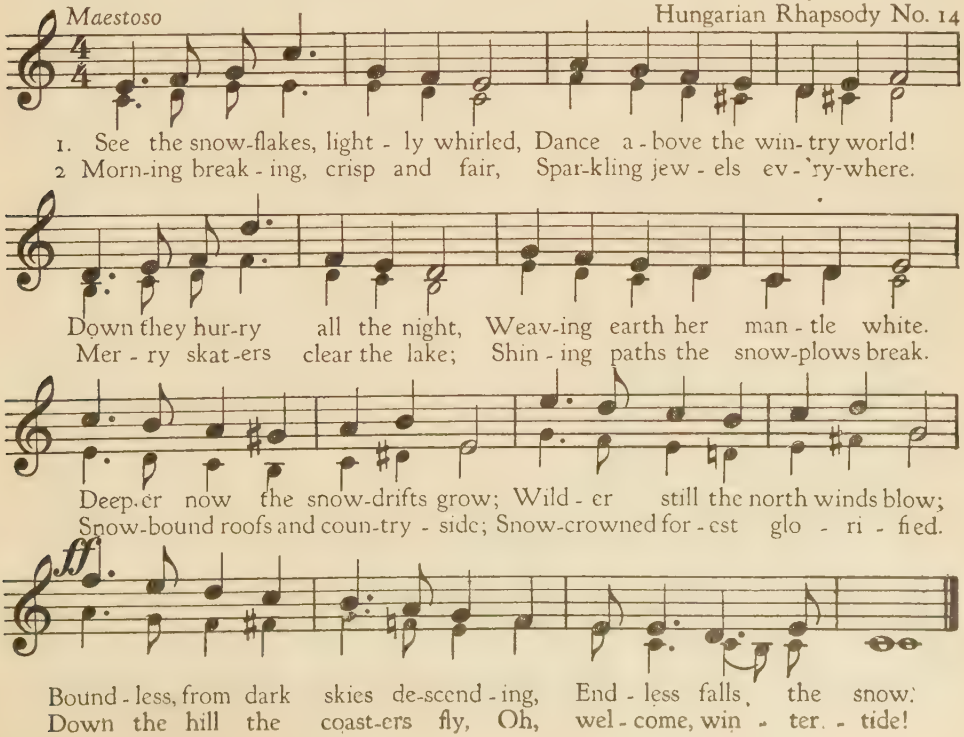

1. Au-tumn winds are rov-ing o'er the mead-ows brown and sere;
2. Win-ter leaves his ic-y lair; let Au-tumn sound re-treat!
Sing-ing bird and blos-som from the branch-es dis-ap-pear;
Far a-cross the hills he rides in blust-'ring gale and sleet.
Nip-ping frost is out to-night, the snow will soon be here.
One and all, make read-y now, his lust-y reign to greet!

IN WINTER

Cecil Cowdrey

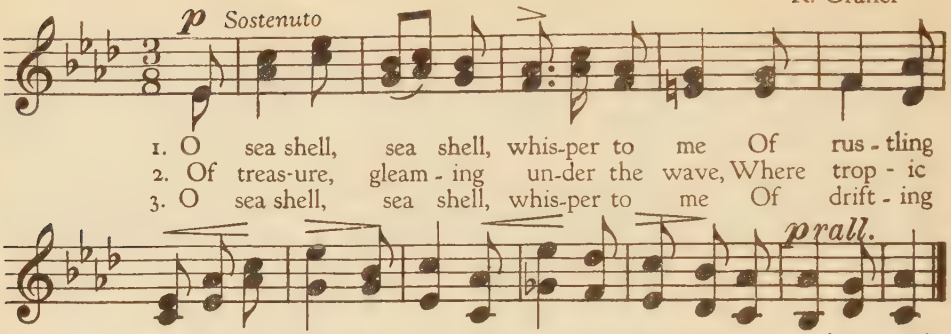
Maestoso

Hungarian Folk Song
Used by Liszt in
Hungarian Rhapsody No. 14


1. See the snow-flakes, light-ly whirled, Dance a-bove the win-try world!
2 Morn-ing break-ing, crisp and fair, Spar-kling jew-els ev-'ry-where.
Down they hur-ry all the night, Weav-ing earth her man-tle white.
Mer-ry skat-ers clear the lake; Shin-ing paths the snow-plows break.
Deep-er now the snow-drifts grow; Wild-er still the north winds blow;
Snow-bound roofs and coun-try-side; Snow-crowned for-est glo-ri-fied.
ff
Bound-less, from dark skies de-scend-ing, End-less falls the snow.
Down the hill the coast-ers fly, Oh, wel-come, win-ter-tide!

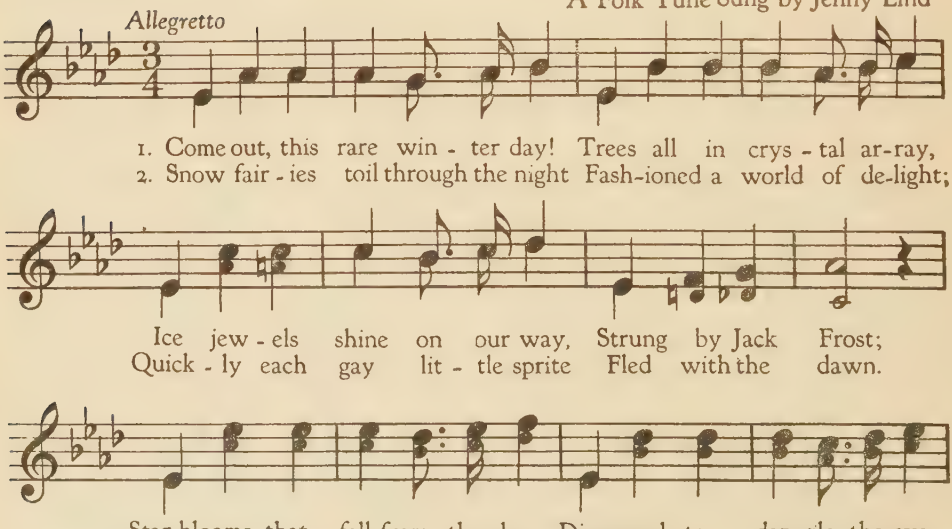
THE SEA SHELL.

R. Graner

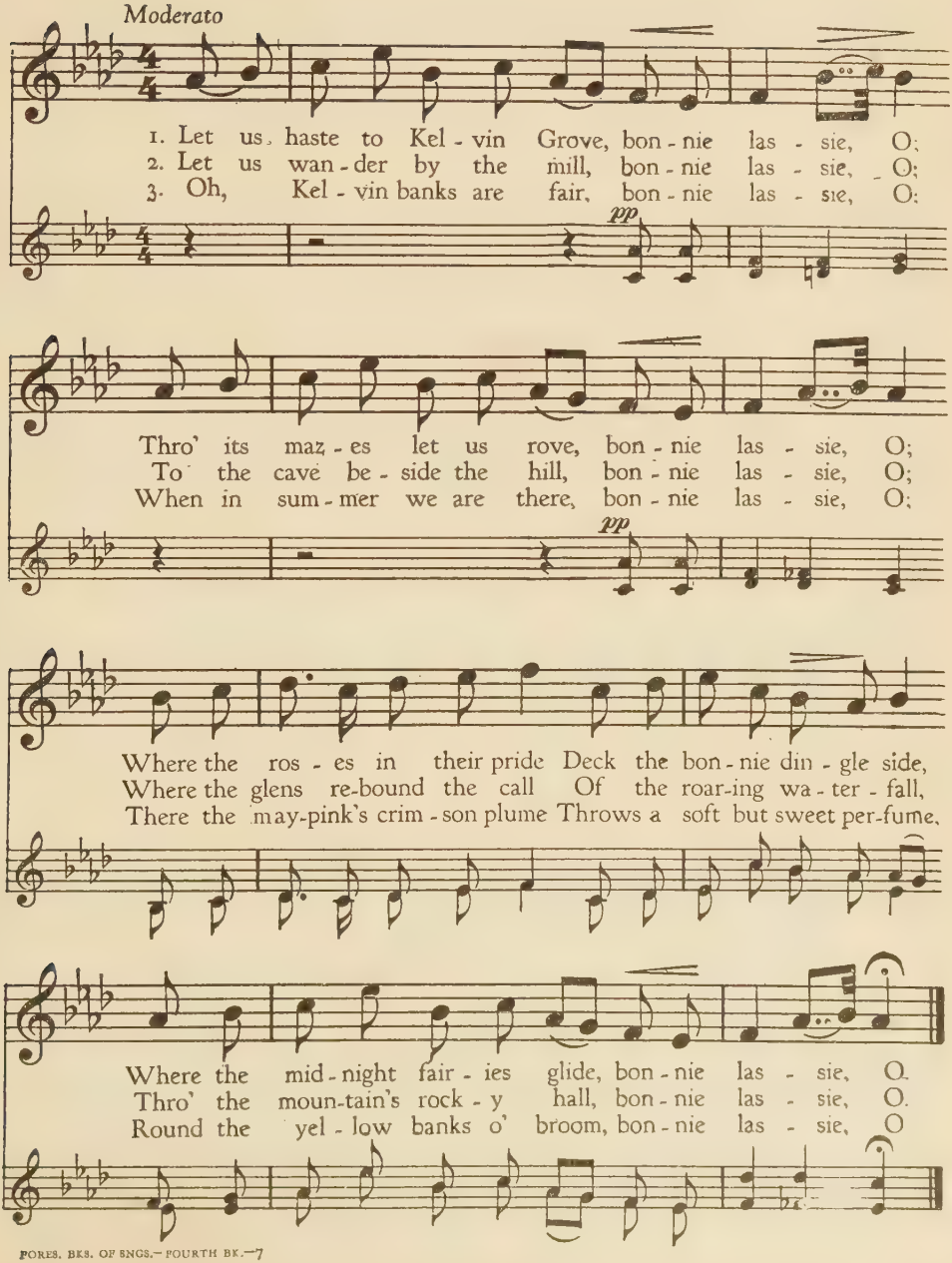

p Sostenuto
1. O sea shell, sea shell, whis-per to me Of rus - tling
2. Of treas-ure, gleam - ing un-der the wave, Where trop - ic
3. O sea shell, sea shell, whis-per to me Of drift - ing
palms and a south-ern sea, Of rus-tling palms and a south-ern sea!
wa-ters their cor - als lave, Where trop-ic wa - ters their cor - als lave!
sails on a south-ern sea, Of drift-ing sails on a south-ern sea!
prall.

WINTER DAY

A Folk Tune Sung by Jenny Lind


Allegretto
1. Come out, this rare win - ter day! Trees all in crys - tal ar-ray,
2. Snow fair - ies toil through the night Fash-ioned a world of de-light;
Ice jew - els shine on our way, Strung by Jack Frost;
Quick - ly each gay lit - tle sprite Fled with the dawn.
Star-blooms that fell from the sky, Dia-monds to daz - zle the eye,
Come to the wood-land with me, Quick-ly these jew - els to see;
Gems that a king could not buy, Soon to be lost.
Gar- lands that deck ev - 'ry tree Melt and are gone.

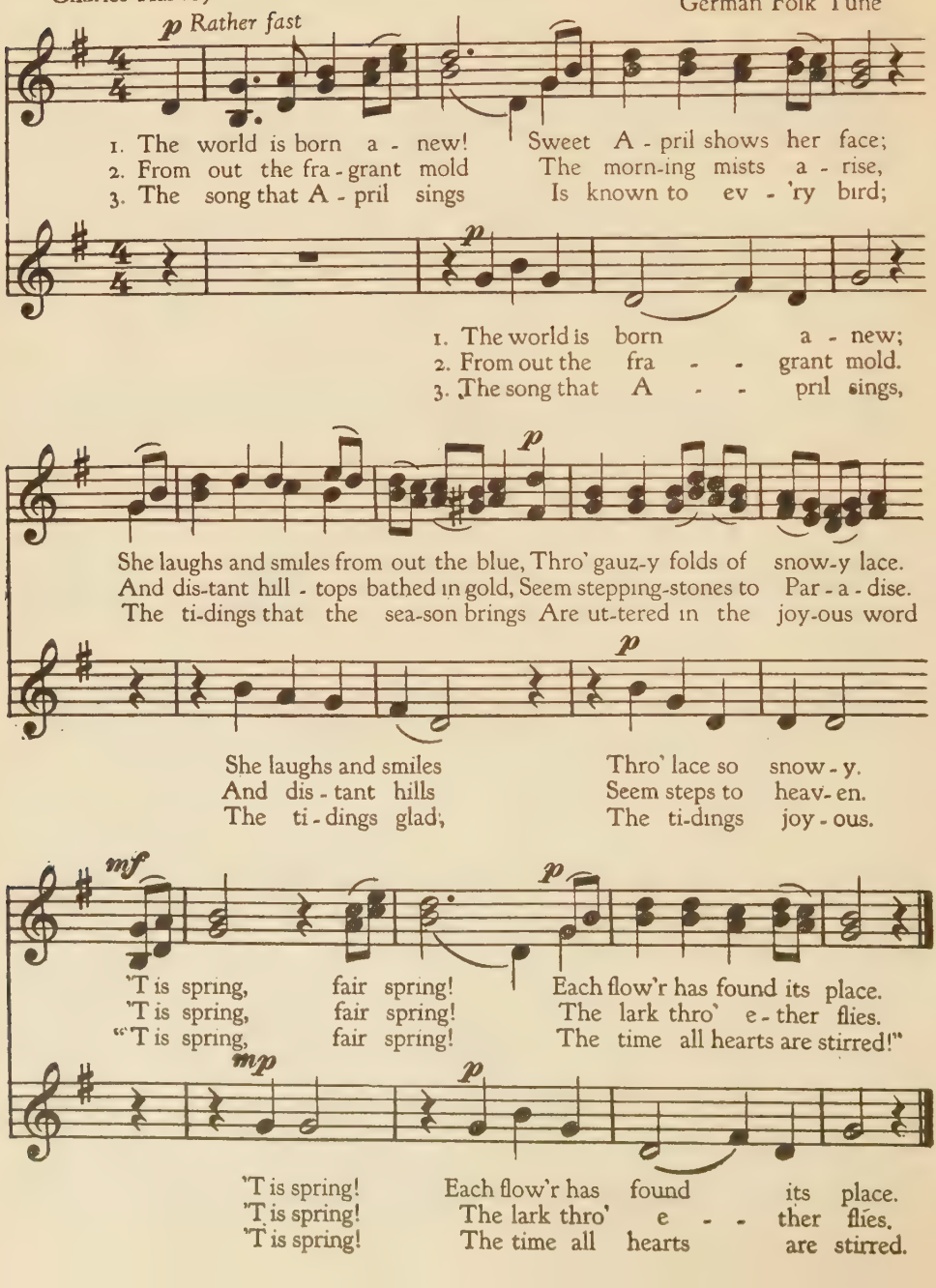
Scotch Folk Tune


Moderato
1. Let us haste to Kel - vin Grove, bon - nie las - sie, O;
2. Let us wan - der by the mill, bon - nie las - sie, O;
3. Oh, Kel - vin banks are fair, bon - nie las - sie, O;
pp
Thro' its maz - es let us rove, bon - nie las - sie, O;
To the cave be - side the hill, bon - nie las - sie, O;
When in sum - mer we are there, bon - nie las - sie, O;
pp
Where the ros - es in their pride Deck the bon - nie din - gle side,
Where the glens re-bound the call Of the roar-ing wa - ter - fall,
There the may-pink's crim - son plume Throws a soft but sweet per-fume,
Where the mid - night fair - ies glide, bon - nie las - sie, O.
Thro' the moun-tain's rock - y hall, bon - nie las - sie, O.
Round the yel - low banks o' broom, bon - nie las - sie, O

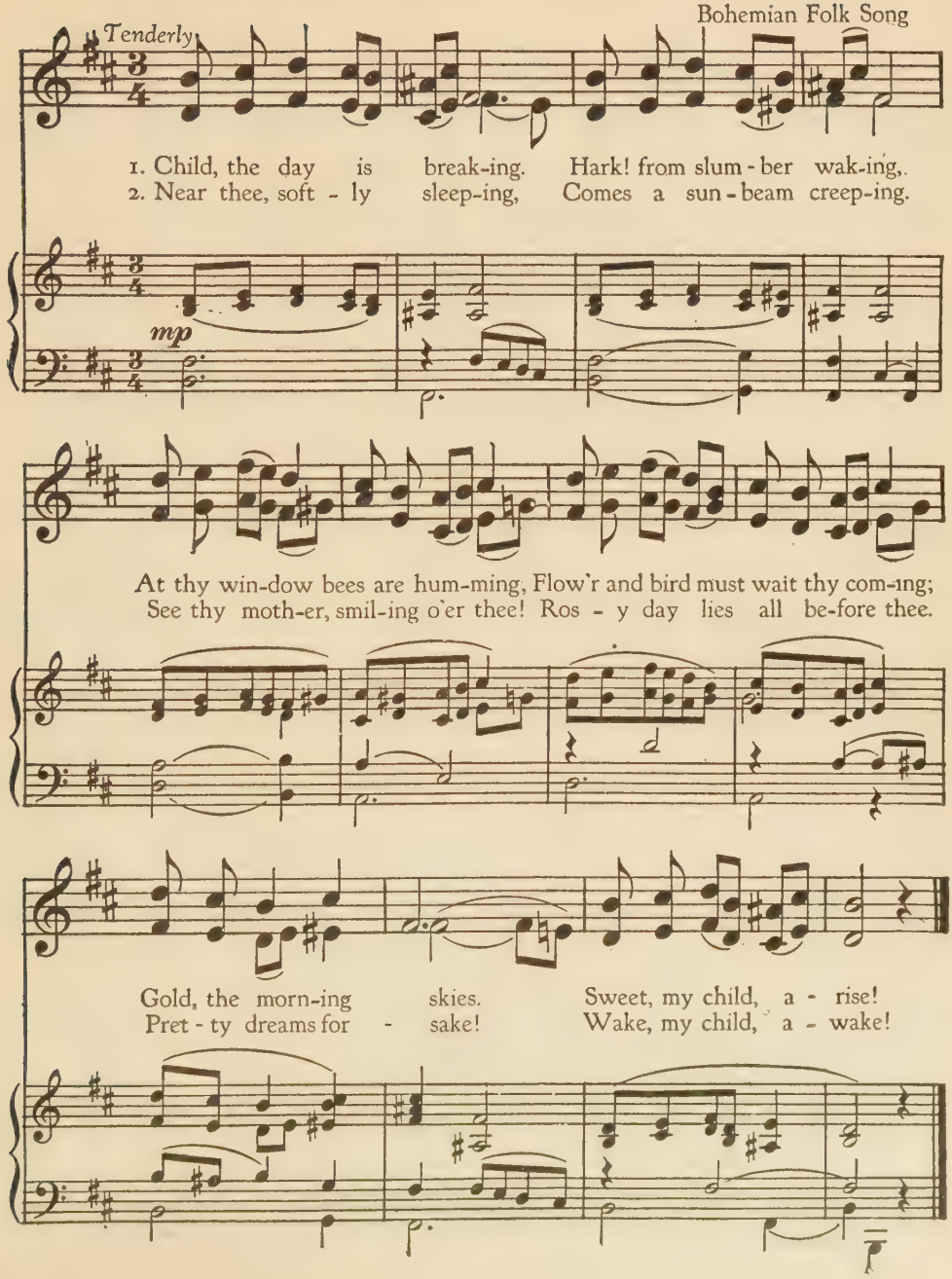
A SPRING SONG

Charles Harvey

German Folk Tune

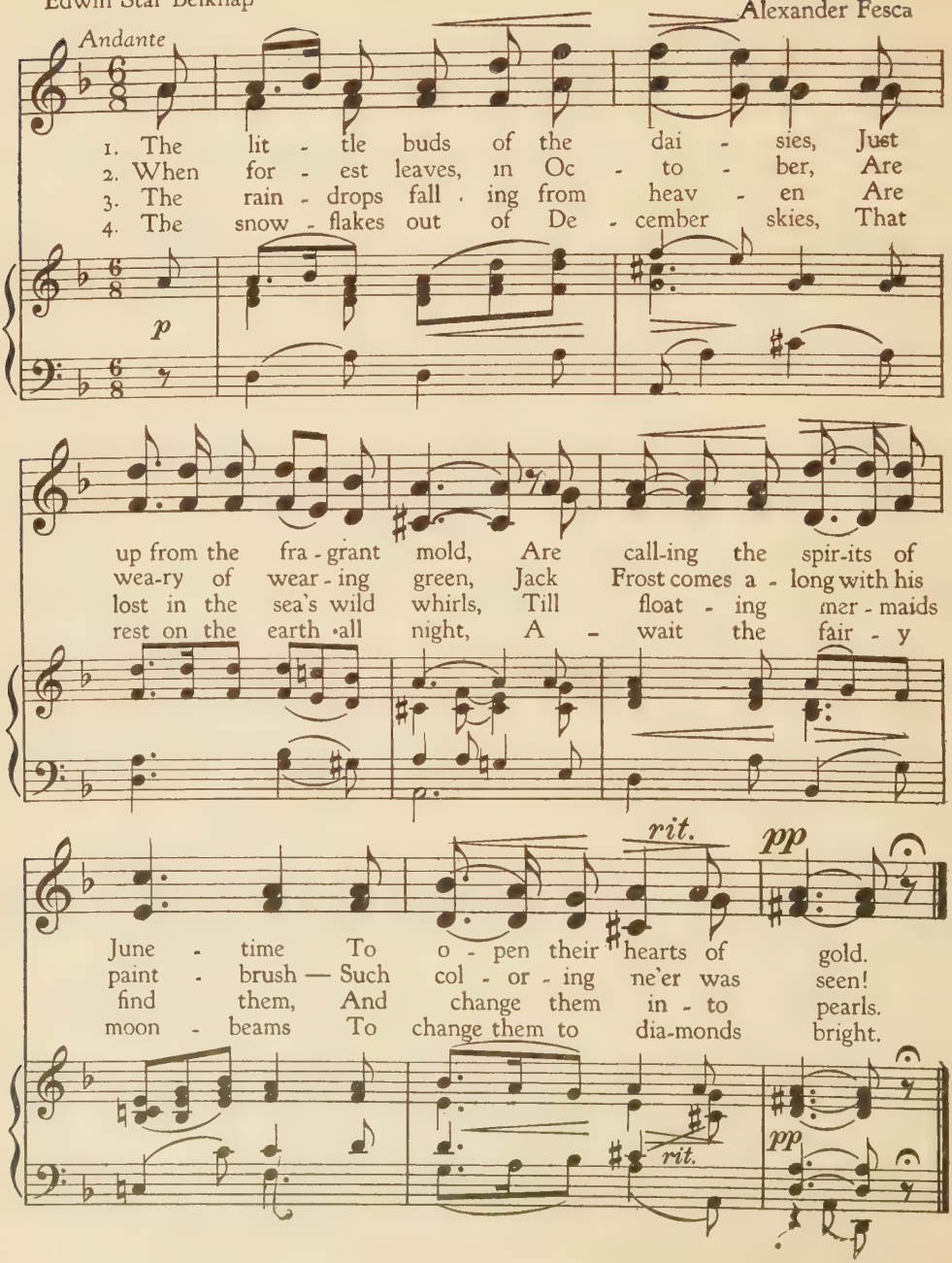

p Rather fast
1. The world is born a - new! Sweet A - pril shows her face;
2. From out the fra - grant mold The morn-ing mists a - rise,
3. The song that A - pril sings Is known to ev - 'ry bird;
p
1. The world is born a - new;
2. From out the fra - - grant mold.
3. The song that A - - pril sings,
p
She laughs and smiles from out the blue, Thro' gauz-y folds of snow-y lace.
And dis-tant hill - tops bathed in gold, Seem stepping-stones to Par - a - dise.
The ti-dings that the sea-son brings Are ut-tered in the joy-ous word
p
She laughs and smiles Thro' lace so snow - y.
And dis - tant hills Seem steps to heav- en.
The ti - dings glad, The ti-dings joy - ous.
mf
p
'T is spring, fair spring! Each flow'r has found its place.
'T is spring, fair spring! The lark thro' e - ther flies.
"T is spring, fair spring! The time all hearts are stirred!"
mp
p
'T is spring! Each flow'r has found its place.
'T is spring! The lark thro' e - - ther flies.
'T is spring! The time all hearts are stirred.

Bohemian Folk Song


Tenderly
1. Child, the day is break-ing. Hark! from slum-ber wak-ing,
2. Near thee, soft - ly sleep-ing, Comes a sun-beam creep-ing.
mp
At thy win-dow bees are hum-ming, Flow'r and bird must wait thy com-ing;
See thy moth-er, smil-ing o'er thee! Ros - y day lies all be-fore thee.
Gold, the morn-ing skies. Sweet, my child, a - rise!
Pret - ty dreams for - sake! Wake, my child, a - wake!

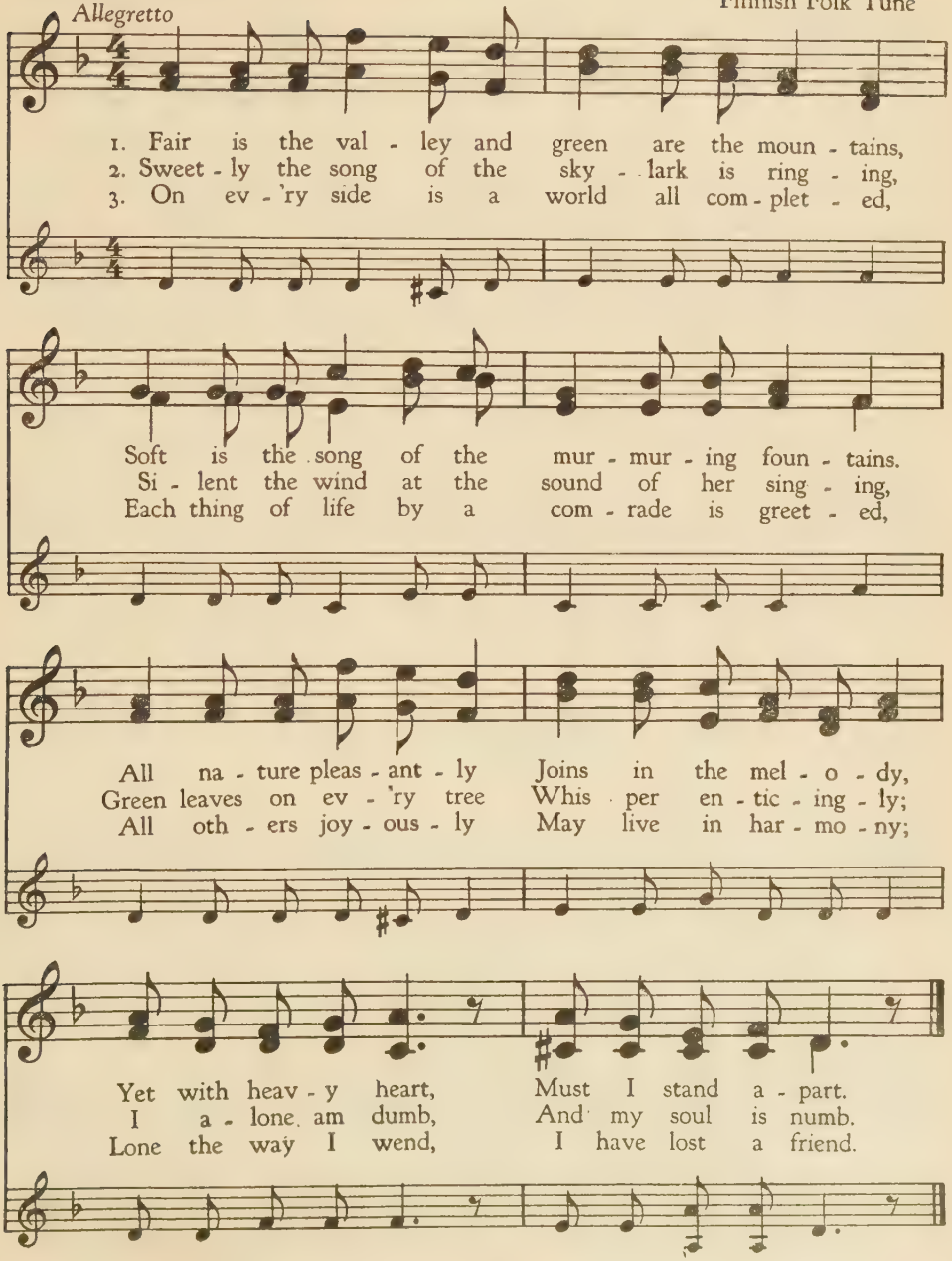
Edwin Star Belknap

Alexander Fesca


Andante
1. The lit - tle buds of the dai - sies, Just
2. When for - est leaves, in Oc - to - ber, Are
3. The rain - drops fall - ing from heav - en Are
4. The snow - flakes out of De - cember skies, That
p
up from the fra - grant mold, Are call-ing the spir-its of
wea-ry of wear - ing green, Jack Frost comes a - long with his
lost in the sea's wild whirls, Till float - ing mer - maids
rest on the earth all night, A - wait the fair - y
rit.
pp
June - time To o - pen their hearts of gold.
paint - brush — Such col - or - ing ne'er was seen!
find them, And change them in - to pearls.
moon - beams To change them to dia-monds bright.
rit.
pp

Sigmund Spaeth

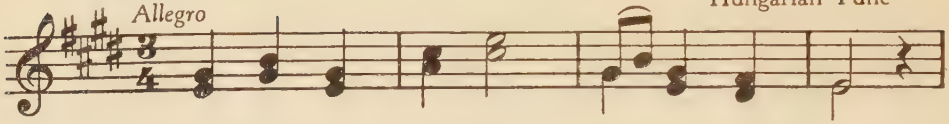
Finnish Folk Tune


Allegretto
1. Fair is the val - ley and green are the moun - tains,
2. Sweet - ly the song of the sky - lark is ring - ing,
3. On ev - 'ry side is a world all com - plet - ed,
Soft is the song of the mur - mur - ing foun - tains.
Si - lent the wind at the sound of her sing - ing,
Each thing of life by a com - rade is greet - ed,
All na - ture pleas - ant - ly Joins in the mel - o - dy,
Green leaves on ev - 'ry tree Whis - per en - tic - ing - ly;
All oth - ers joy - ous - ly May live in har - mo - ny;
Yet with heav - y heart, Must I stand a - part.
I a - lone am dumb, And my soul is numb.
Lone the way I wend, I have lost a friend.

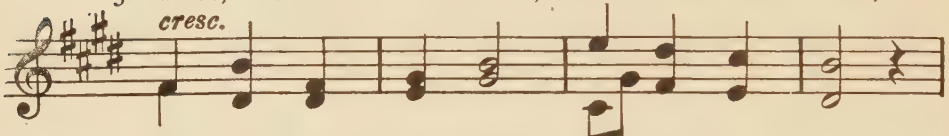
A DANCE SONG

Sigmund Spaeth

Hungarian Tune



1. Moon-beams and star-light, Up in the sky,
2. Waves gen - tly sway-ing, Rhyth-mic their flow,
3. Thus, with de - vo - tion, Dance on and on,



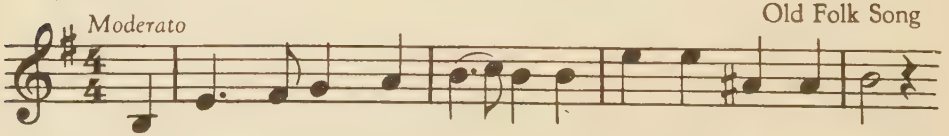
Near light and far light, Swift flash - ing by,
Danc - ing and play - ing Mu - sic they know,
Moon, stars, and o - cean, Till night is gone,

Long aft - er twi-light, Mer - ri - ly dance on high.
Na - ture o - bey - ing, Cheer - i - ly as they go.
Ev - er in mo-tion, Hap - pi-ly to the dawn.

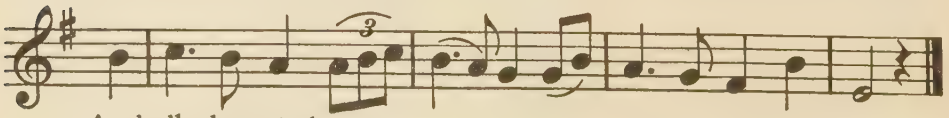
A BROWN LEAF

James Geddes

Old Folk Song



1. I heard a brown leaf sigh-ing, "A - las! the earth is dead;
2. "The clouds are black a-bove us," The brown leaf shook and said,
3. The storm was danc-ing va - por; A snow-bird piped a tune;



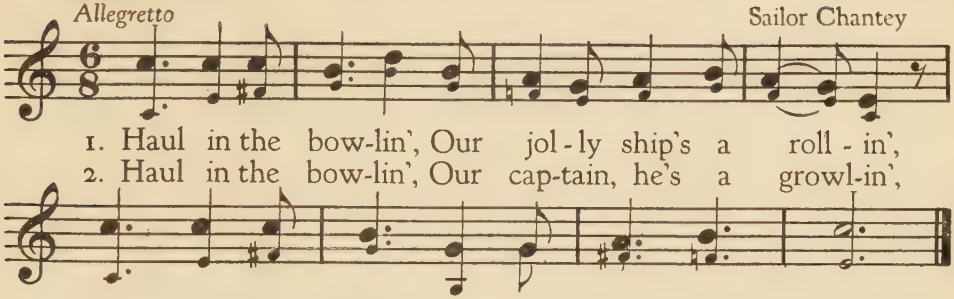
And all the winds are cry-ing, Be-cause the birds are fled.
"And where are hearts to love us, When all the earth is dead?"
For mirth can trill and ca-per, In win - ter as in June.

LONG-HAUL SONG

Old English

Allegretto

Sailor Chantey

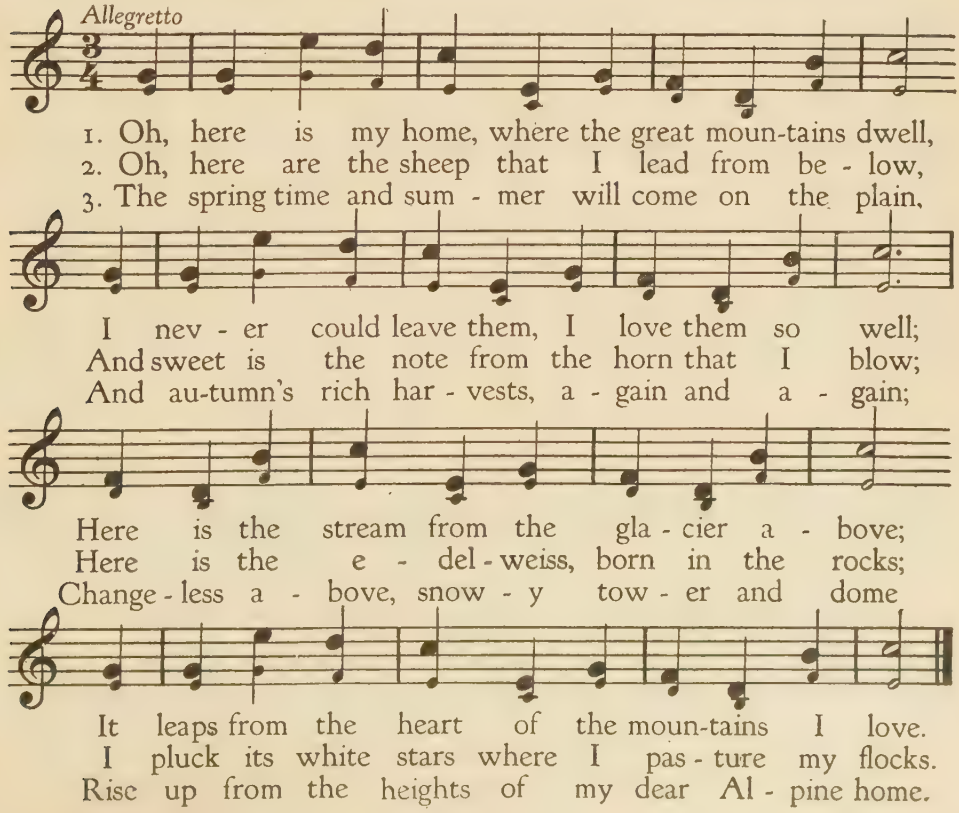

1. Haul in the bow-lin', Our jol-ly ship's a roll-in',
2. Haul in the bow-lin', Our cap-tain, he's a growl-in',
Haul in the bow-lin', the bow-lin' haul!
Haul in the bow-lin', the bow-lin' haul!

MY MOUNTAIN HOME

From Kärntner Dialect

Swiss Tyrolean Air

Allegretto


1. Oh, here is my home, where the great moun-tains dwell,
2. Oh, here are the sheep that I lead from be-low,
3. The spring time and sum-mer will come on the plain,
I nev-er could leave them, I love them so well;
And sweet is the note from the horn that I blow;
And au-tumn's rich har-vests, a-gain and a-gain;
Here is the stream from the gla-cier a-bove;
Here is the e-del-weiss, born in the rocks;
Change-less a-bove, snow-y tow-er and dome
It leaps from the heart of the moun-tains I love.
I pluck its white stars where I pas-ture my flocks.
Rise up from the heights of my dear Al-pine home.

THE CASTLE BY THE SEA

Niels W. Gade

p Allegretto
1. There stands an an - cient cas - tle, For - sak - en and a - lone,
2. A King was once its mas - ter, In times re-mote and old,
3. The old - en times are van-ished, And nev - er-more shall ride
4. But al - ways in the tem-pest, By night the hunt - ers meet;
p
The i - vies thick - ly clus - ter Up - on its mold-'ring stone;
Who loved his hounds and hors - es, King Val - de - mar the Bold;
The King and haugh - ty no - bles, In prince - ly pomp and pride;
The hounds of old are bay - ing With bell - like voic - es sweet;
mf
The sea mists cir - cle round it, The sea gulls high and free,
And when he went a hunt - ing, In roy - al state rode he;
And who would have the cas - tle For home and home - ly glee?
A - mid the o-cean's nois - es, When waves are wild and free,
mf
for - sak - en.
it ech - oes.
for - sak - en.
it ech - oes.
mf
All si - lent and for - sak - en, It looks up - on the sea.
The horns made mer - ry mu - sic, And ech - oed from the sea.
All si - lent and for - sak - en, It looks up - on the sea.
The horns make mer - ry mu - sic, And ech - o from the sea.
for - sak - en.
it ech - oes.
for - sak - en.
it ech - oes.

YULETIDE NIGHT

Sigmund Spaeth

Old Bohemian Carol

Rather slowly

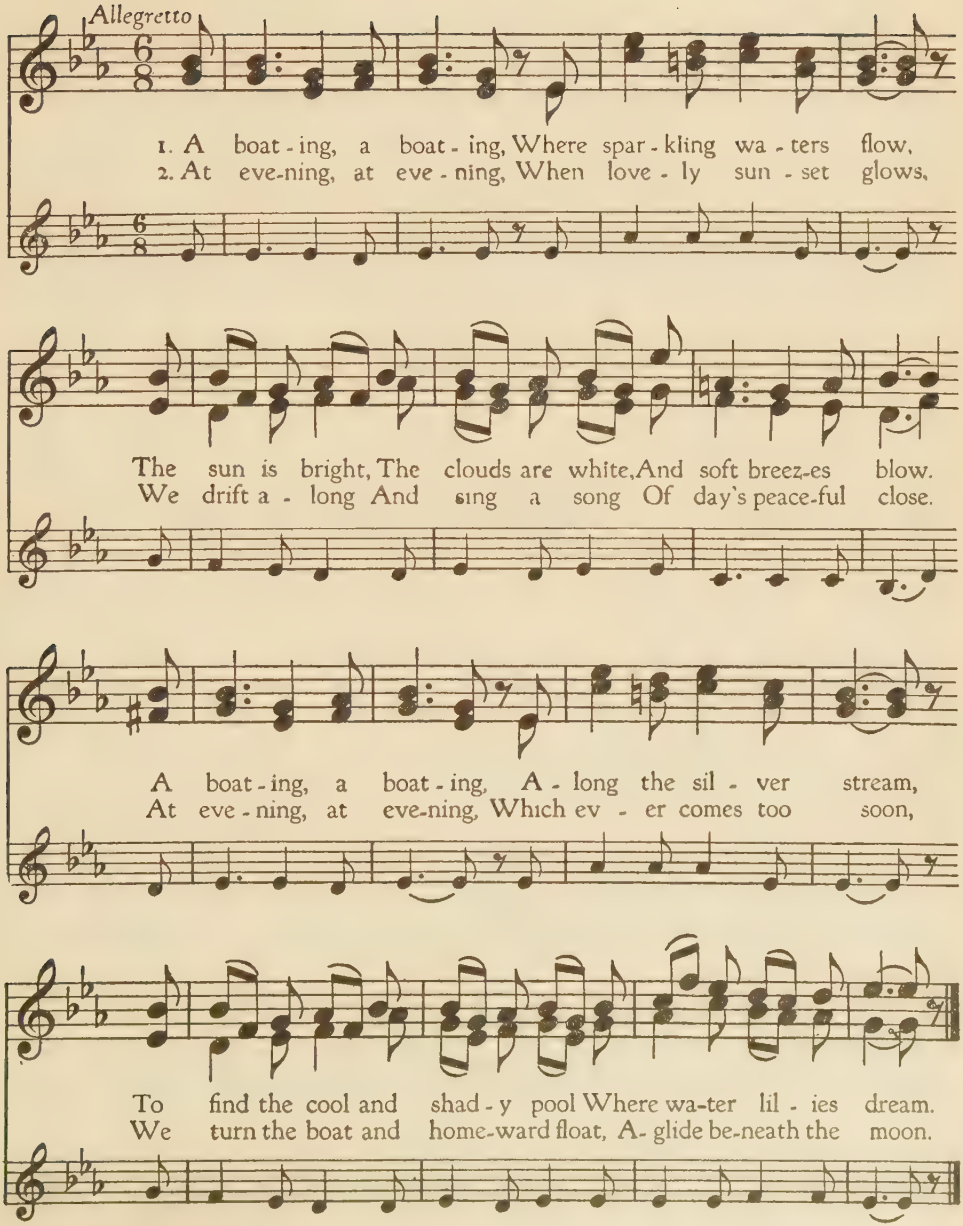
1. Stars shin - ing, moon smil - ing, snow gleaming white;
2. An - gel song, from the sky, chant far and wide!
Stars and moon and snow gleam white,
An - gel song, chant far and wide!
Pines whis-p'ring, lights glis-t'ning, clear, calm, and bright.
Morn - ing star, to all men be thou the guide!
Pines and lights, clear, calm, and bright.
Morn - ing star, be thou the guide!
Far sound - ing, loud ring - ing, to all men,
"Peace and good will on earth!" be this your
Far and loud, to all men,
"Peace, good will on earth!" sing
bells joy - ous, Tell of this night.
song ev - er. Hail, Christ - mas - tide!
ring the bells of this night.
ev - er: Hail, Christ - mas - tide!

THE FIRST TULIP

Elinor Westbrook (Canon in the Unison)

Allegretto

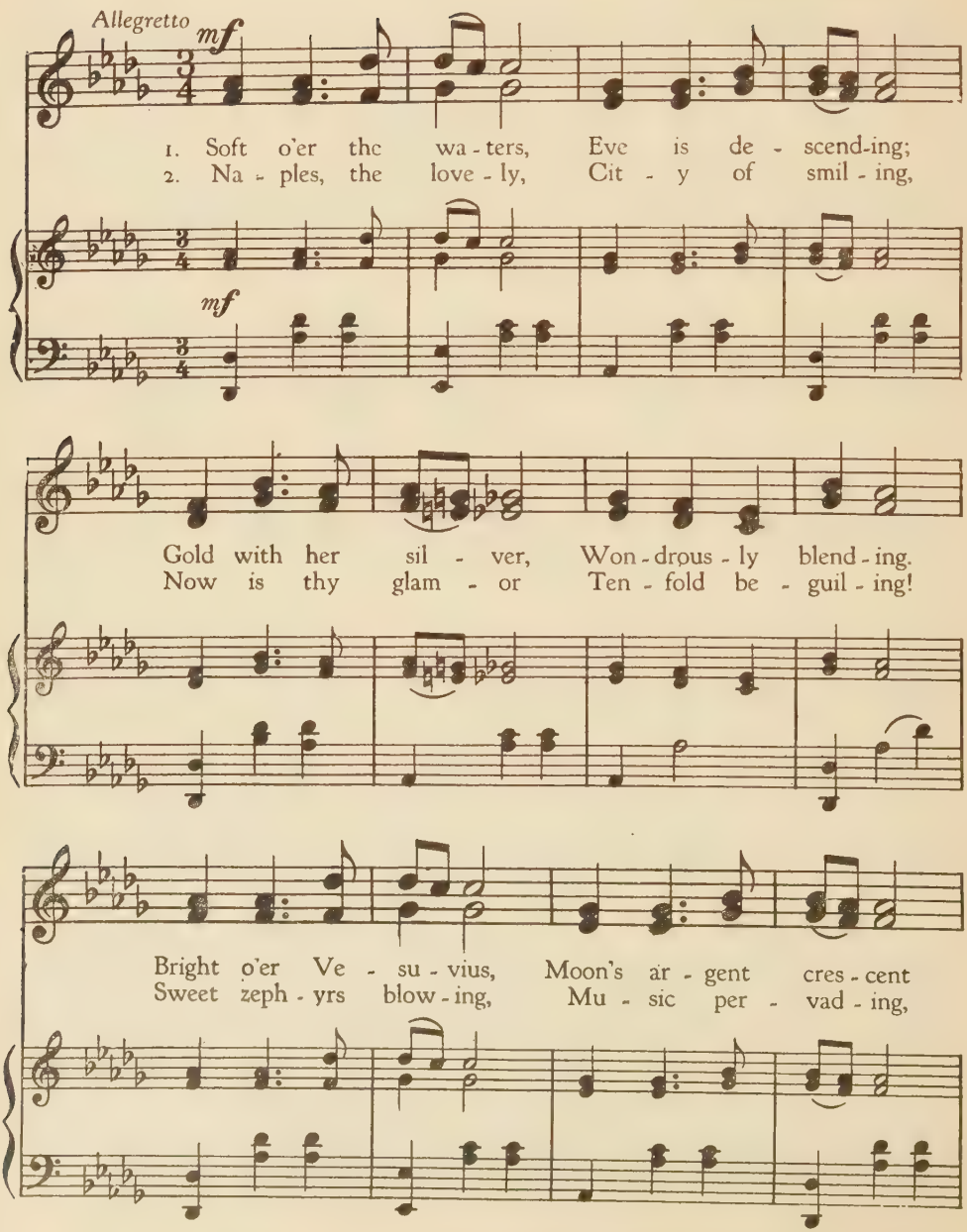
1. Here, look in the gar-den bed, Some-thing beau-ti-ful is
small and green; Flame-like, now, he is a
Here, look in the gar-den bed,
Last night he was small and green;
grow - ing! Bright, shaped like a
glow - ing! This one is the
Some - thing beau - ti - ful is grow - ing!
Flame - like, now, he is a glow - ing!
cup, all red, Tu - lip o - pens to the
first I've seen, Now sweet weath-er is be-
Bright, shaped like a cup, all red,
Sweet tu - lip, a gold - en heart
1
2
sun.
2. Last night he was
gun.
Tu - lip o - pens to the sun.
show-ing!

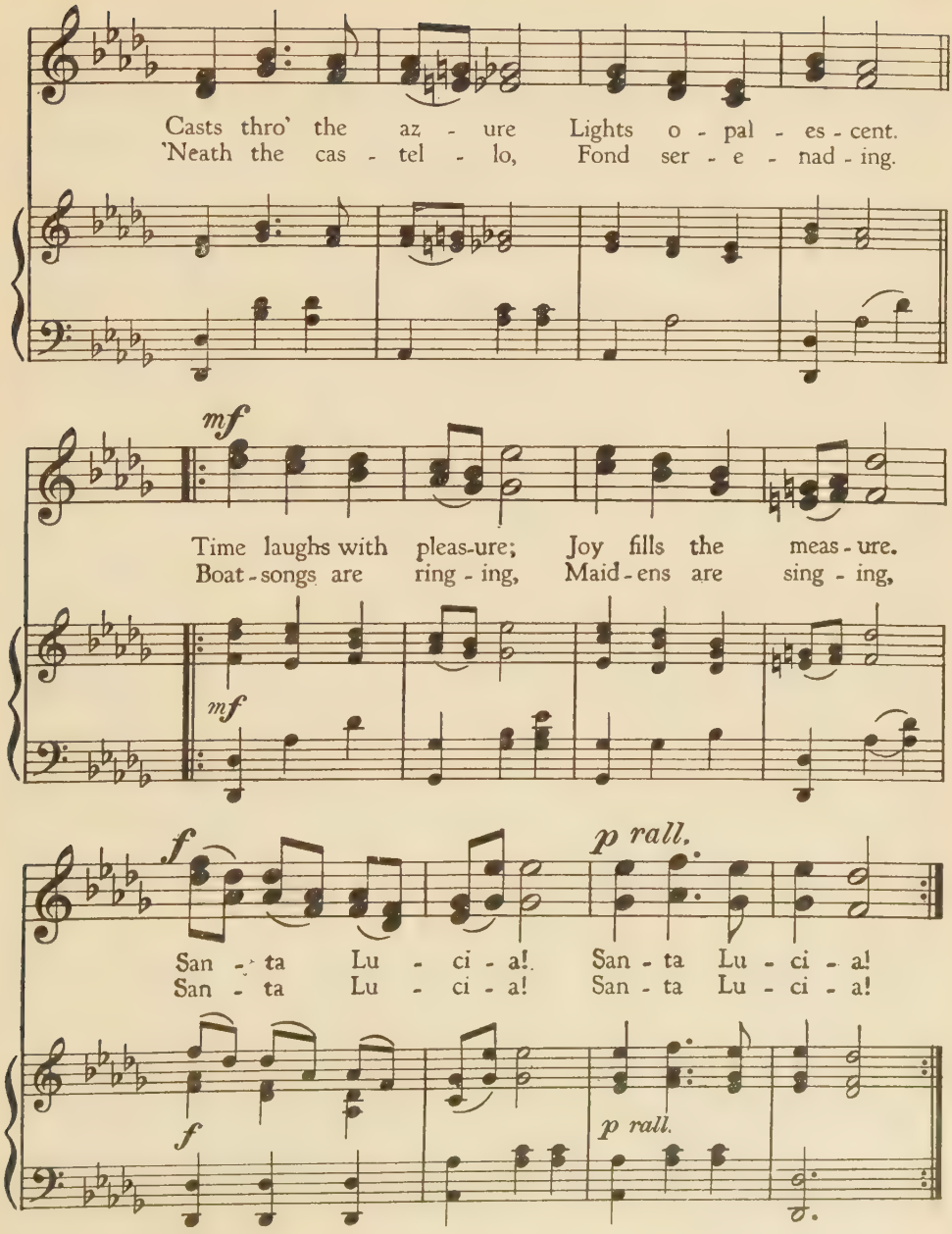

Allegretto
1. A boat - ing, a boat - ing, Where spar - kling wa - ters flow,
2. At eve-ning, at eve - ning, When love - ly sun - set glows,
The sun is bright, The clouds are white, And soft breez-es blow.
We drift a - long And sing a song Of day's peace-ful close.
A boat - ing, a boat - ing, A - long the sil - ver stream,
At eve - ning, at eve-ning, Which ev - er comes too soon,
To find the cool and shad - y pool Where wa-ter lil - ies dream.
We turn the boat and home-ward float, A- glide be-neath the moon.

SANTA LUCIA

From the Italian

Italian Folk Tune

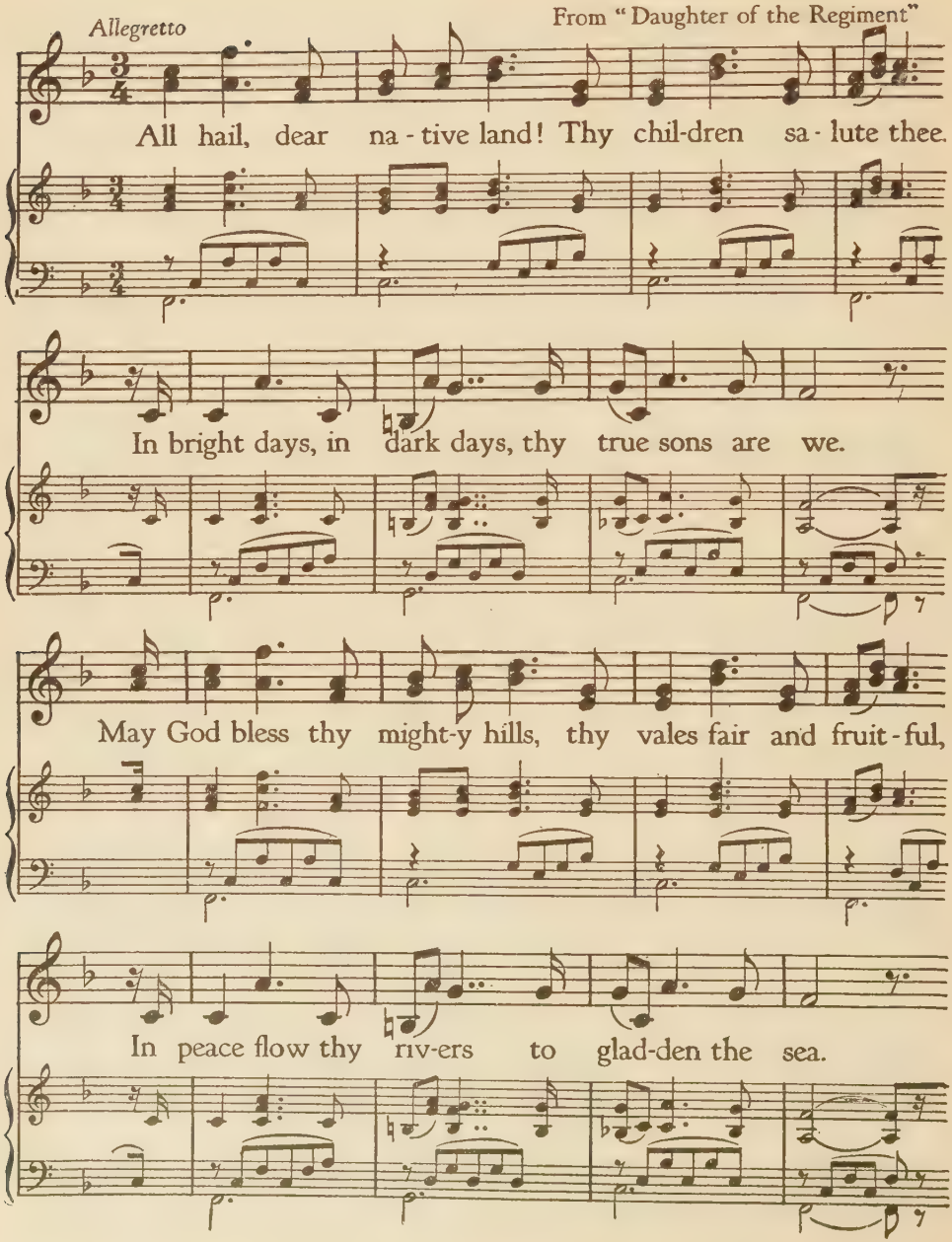

Allegretto
mf
1. Soft o'er the wa - ters, Eve is de - scend-ing;
2. Na - ples, the love - ly, Cit - y of smil - ing,
mf
Gold with her sil - ver, Won - drous - ly blend - ing.
Now is thy glam - or Ten - fold be - guil - ing!
Bright o'er Ve - su - vius, Moon's ar - gent cres - cent
Sweet zeph - yrs blow - ing, Mu - sic per - vad - ing,

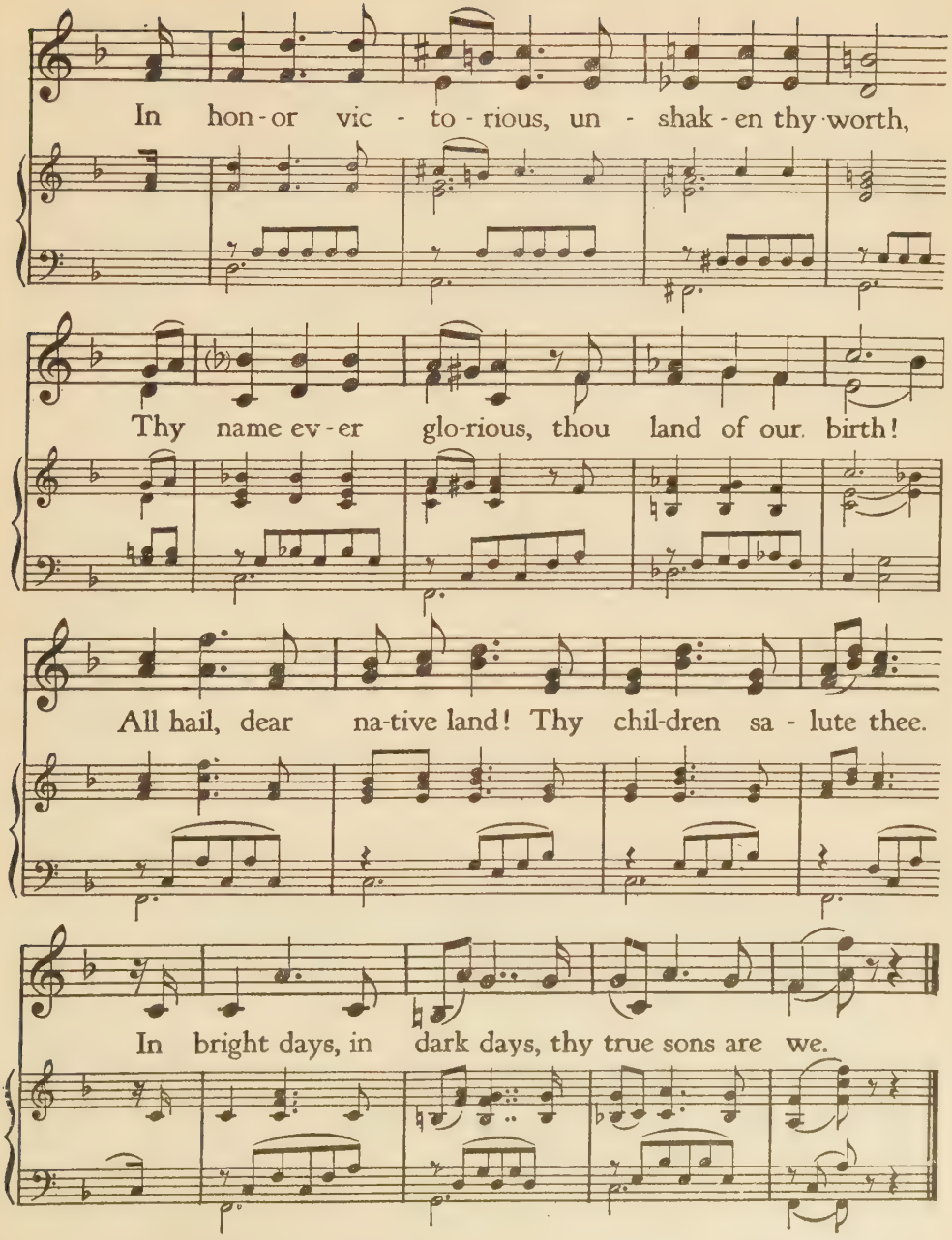

Casts thro' the az - ure Lights o - pal - es - cent.
'Neath the cas - tel - lo, Fond ser - e - nad - ing.
mf
Time laughs with pleas-ure; Joy fills the meas - ure.
Boat - songs are ring - ing, Maid - ens are sing - ing,
mf
f
p rall.
San - ta Lu - ci - a! San - ta Lu - ci - a!
San - ta Lu - ci - a! San - ta Lu - ci - a!
f
p rall.

OUR NATIVE LAND

Gaetano Donizetti

From "Daughter of the Regiment"


Allegretto
All hail, dear na - tive land! Thy chil-dren sa - lute thee.
In bright days, in dark days, thy true sons are we.
May God bless thy might-y hills, thy vales fair and fruit - ful,
In peace flow thy riv-ers to glad-den the sea.


In hon-or vic - to-rious, un - shak-en thy worth,
Thy name ev-er glo-rious, thou land of our birth!
All hail, dear na-tive land! Thy chil-dren sa - lute thee.
In bright days, in dark days, thy true sons are we.

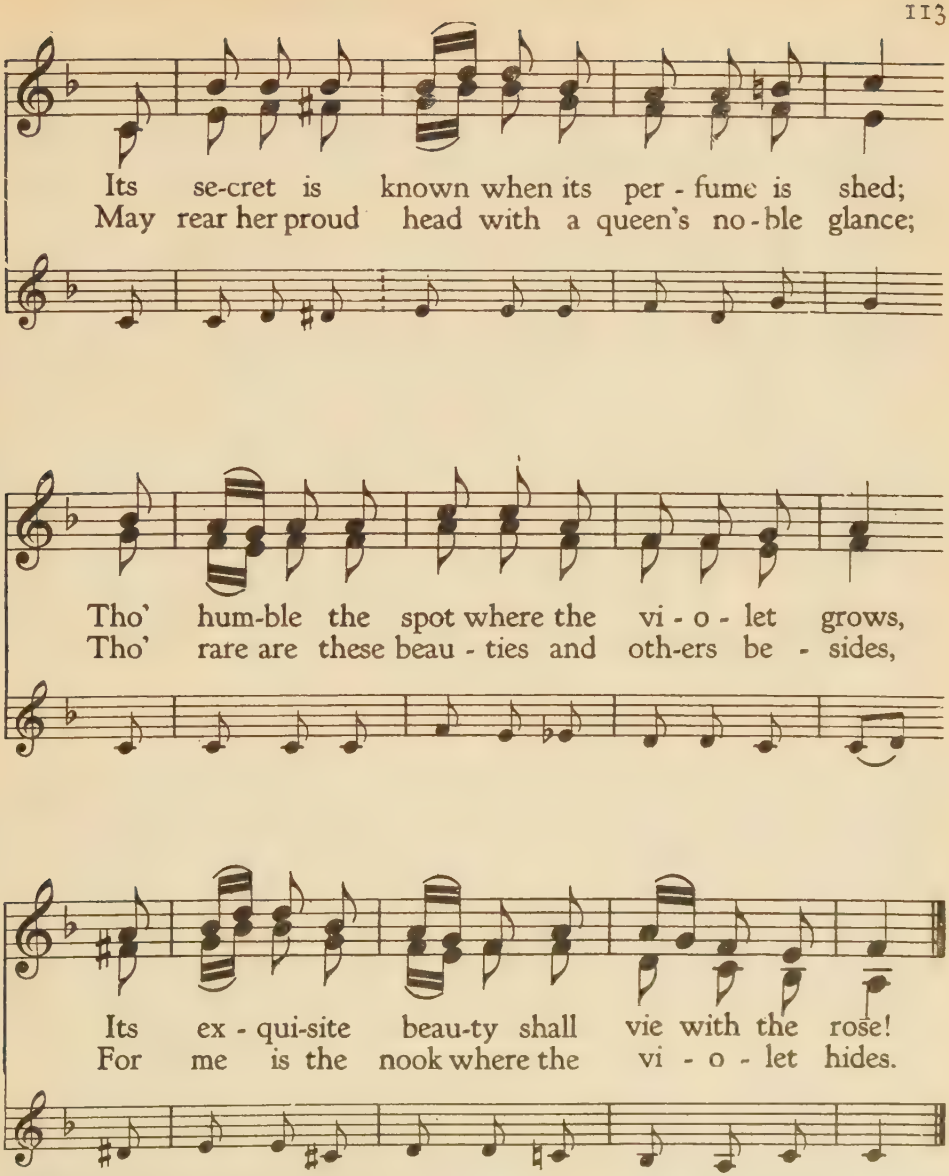
MY CHOICE

Edwin Star Belknap

Arnold Krug

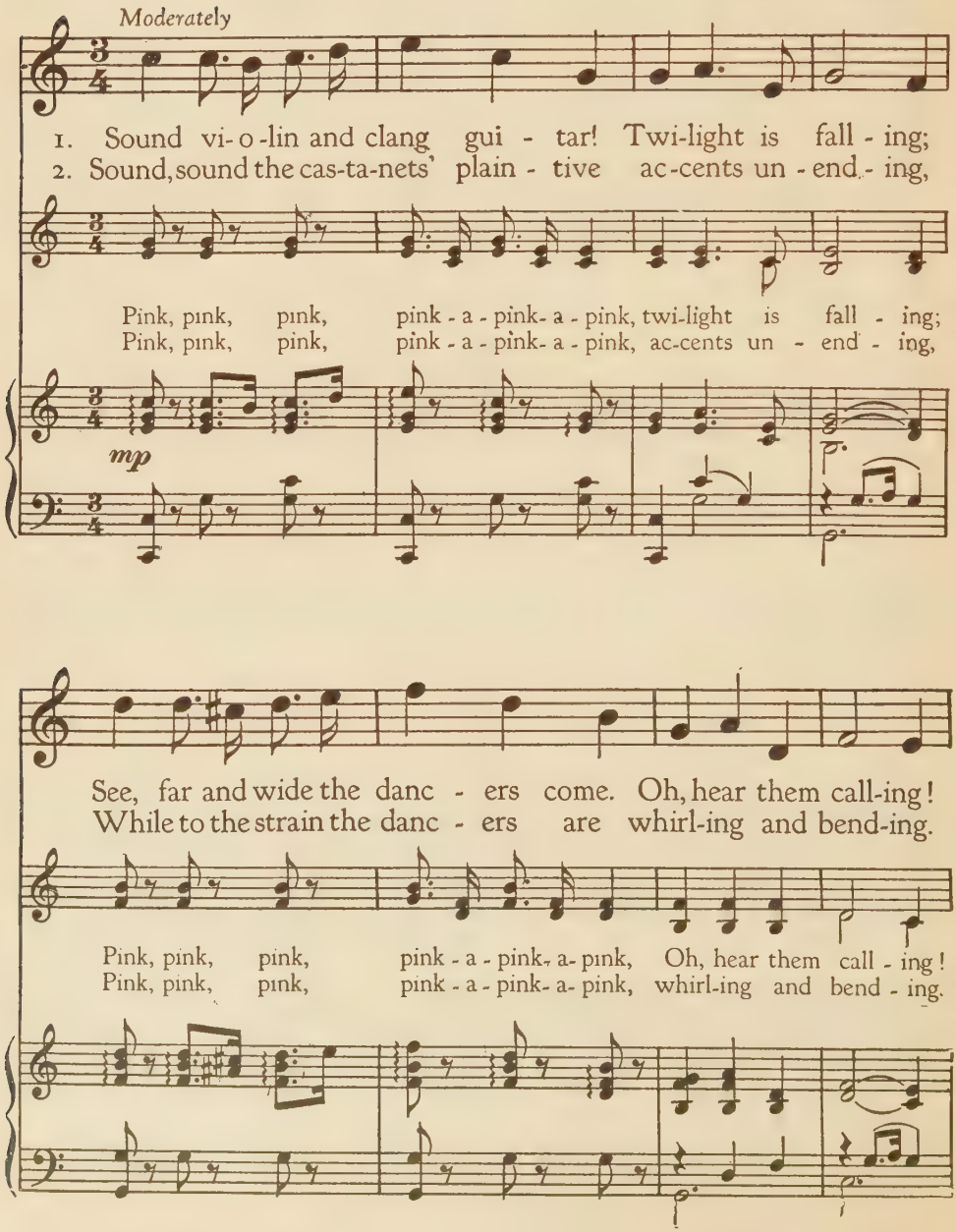
With spirited rhythm

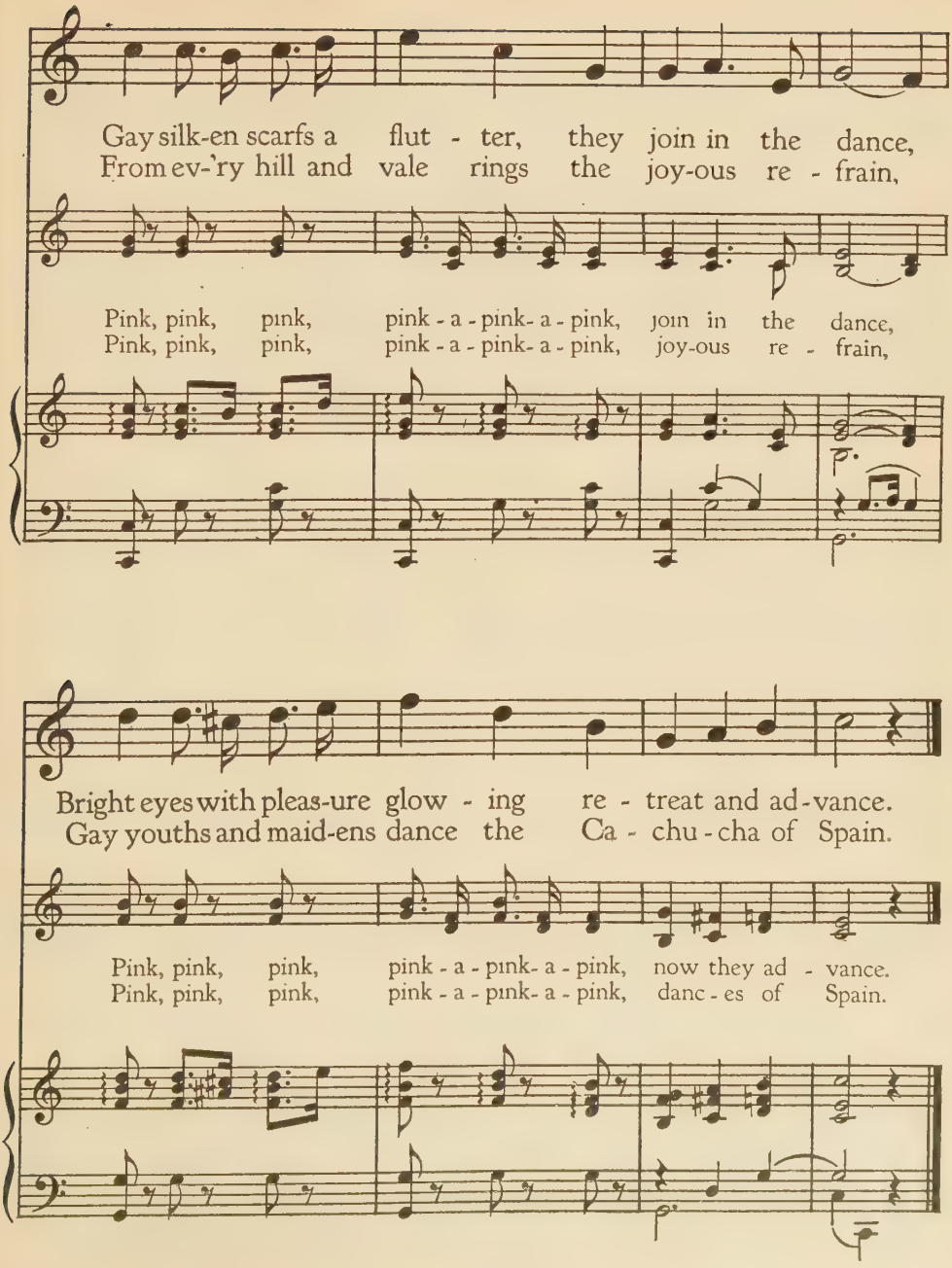
1. There grows in the gar - den, 'mid shel-ter - ing green, A
2. The lil - y may flaunt her gay rib-bons of silk. And
flow - er so low - ly it scarce may be seen;
boast a com - plex - ion far whit - er than milk;
Tho' guard-ed the place where it hides its shy head,
The i - ris that decks the fair ban - ner of France,


Its se-cret is known when its per - fume is shed;
May rear her proud head with a queen's no - ble glance;
Tho' hum-ble the spot where the vi - o - let grows,
Tho' rare are these beau - ties and oth-ers be - sides,
Its ex - qui-site beau-ty shall vie with the rose!
For me is the nook where the vi - o - let hides.

MANDOLIN SONG

Spanish Folk Song


Moderately
1. Sound vi-o-lin and clang gui - tar! Twi-light is fall - ing;
2. Sound, sound the cas-ta-nets' plain - tive ac-cents un - end - ing,
Pink, pink, pink, pink - a - pink- a - pink, twi-light is fall - ing;
Pink, pink, pink, pink - a - pink- a - pink, ac-cents un - end - ing,
mp
See, far and wide the danc - ers come. Oh, hear them call-ing!
While to the strain the danc - ers are whirl-ing and bend-ing.
Pink, pink, pink, pink - a - pink- a- pink, Oh, hear them call - ing!
Pink, pink, pink, pink - a - pink- a- pink, whirl-ing and bend - ing.

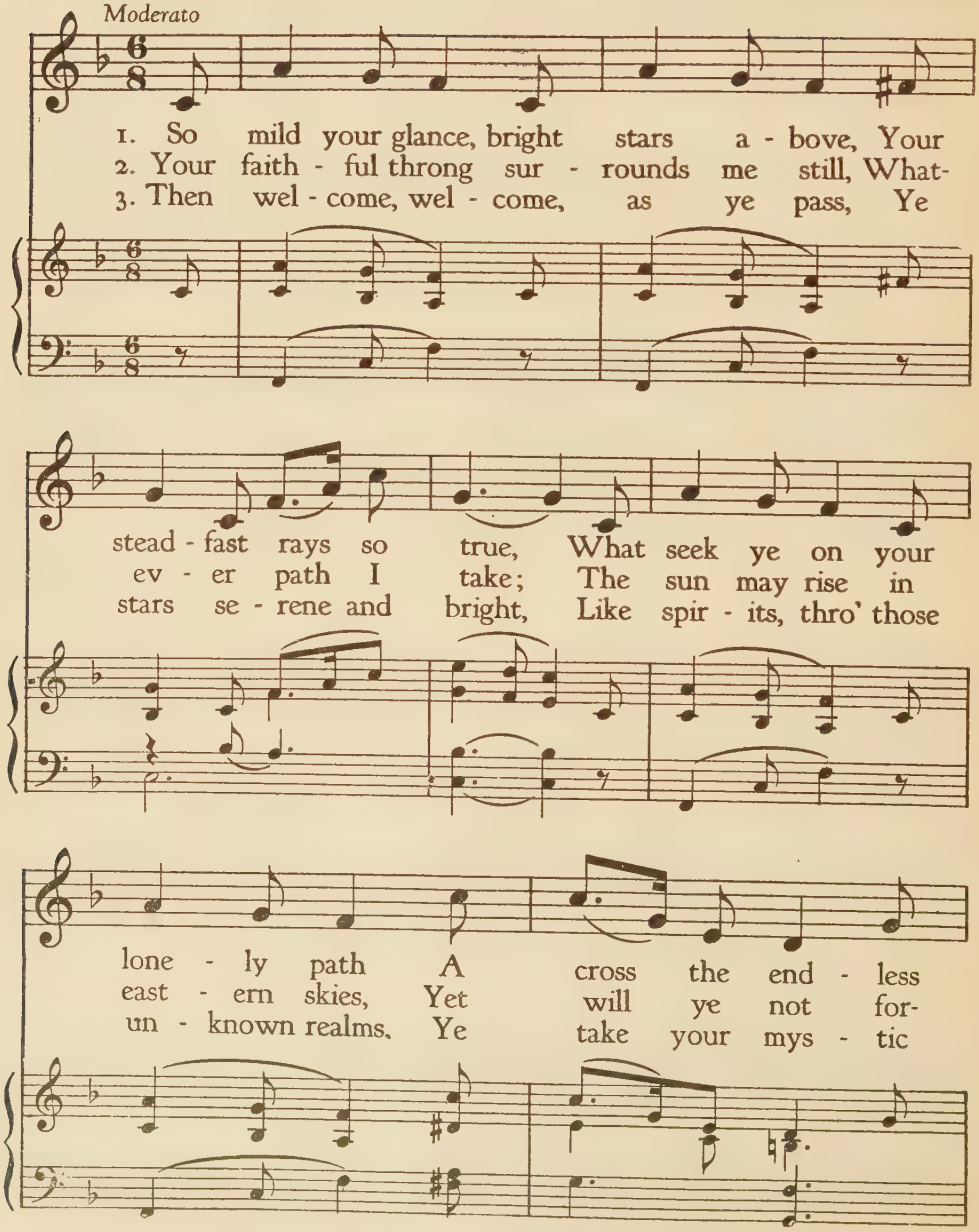

Gay silk-en scarfs a flut - ter, they join in the dance,
From ev-'ry hill and vale rings the joy-ous re - frain,
Pink, pink, pink, pink - a - pink- a - pink, join in the dance,
Pink, pink, pink, pink - a - pink- a - pink, joy-ous re - frain,
Bright eyes with pleas-ure glow - ing re - treat and ad-vance.
Gay youths and maid-ens dance the Ca - chu - cha of Spain.
Pink, pink, pink, pink - a - pink- a - pink, now they ad - vance.
Pink, pink, pink, pink - a - pink- a - pink, danc - es of Spain.

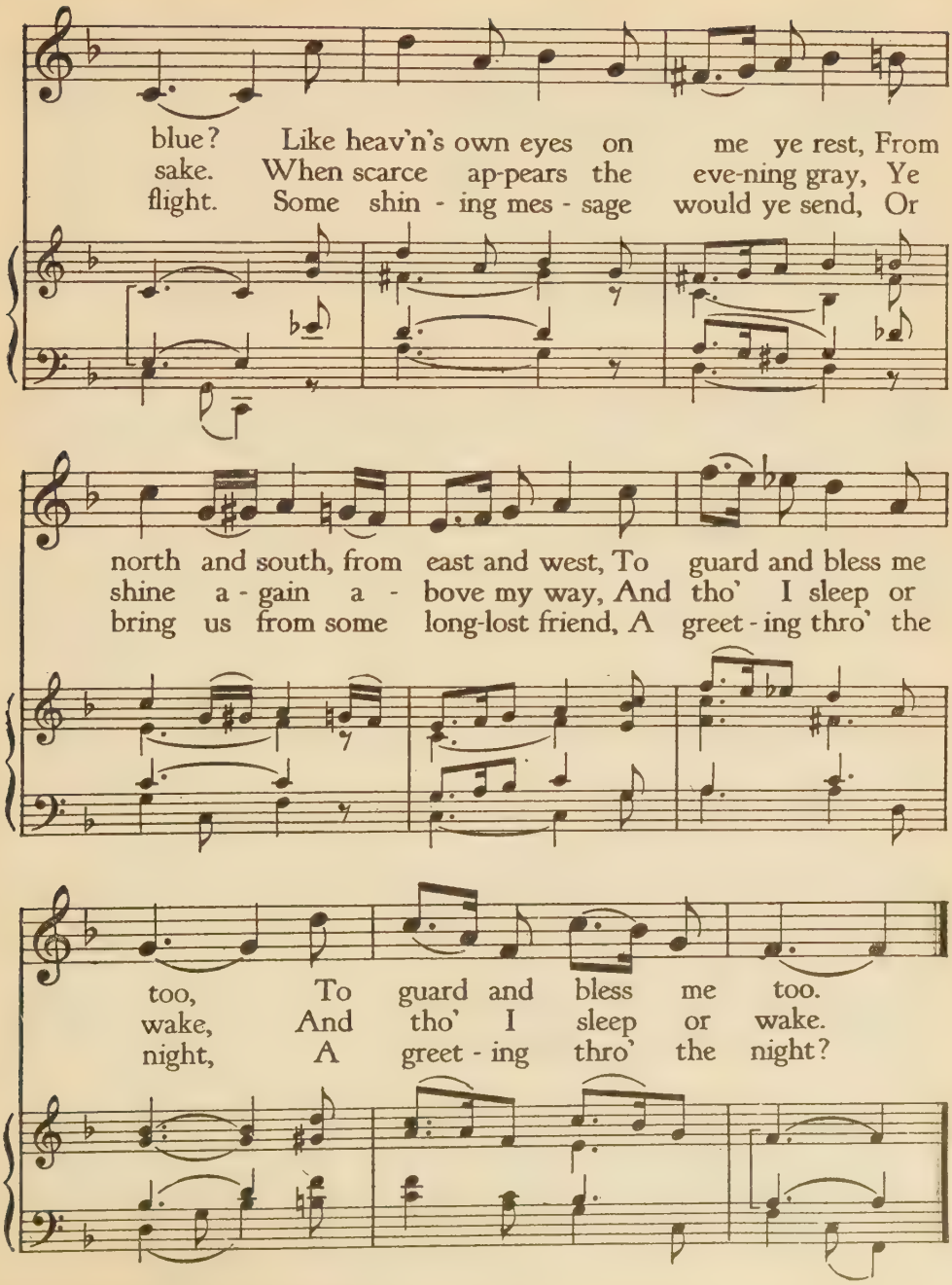
THE STARS

From the German of
Johann Georg Fellinger

Franz Schubert

Moderato


1. So mild your glance, bright stars a - bove, Your
2. Your faith - ful throng sur - rounds me still, What-
3. Then wel - come, wel - come, as ye pass, Ye
stead - fast rays so true, What seek ye on your
ev - er path I take; The sun may rise in
stars se - rene and bright, Like spir - its, thro' those
lone - ly path A cross the end - less
east - ern skies, Yet will ye not for-
un - known realms. Ye take your mys - tic


blue? Like heav'n's own eyes on me ye rest, From
sake. When scarce ap-pears the eve-ning gray, Ye
flight. Some shin - ing mes - sage would ye send, Or
north and south, from east and west, To guard and bless me
shine a - gain a - bove my way, And tho' I sleep or
bring us from some long-lost friend, A greet - ing thro' the
too, To guard and bless me too.
wake, And tho' I sleep or wake.
night, A greet - ing thro' the night?

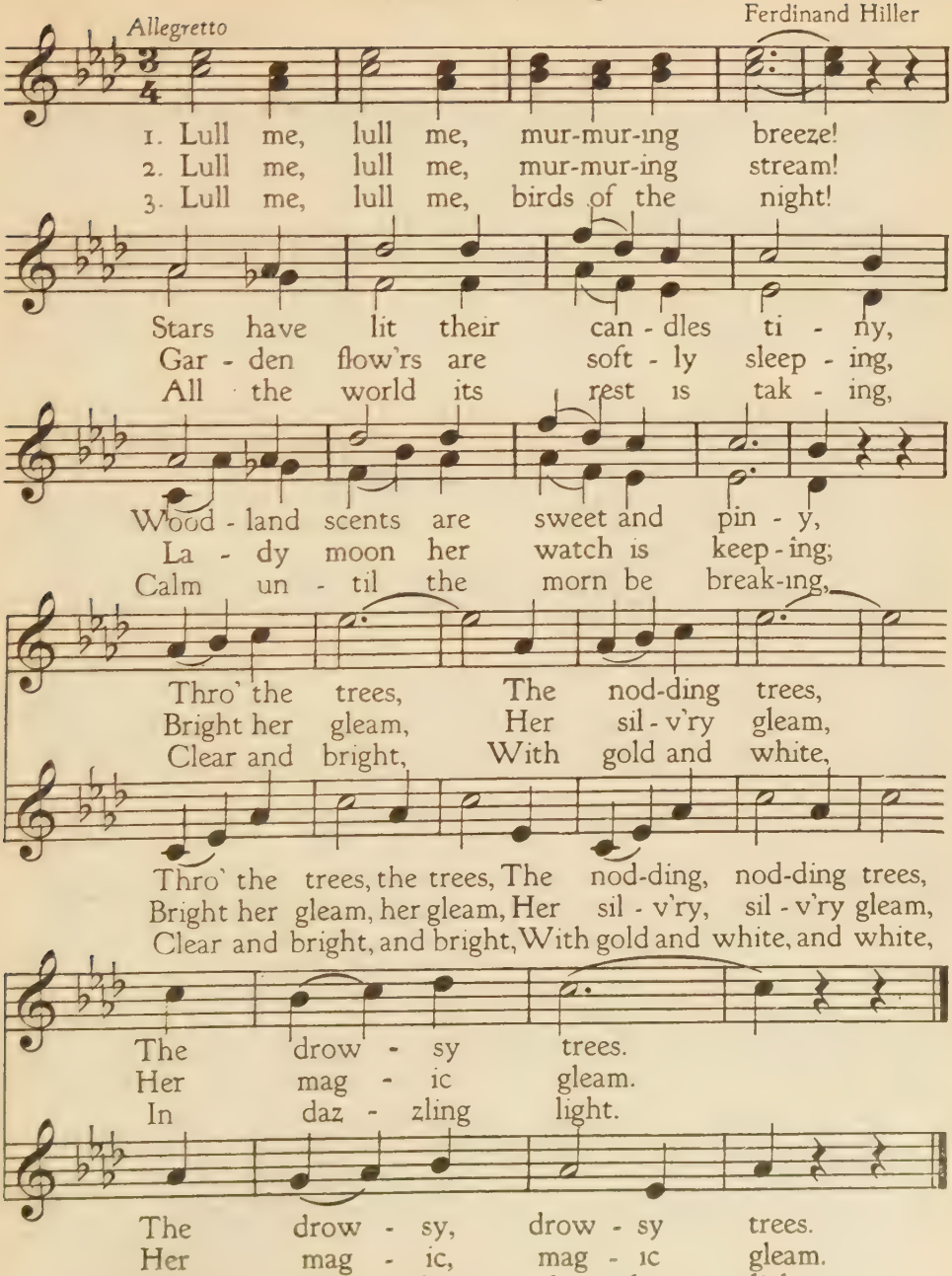
OH, COME

Old Choral

Moderato
1. Oh, come, be glad and sing To God our Lord and King!
2 Let praise to Him as - cend, Whose glo-ry knows no end!
cresc.
An - gel host re - joic - ing, His glo-rious rule pro - claim!
Peace His king-dom's to - ken! Let all men Him a - dore!
cresc.
Let men on earth be voic - ing The won-ders of His Name!
His reign shall be un - brok - en Who liv - eth ev - er - more.
p
rit.
Hon - or to Him bring! Hon - or to Him bring!
Praise Him with - out end! Praise Him with-out end!
p
rit.

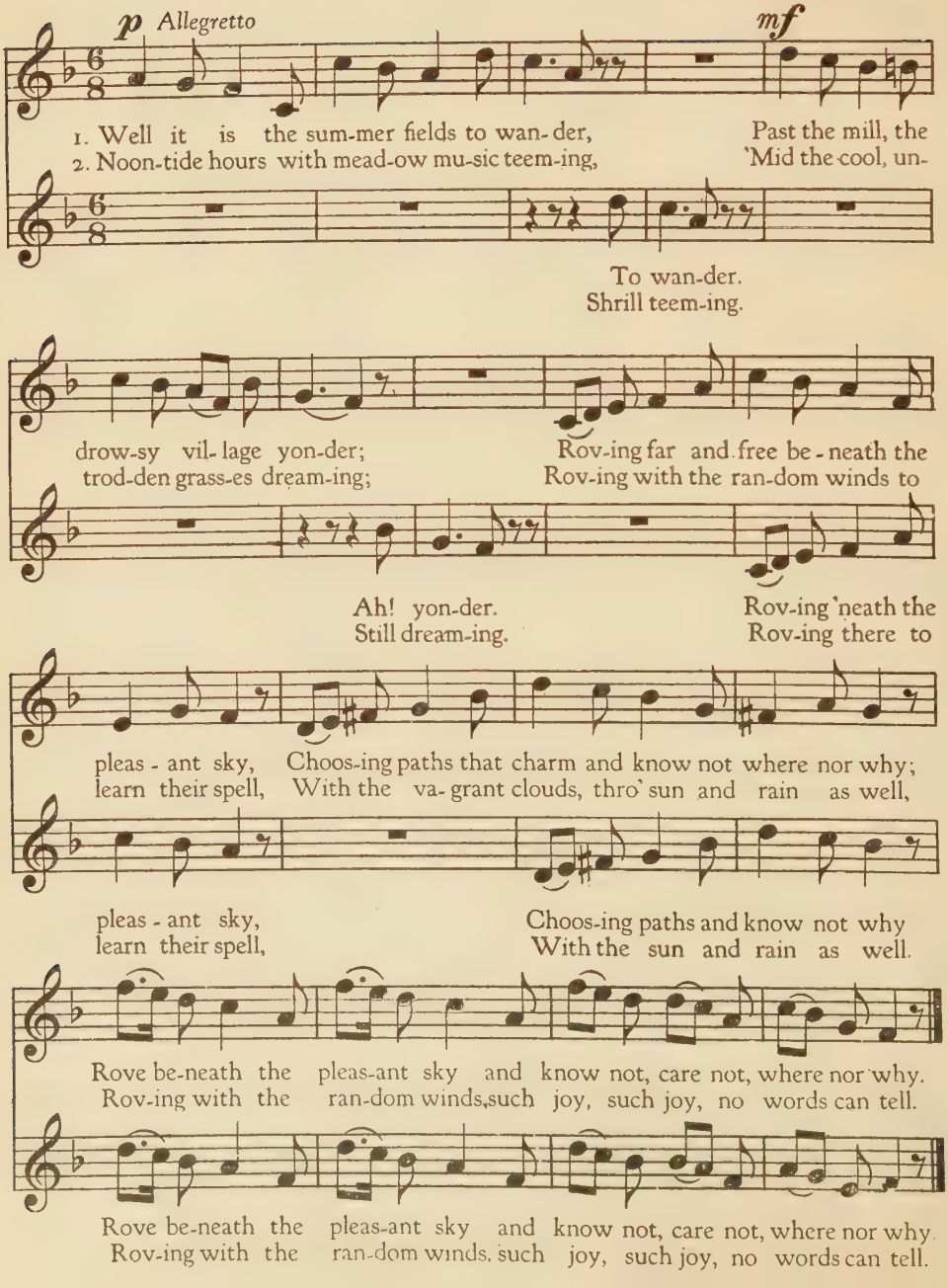
NIGHT SONG

Ferdinand Hiller


Allegretto
1. Lull me, lull me, mur-mur-ing breeze!
2. Lull me, lull me, mur-mur-ing stream!
3. Lull me, lull me, birds of the night!
Stars have lit their can - dles ti - ny,
Gar - den flow'rs are soft - ly sleep - ing,
All the world its rest is tak - ing,
Wood - land scents are sweet and pin - y,
La - dy moon her watch is keep - ing;
Calm un - til the morn be break-ing,
Thro' the trees, The nod-ding trees,
Bright her gleam, Her sil - v'ry gleam,
Clear and bright, With gold and white,
Thro' the trees, the trees, The nod-ding, nod-ding trees,
Bright her gleam, her gleam, Her sil - v'ry, sil - v'ry gleam,
Clear and bright, and bright, With gold and white, and white,
The drow - sy trees.
Her mag - ic gleam.
In daz - zling light.
The drow - sy, drow - sy trees.
Her mag - ic, mag - ic gleam.
In daz - zling, daz - zling light.

ROVING

Carl Gollmick

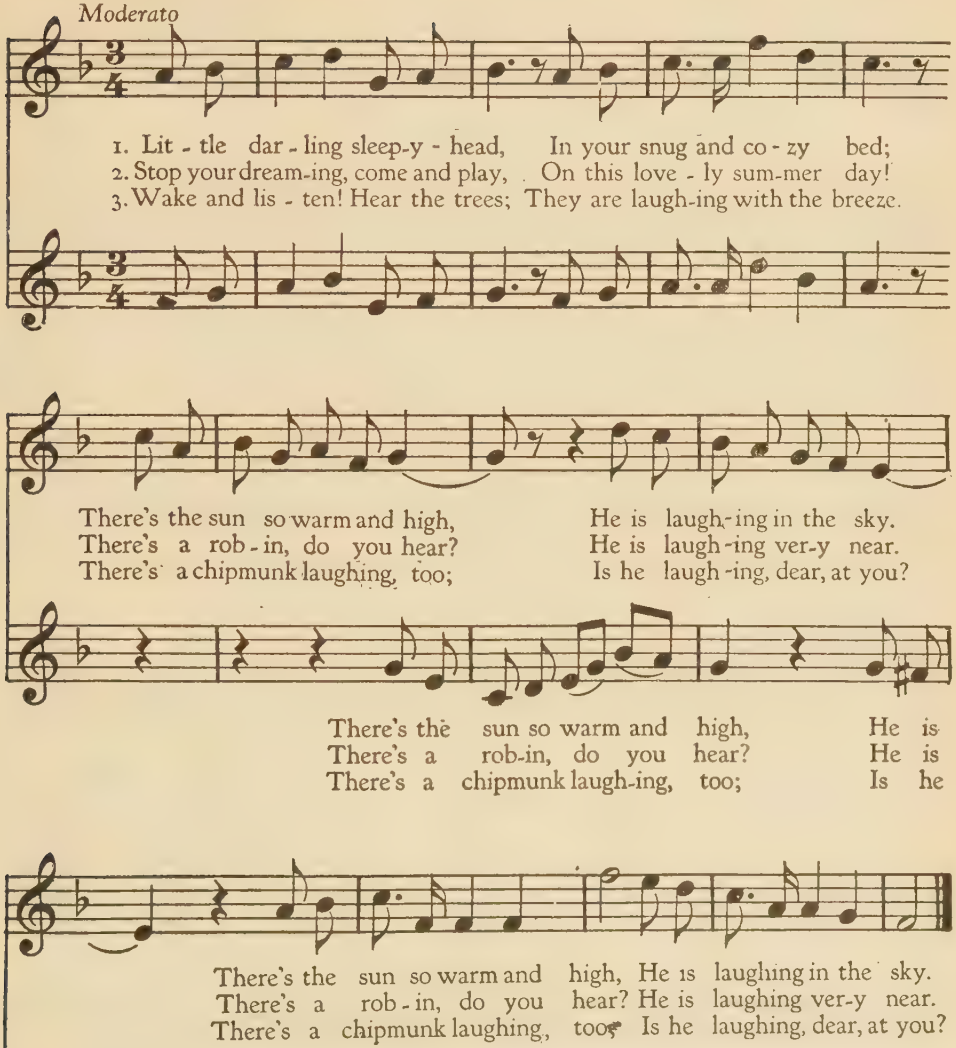

p Allegretto
mf
1. Well it is the sum-mer fields to wan-der, Past the mill, the
2. Noon-tide hours with mead-ow mu-sic teem-ing, 'Mid the cool, un-
To wan-der.
Shrill teem-ing.
drow-sy vil-lage yon-der; Rov-ing far and free be-neath the
trod-den grass-es dream-ing; Rov-ing with the ran-dom winds to
Ah! yon-der.
Still dream-ing.
Rov-ing 'neath the
Rov-ing there to
pleas-ant sky, Choos-ing paths that charm and know not where nor why;
learn their spell, With the va-grant clouds, thro' sun and rain as well,
pleas-ant sky,
learn their spell,
Choos-ing paths and know not why
With the sun and rain as well.
Rove be-neath the pleas-ant sky and know not, care not, where nor why.
Rov-ing with the ran-dom winds, such joy, such joy, no words can tell.
Rove be-neath the pleas-ant sky and know not, care not, where nor why.
Rov-ing with the ran-dom winds. such joy, such joy, no words can tell.

SLEEPY HEAD

Hugh Beach

Joseph Rheinberger

Moderato


1. Lit - tle dar - ling sleep-y - head, In your snug and co - zy bed;
2. Stop your dream-ing, come and play, On this love - ly sum-mer day!
3. Wake and lis - ten! Hear the trees; They are laugh-ing with the breeze.
There's the sun so warm and high, He is laugh-ing in the sky.
There's a rob - in, do you hear? He is laugh-ing ver-y near.
There's a chipmunk laughing, too; Is he laugh-ing, dear, at you?
There's the sun so warm and high, He is
There's a rob-in, do you hear? He is
There's a chipmunk laugh-ing, too; Is he
There's the sun so warm and high, He is laughing in the sky.
There's a rob - in, do you hear? He is laughing ver-y near.
There's a chipmunk laughing, too; Is he laughing, dear, at you?
laughing, laughing in the sky, warm and high.
laughing, laughing ver-y near, do you hear?
laughing, laughing, dear, at you? laughing too.

Giuseppe Verdi
From "La Traviata"

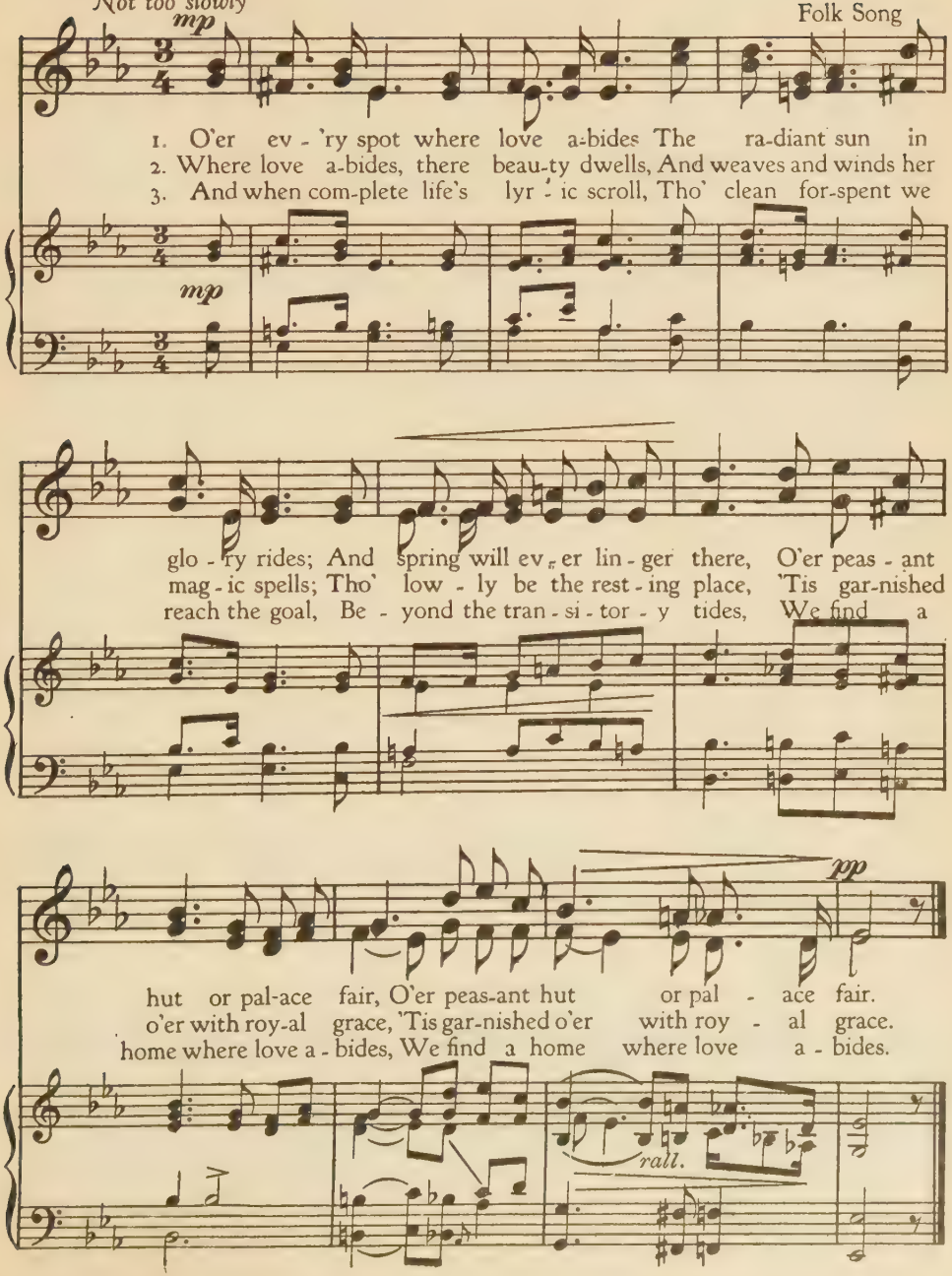
Allegretto
p
1. O'er the wood-land, sum-mer wood-land, Fleec-y clouds are glow - ing,
2. O'er the wood-land, scent-ed wood-land, 'Mid the sun-shine wing - ing,
Ros - y co - lor show - ing, Ev - er faint-er grow - ing.
O - ri - oles are sing - ing, Fair - y ech - oes ring - ing,
mf
3. Mu - sic on the hill - side, Mu - sic by the rill - side!
4. Bees a - - mong the flow - ers, Hum-ming thro' the bow - ers!
pp
Air is gold - en clear, Ah! Sweet Ju - ly is here!
O'er the for - est green, Ah! Sweet Ju - ly is queen!

WHERE LOVE ABIDES

Edwin Star Belknap

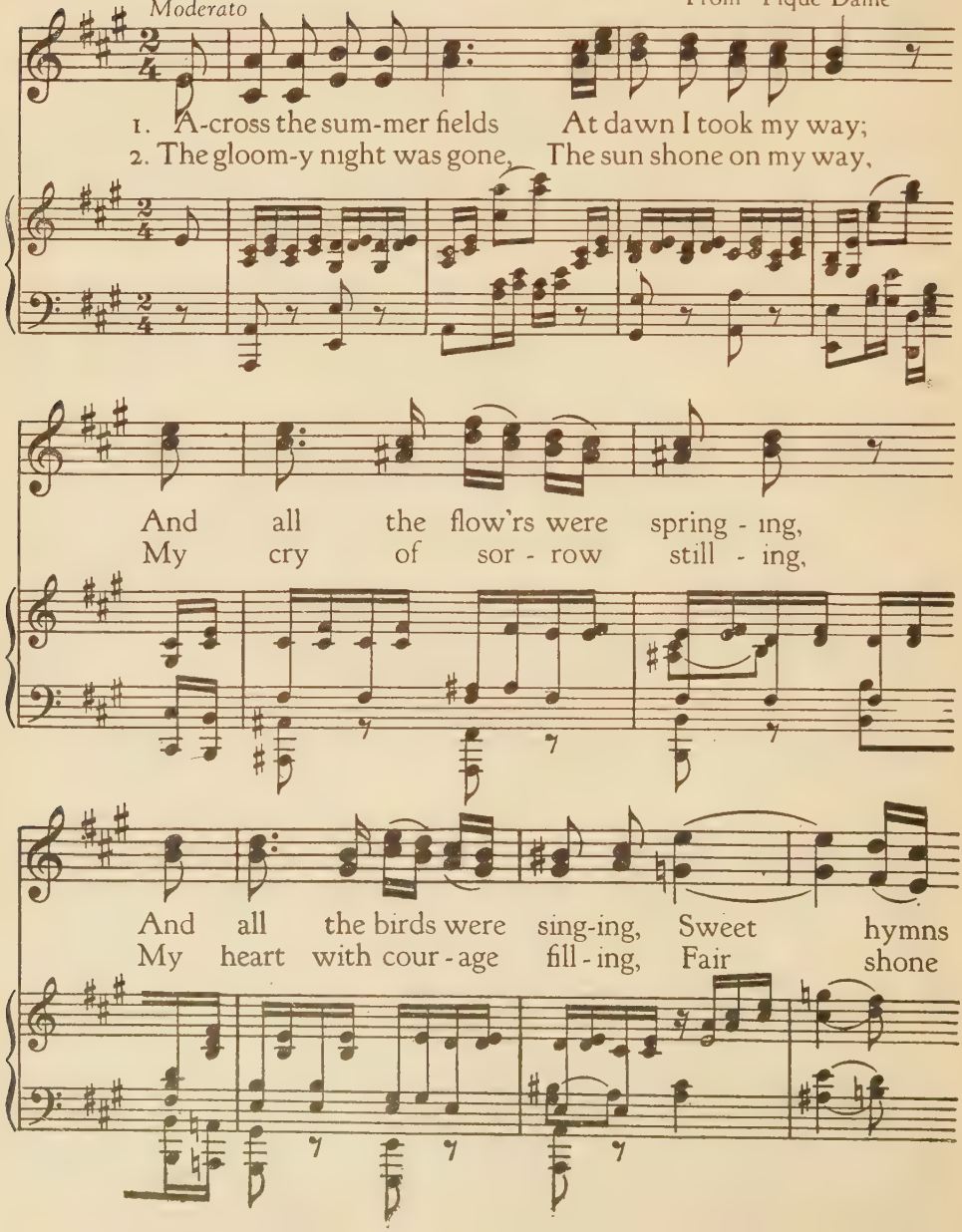
Not too slowly

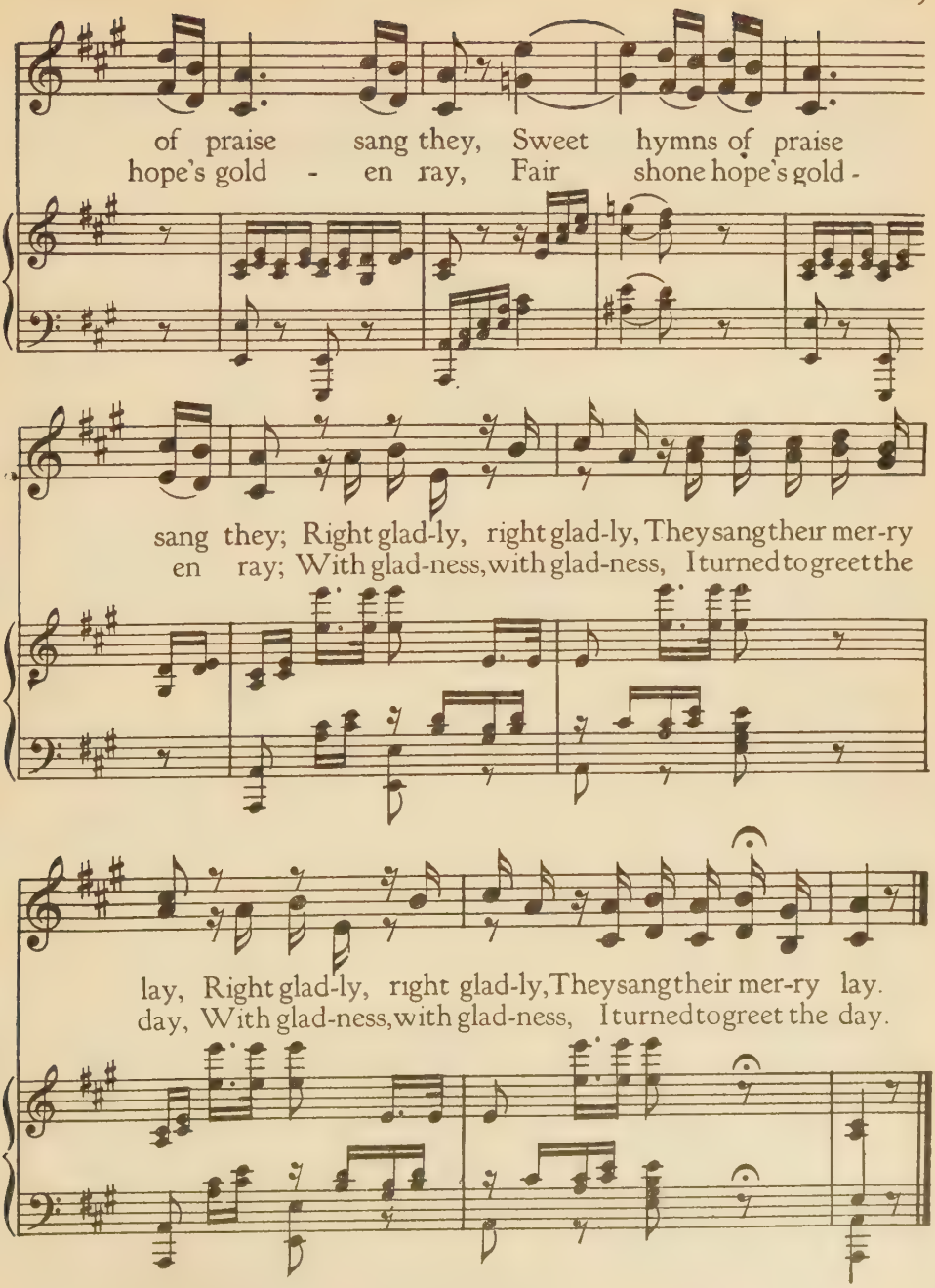
Folk Song


mp
1. O'er ev - 'ry spot where love a-bides The ra-diant sun in
2. Where love a-bides, there beau-ty dwells, And weaves and winds her
3. And when com-plete life's lyr - ic scroll, Tho' clean for-spent we
glo - ry rides; And spring will ev - er lin - ger there, O'er peas - ant
mag - ic spells; Tho' low - ly be the rest - ing place, 'Tis gar-nished
reach the goal, Be - yond the tran - si - tor - y tides, We find a
pp
hut or pal-ace fair, O'er peas-ant hut or pal - ace fair.
o'er with roy-al grace, 'Tis gar-nished o'er with roy - al grace.
home where love a - bides, We find a home where love a - bides.
rall.

ACROSS THE FIELDS

Petr I. Tschaikowsky
From "Pique Dame"


Moderato
1. A-cross the sum-mer fields At dawn I took my way;
2. The gloom-y night was gone, The sun shone on my way,
And all the flow'rs were spring - ing,
My cry of sor - row still - ing,
And all the birds were sing-ing, Sweet hymns
My heart with cour - age fill - ing, Fair shone


of praise sang they, Sweet hymns of praise
hope's gold - en ray, Fair shone hope's gold -
sang they; Right glad-ly, right glad-ly, They sang their mer-ry
en ray; With glad-ness, with glad-ness, I turned to greet the
lay, Right glad-ly, right glad-ly, They sang their mer-ry lay.
day, With glad-ness, with glad-ness, I turned to greet the day.

Harvey Worthington Loomis

Allegretto grazioso

Christoph Wilibald Gluck

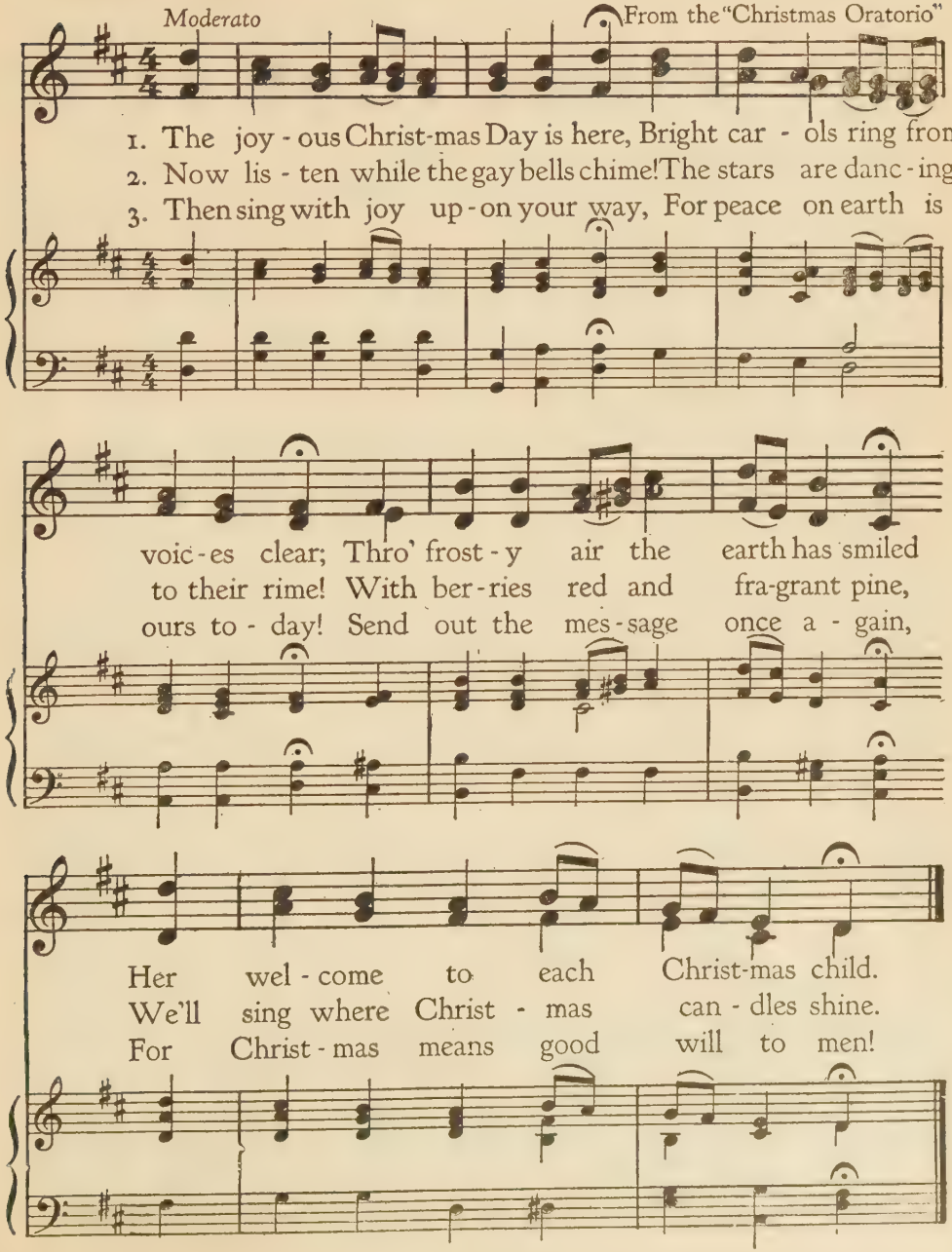
1. Fair - ies in the grove, Trip-ping light, light, light,
2. Un - der - neath the moon, Sail- ing high, high, high,
Fair - ies light,
Moon sails high,
Gay - ly play - ing by the stream In the gleam Of the star;
They are danc - ing in a ring For the king And the queen;
light, light, Dance 'neath the star.
high, high, O'er king and queen;
Ev - er, where they rove, It is bright, bright bright;
Ver - y, ver - y soon, They must fly, fly, fly,
Mu - sic bright,
Soon they'll fly,
By the mu - sic in the dell, You can tell Where they are.
For they know that not a fay In the day Should be seen.
bright, bright, Tells where they are.
fly, fly, None must be seen.

A SONG FOR CHRISTMAS

From the German

Johann Sebastian Bach
From the "Christmas Oratorio"

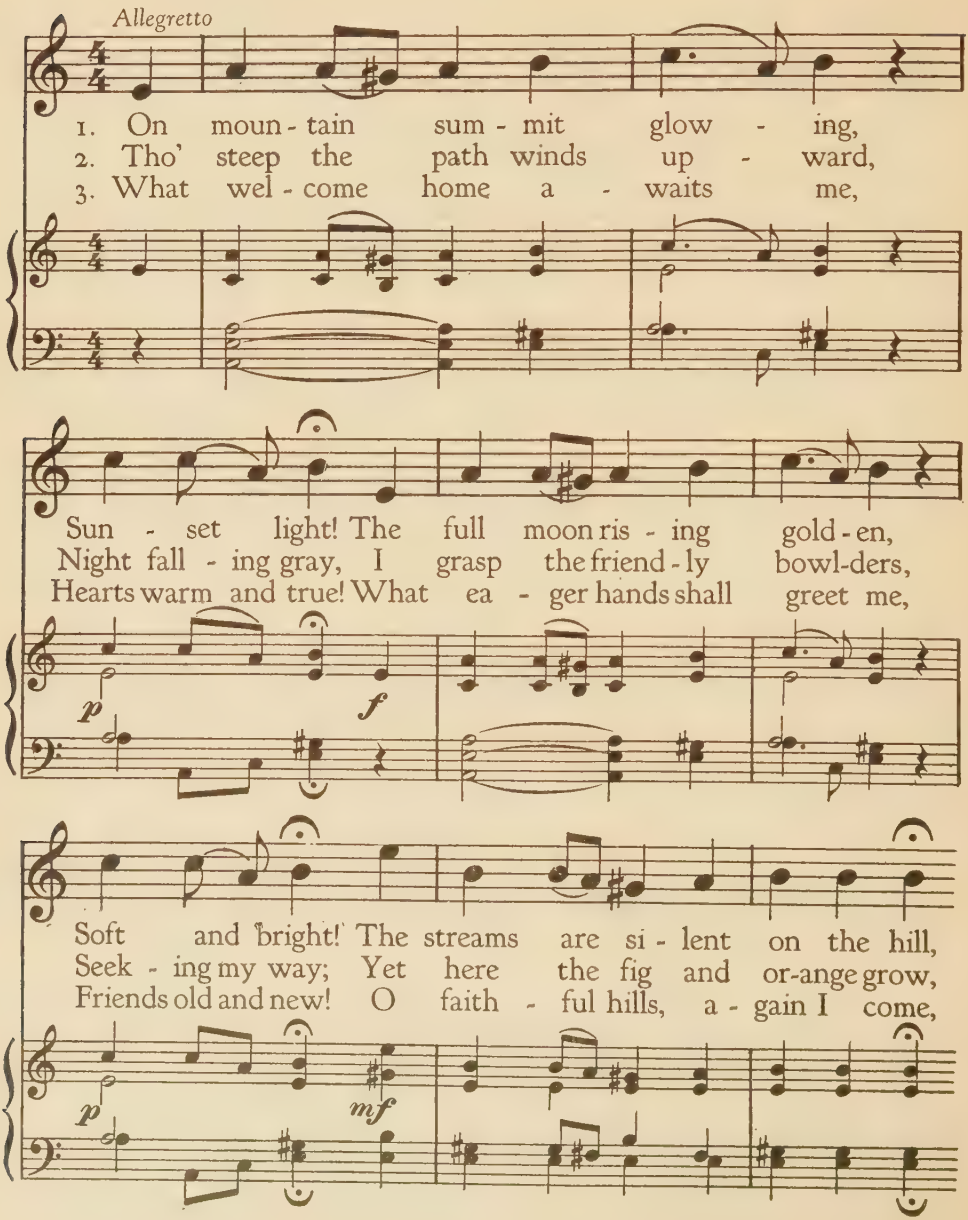
Moderato

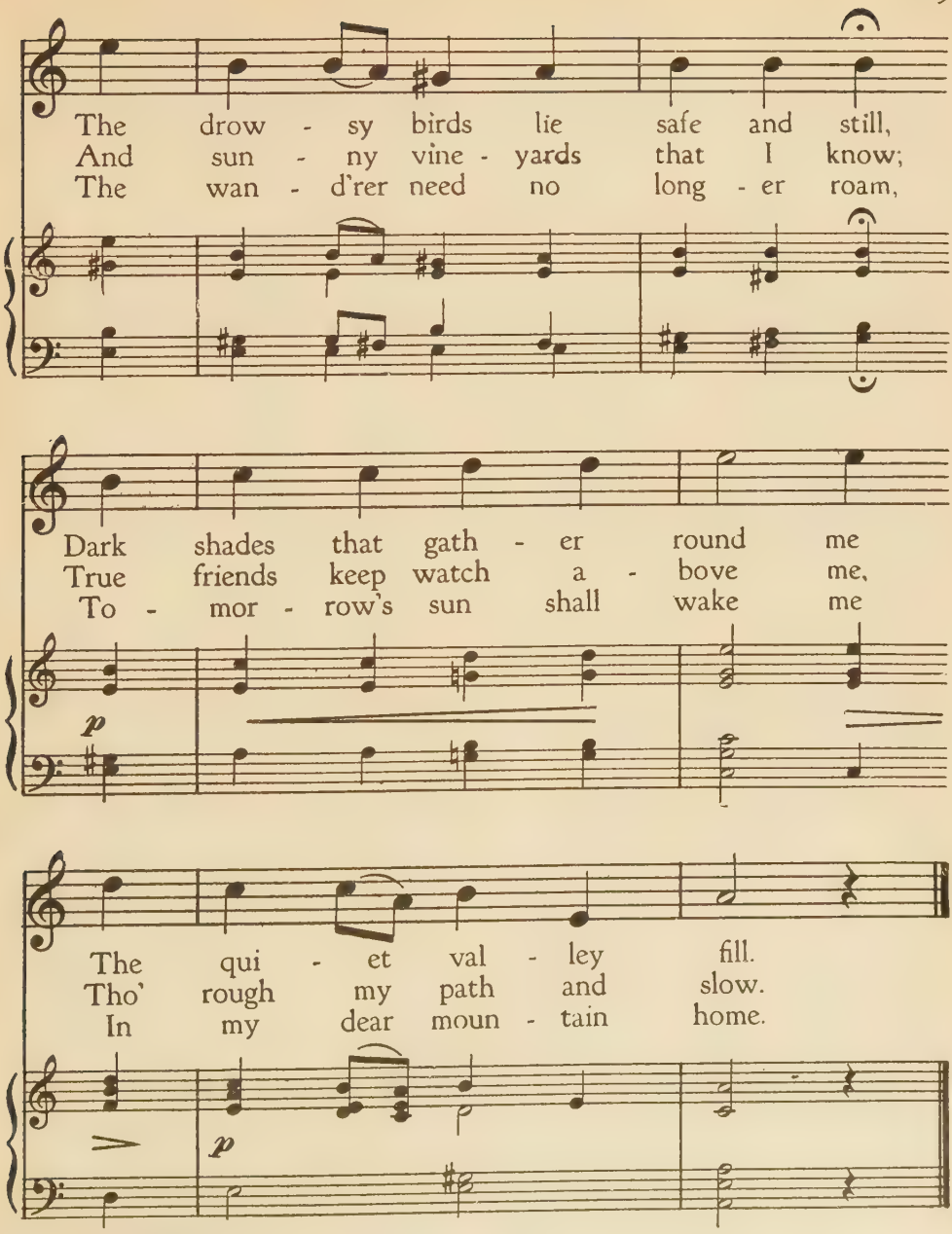

1. The joy - ous Christ-mas Day is here, Bright car - ols ring from
2. Now lis - ten while the gay bells chime! The stars are danc - ing
3. Then sing with joy up - on your way, For peace on earth is
voic - es clear; Thro' frost - y air the earth has smiled
to their rime! With ber - ries red and fra-grant pine,
ours to - day! Send out the mes - sage once a - gain,
Her wel - come to each Christ-mas child.
We'll sing where Christ - mas can - dles shine.
For Christ - mas means good will to men!

ON MOUNTAIN SUMMIT

Translated from the Swedish

Swedish Folk Song


Allegretto
1. On moun - tain sum - mit glow - ing,
2. Tho' steep the path winds up - ward,
3. What wel - come home a - waits me,
Sun - set light! The full moon ris - ing gold - en,
Night fall - ing gray, I grasp the friend - ly bowl-ders,
Hearts warm and true! What ea - ger hands shall greet me,
p
f
Soft and bright! The streams are si - lent on the hill,
Seek - ing my way; Yet here the fig and or-ange grow,
Friends old and new! O faith - ful hills, a - gain I come,
p
mf

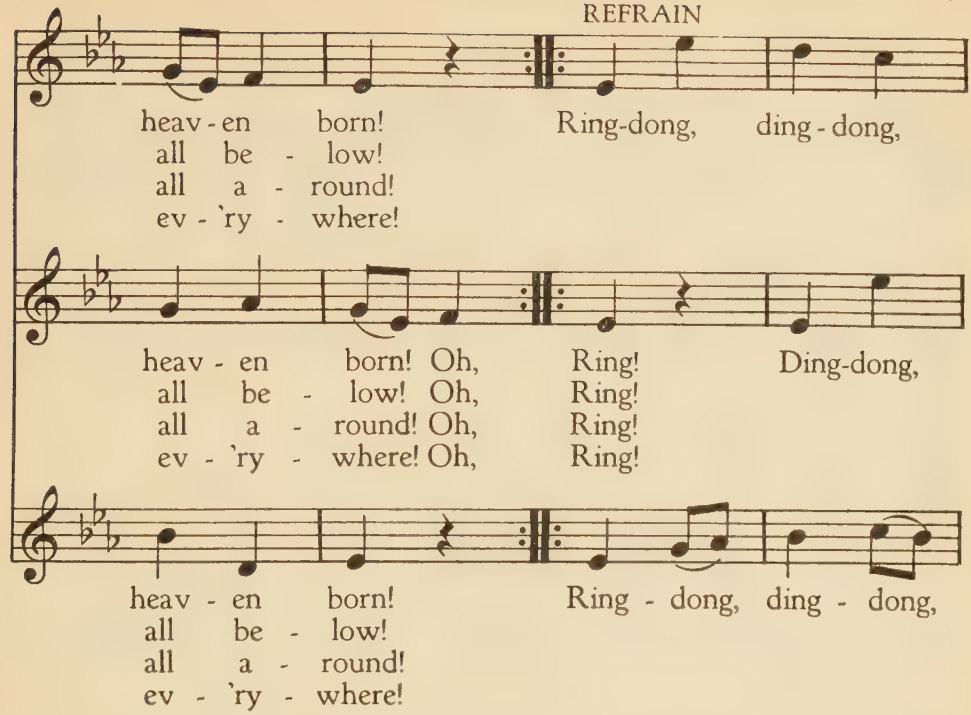

The drow - sy birds lie safe and still,
And sun - ny vine - yards that I know;
The wan - d'rer need no long - er roam,
Dark shades that gath - er round me
True friends keep watch a - bove me,
To - mor - row's sun shall wake me
p
The qui - et val - ley fill.
Tho' rough my path and slow.
In my dear moun - tain home.
p

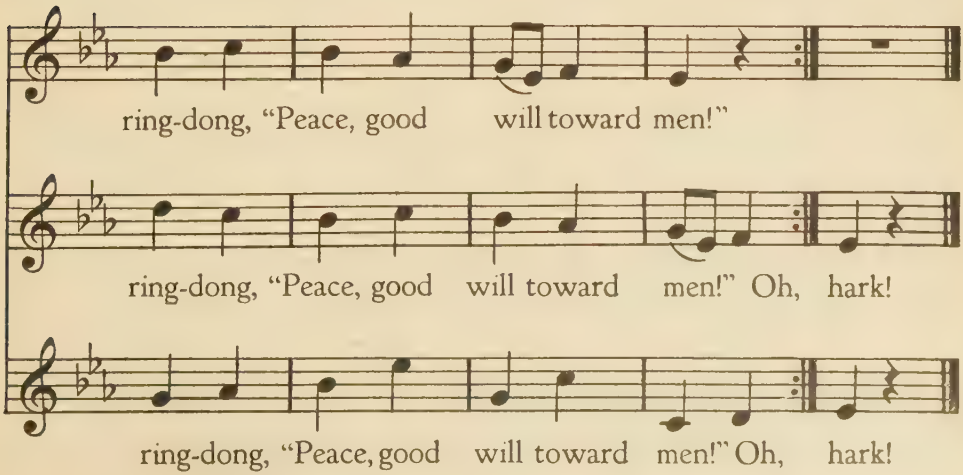
Translated from the French

Old French Carol

Moderato
1. Hark! the gold - en chimes for
Hark! the tune - ful bells a-
2. Hark! the chil - dren's voic - es
Hark! the sil - v'ry sleigh - bells
1. Hark! Gold - en chimes for
Tune - ful bells a-
2. Hark! Chil - dren's voic - es
Sil - v'ry sleigh - bells
1. Chimes for
Bells a-
2. Voic - es
Sleigh - bells
Christ-mas morn! Hark! the mu - sic
cross the snow! Hark! 'tis joy for
gay - ly sound! Hark! the car - ols
on the air! Hark! the laugh - ter
Christ - mas morn! Oh, hark! Mu - sic
cross the snow! Oh, hark! Joy for
gay - ly sound! Oh, hark! Car - ols
on the air! Oh, hark! Laugh - ter
Christ - mas morn! Oh, hark! Mu - sic
cross the snow! Oh, hark! Joy for
gay - ly sound! Oh, hark! Car - ols
on the air! Oh, hark! Laugh - ter

REFRAIN

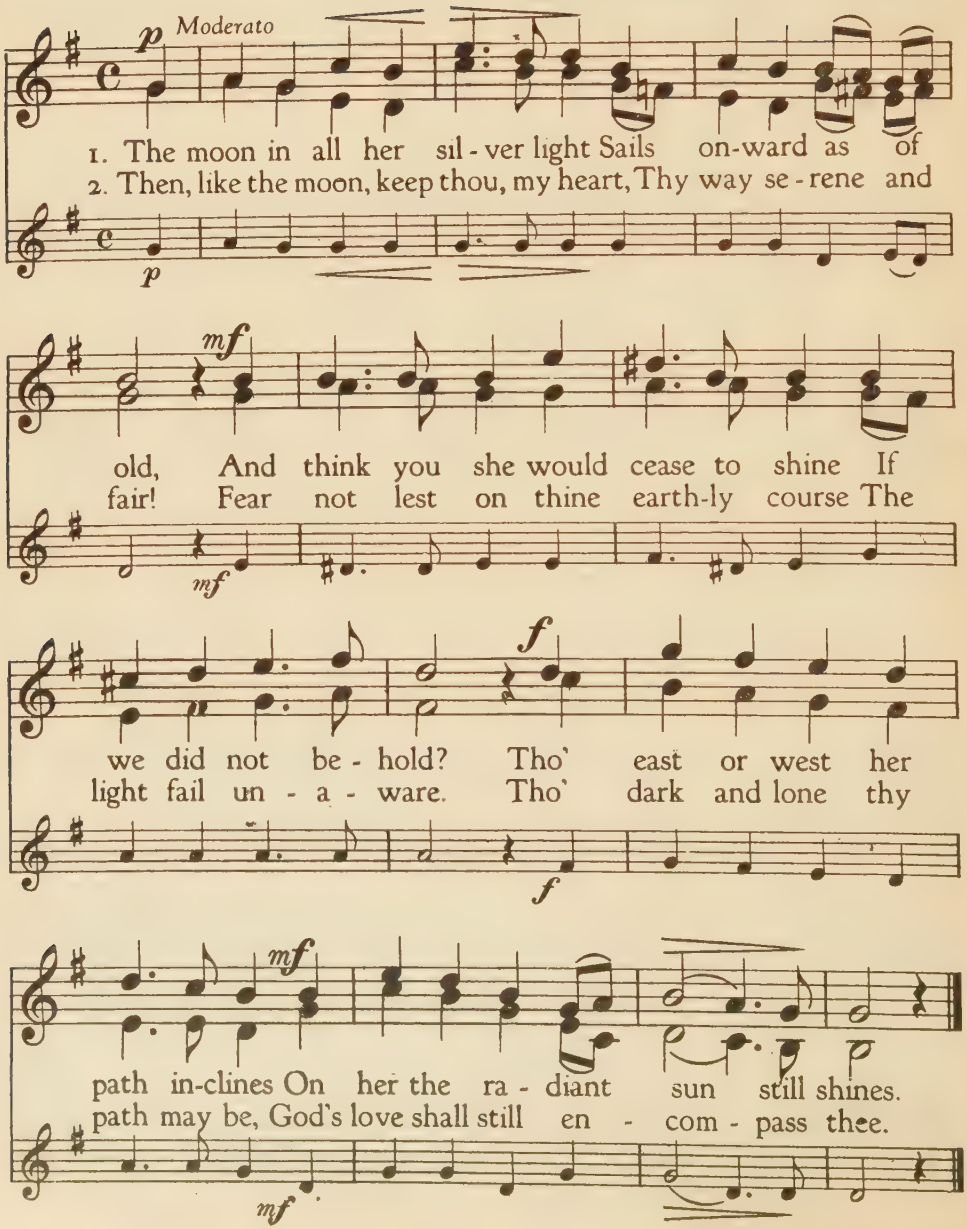

heav - en born! Ring-dong, ding - dong,
all be - low!
all a - round!
ev - 'ry - where!
heav - en born! Oh, Ring! Ding-dong,
all be - low! Oh, Ring!
all a - round! Oh, Ring!
ev - 'ry - where! Oh, Ring!
heav - en born! Ring - dong, ding - dong,
all be - low!
all a - round!
ev - 'ry - where!


ring-dong, "Peace, good will toward men!"
ring-dong, "Peace, good will toward men!" Oh, hark!
ring-dong, "Peace, good will toward men!" Oh, hark!

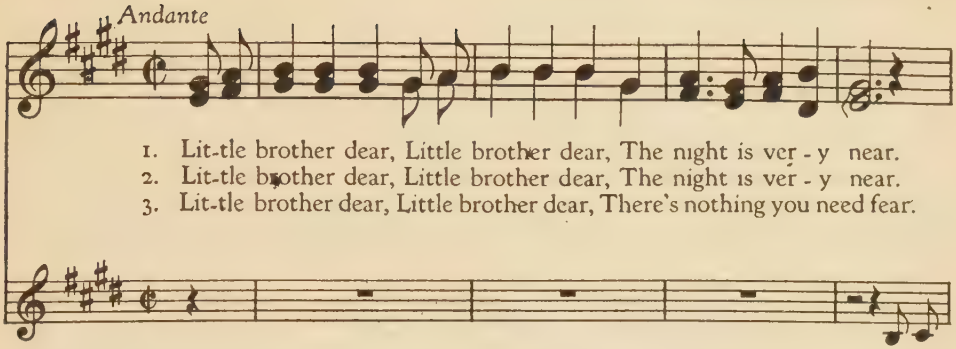
GOD'S LOVE

Eduard Vogt

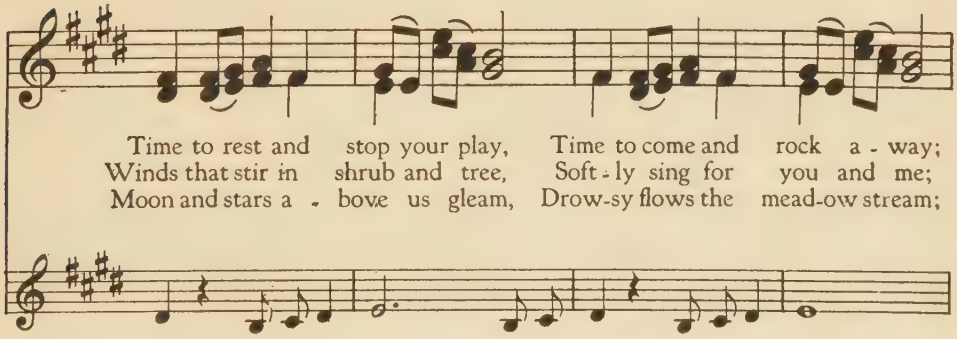
German Song


p Moderato
1. The moon in all her sil - ver light Sails on-ward as of
2. Then, like the moon, keep thou, my heart, Thy way se - rene and
p
mf
old, And think you she would cease to shine If
fair! Fear not lest on thine earth-ly course The
mf
f
we did not be - hold? Tho' east or west her
light fail un - a - ware. Tho' dark and lone thy
f
mf
path in-clines On her the ra - diant sun still shines.
path may be, God's love shall still en - com - pass thee.
mf

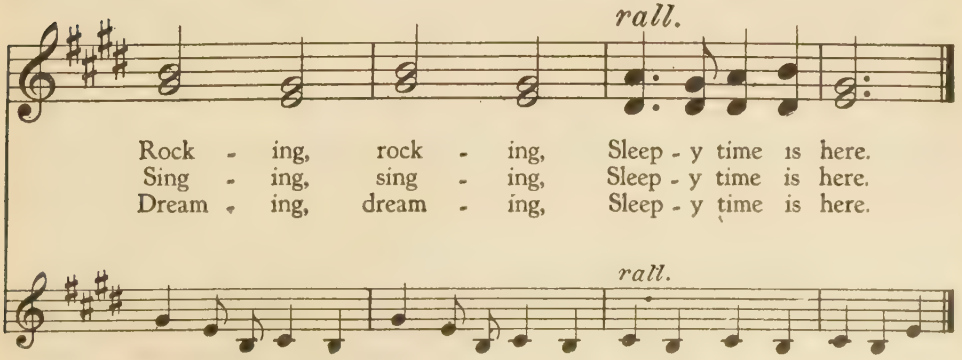
Swabian Folk Song


Andante
1. Lit-tle brother dear, Little brother dear, The night is ver - y near.
2. Lit-tle brother dear, Little brother dear, The night is ver - y near.
3. Lit-tle brother dear, Little brother dear, There's nothing you need fear.

(*All stanzas, optional voices.*) Brother


Time to rest and stop your play, Time to come and rock a - way;
Winds that stir in shrub and tree, Soft - ly sing for you and me;
Moon and stars a - bove us gleam, Drow-sy flows the mead-ow stream;

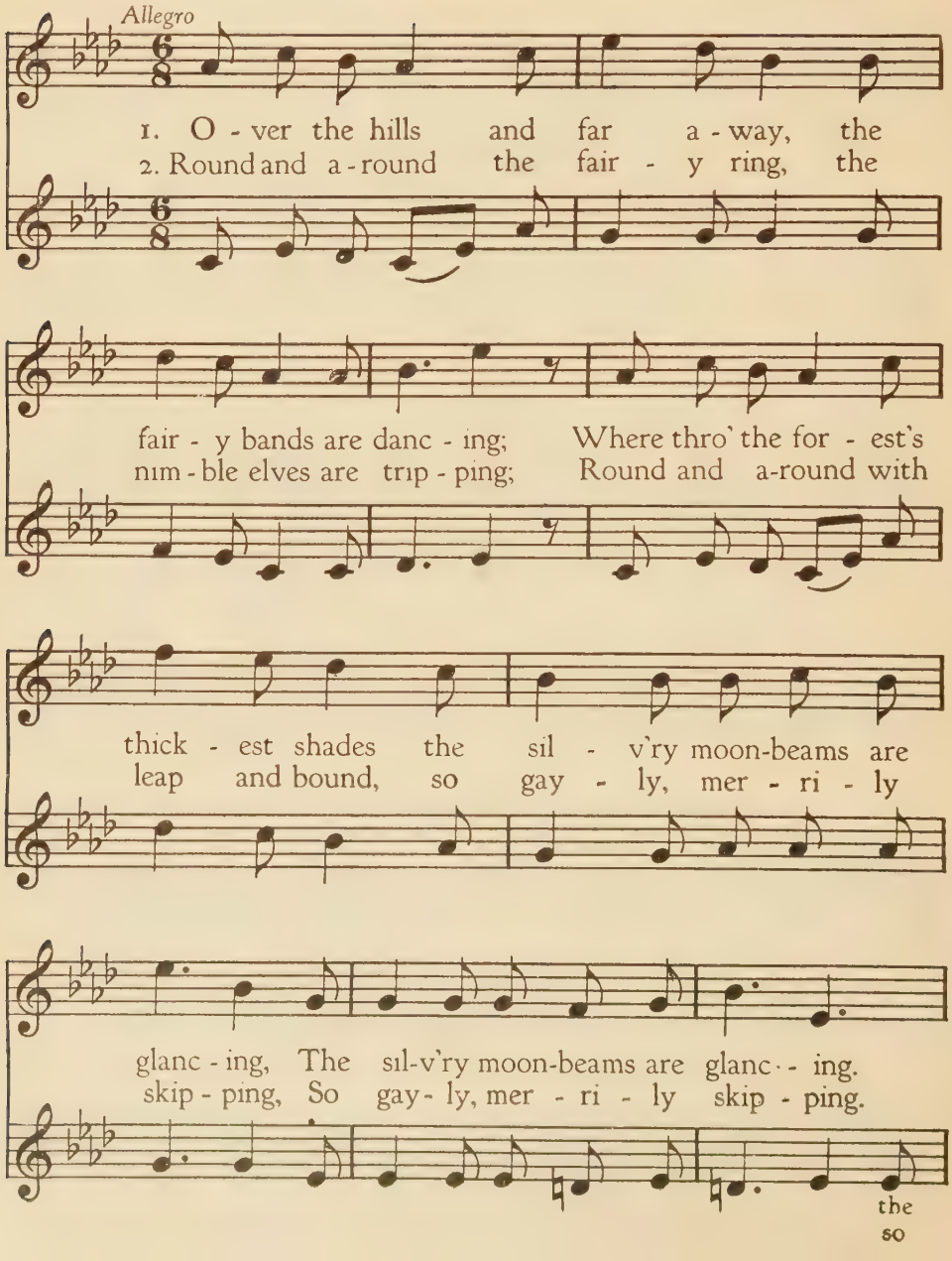
dear, Rock-a-by low! Brother dear, Rock-a-by low!

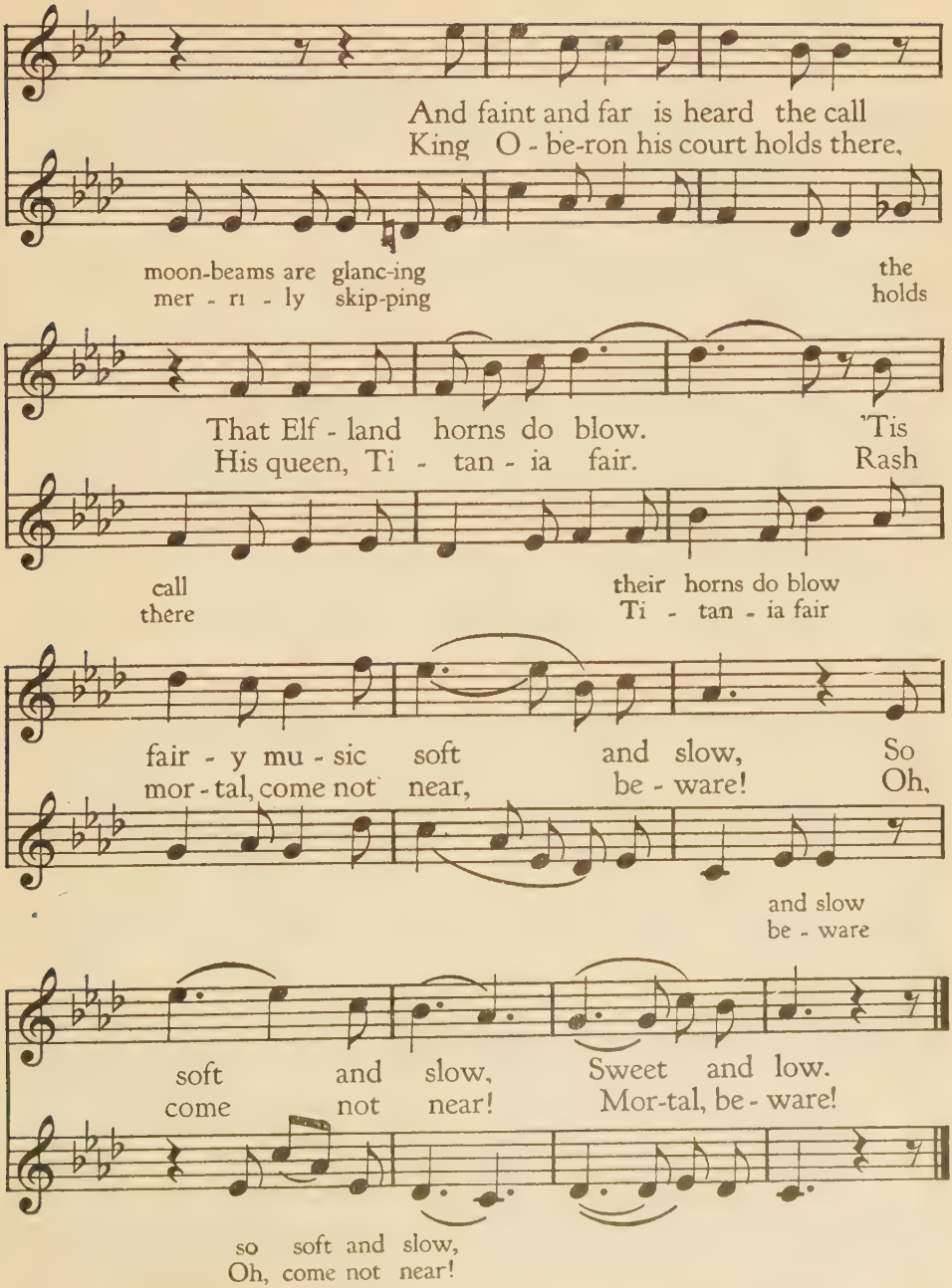

rall.
Rock - ing, rock - ing, Sleep - y time is here.
Sing - ing, sing - ing, Sleep - y time is here.
Dream - ing, dream - ing, Sleep - y time is here.
rall.

Sleep, lit-tle broth-er, sleep lit-tle brother, Drow-sy, drow-sy time is here.

THE FAIRIES

Robert A. Coan — Mendelssohn


Allegro
1. O - ver the hills and far a - way, the
2. Round and a - round the fair - y ring, the
fair - y bands are danc - ing; Where thro' the for - est's
nim - ble elves are trip - ping; Round and a-round with
thick - est shades the sil - v'ry moon-beams are
leap and bound, so gay - ly, mer - ri - ly
glanc - ing, The sil-v'ry moon-beams are glanc - - ing.
skip - ping, So gay - ly, mer - ri - ly skip - ping.
the
so

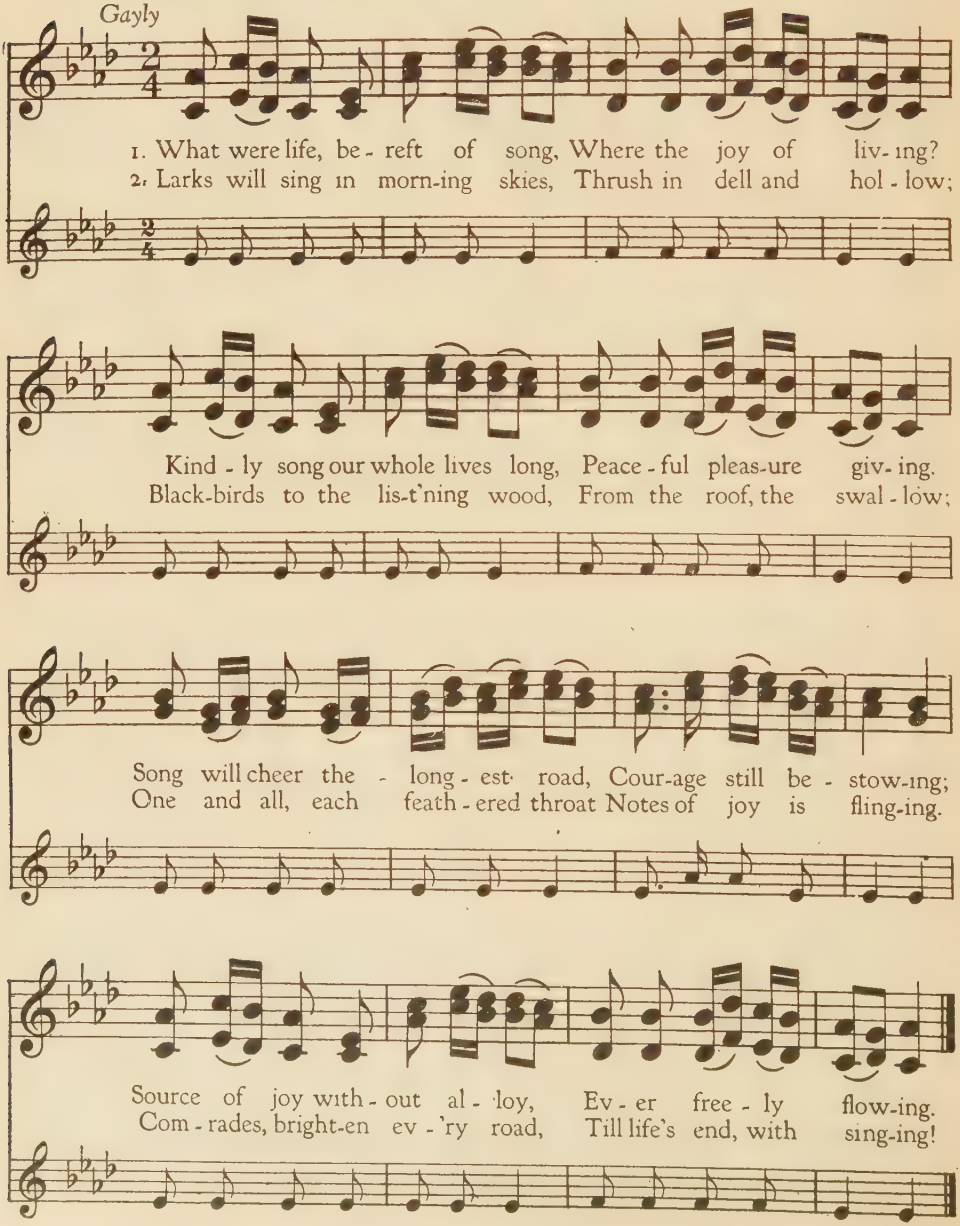

And faint and far is heard the call
King O - be-ron his court holds there,
moon-beams are glanc-ing
mer - ri - ly skip-ping
the
holds
That Elf - land horns do blow.
His queen, Ti - tan - ia fair.
'Tis
Rash
call
there
their horns do blow
Ti - tan - ia fair
fair - y mu - sic soft and slow,
mor - tal, come not near, be - ware!
So
Oh,
and slow
be - ware
soft and slow,
come not near!
Sweet and low.
Mor-tal, be - ware!
so soft and slow,
Oh, come not near!

THE JOY OF LIVING

A. Zarnack
Translated from the German

A. Hiller

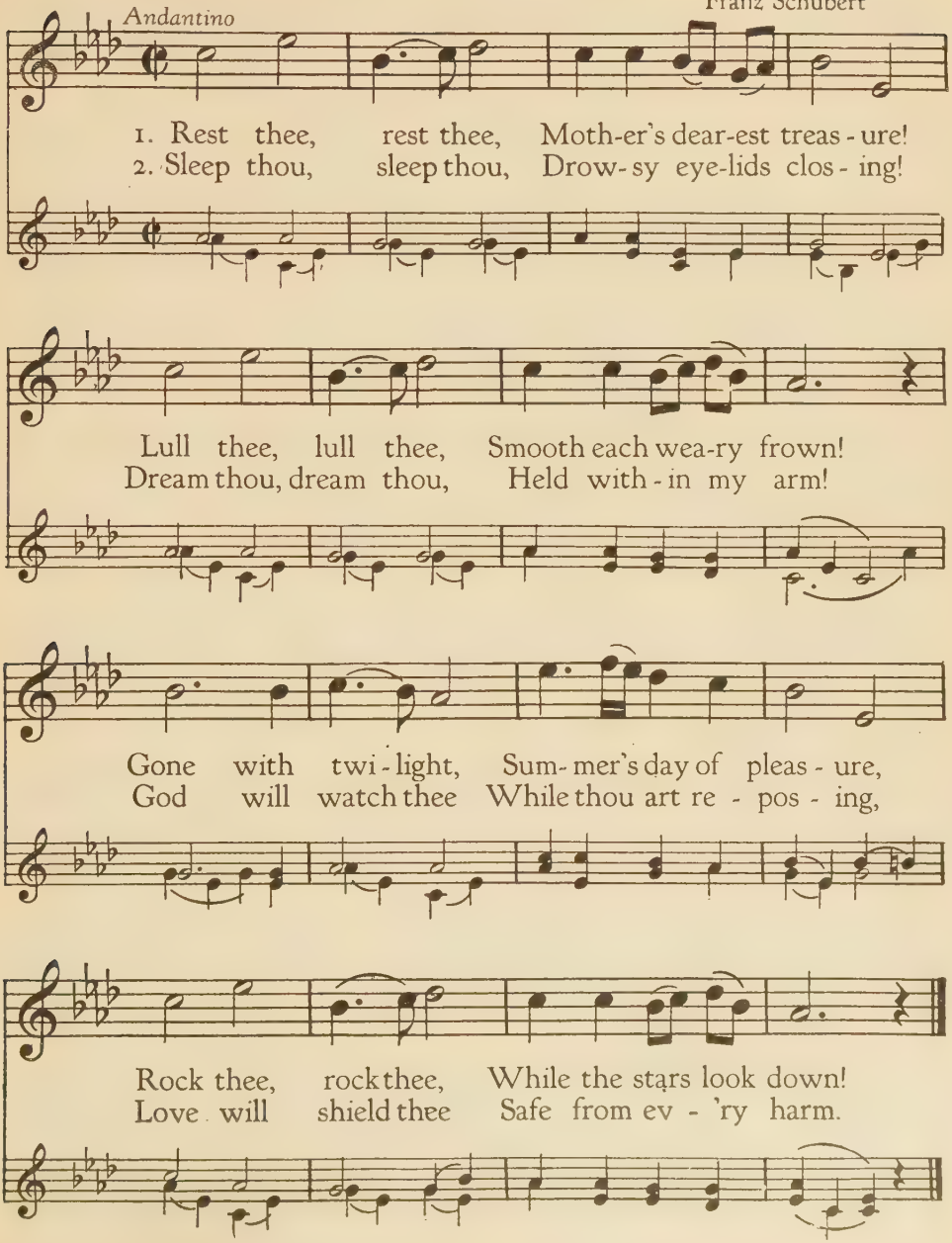
Gayly


1. What were life, be - reft of song, Where the joy of liv - ing?
2. Larks will sing in morn-ing skies, Thrush in dell and hol - low;
Kind - ly song our whole lives long, Peace - ful pleas-ure giv - ing.
Black-birds to the lis-t'ning wood, From the roof, the swal - low;
Song will cheer the - long - est road, Cour-age still be - stow-ing;
One and all, each feath - ered throat Notes of joy is fling-ing.
Source of joy with - out al - loy, Ev - er free - ly flow-ing.
Com - rades, bright-en ev - 'ry road, Till life's end, with sing-ing!

Harvey Worthington Loomis

Franz Schubert

Andantino


1. Rest thee, rest thee, Moth-er's dear-est treas - ure!
2. Sleep thou, sleep thou, Drow - sy eye-lids clos - ing!
Lull thee, lull thee, Smooth each wea-ry frown!
Dream thou, dream thou, Held with - in my arm!
Gone with twi - light, Sum - mer's day of pleas - ure,
God will watch thee While thou art re - pos - ing,
Rock thee, rock thee, While the stars look down!
Love will shield thee Safe from ev - 'ry harm.

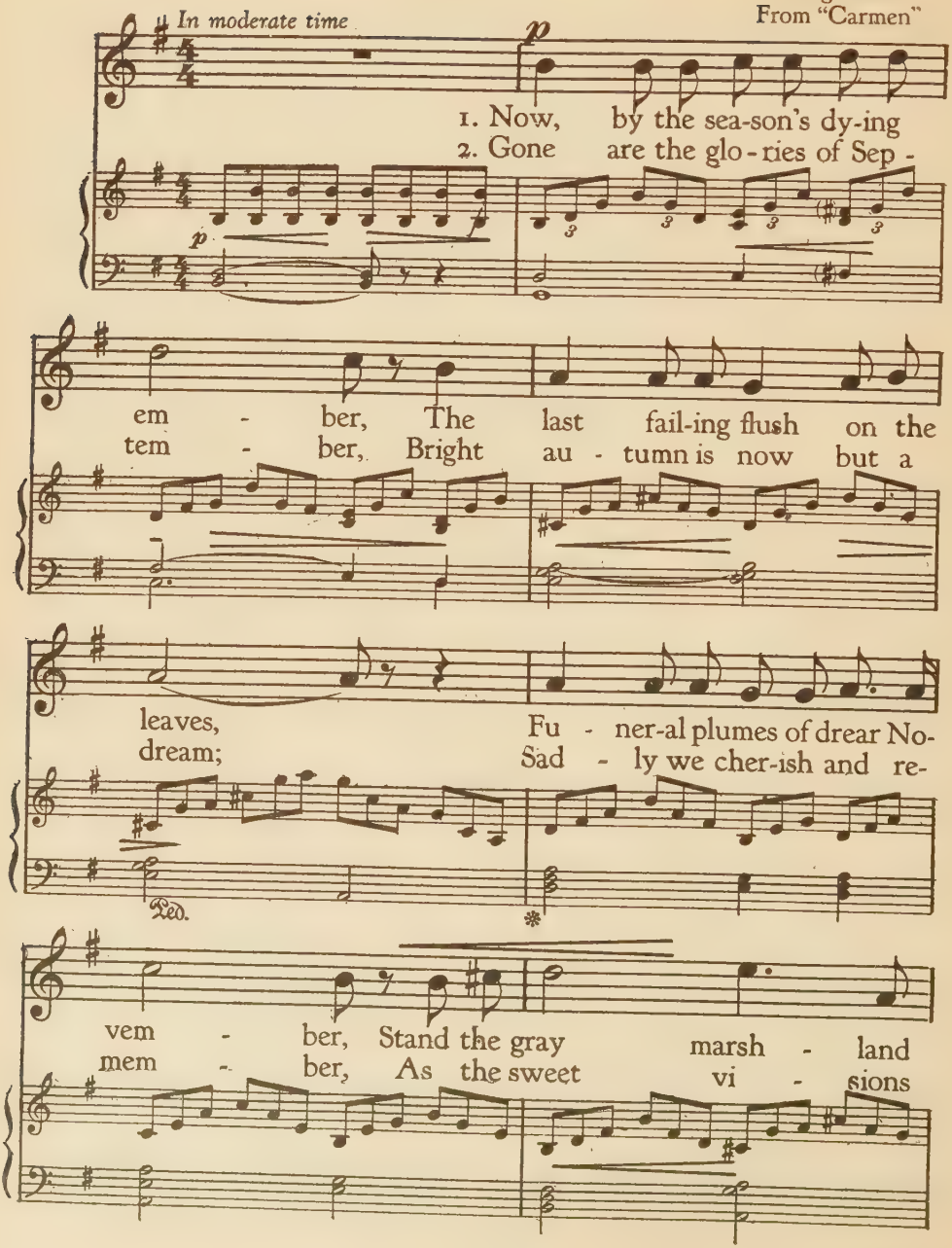
SERENADE TO THE MOON

Allegro moderato
Giulio Ricordi
p
La - dy Moon, why is your cheek so pale to-
D. S. La - dy Moon, hark, I am sing - ing this to
simile
al Coda
night ? La - dy Moon, where do you have to sail, to - night ?
you! La - dy Moon, see, I will blow a kiss to you,
Tell me true, tell me true, Tell me what you do In the
hours that you hide out of sight. All the stars a - bove you
Moon white,
sempre staccato
p

Shine be-cause they love you; When your eye is gleam-ing, Hap-py flow'rs are
Moon white, Moon bright,
cresc.
rall.
a tempo
dream - ing, Dream-ing of your smile, made of light.
D.S.
rall.
a tempo
D. S.
Coda
p
kiss to you! So, good night!
pp rall.
good night!
soft Pedal
ppp

NOVEMBER

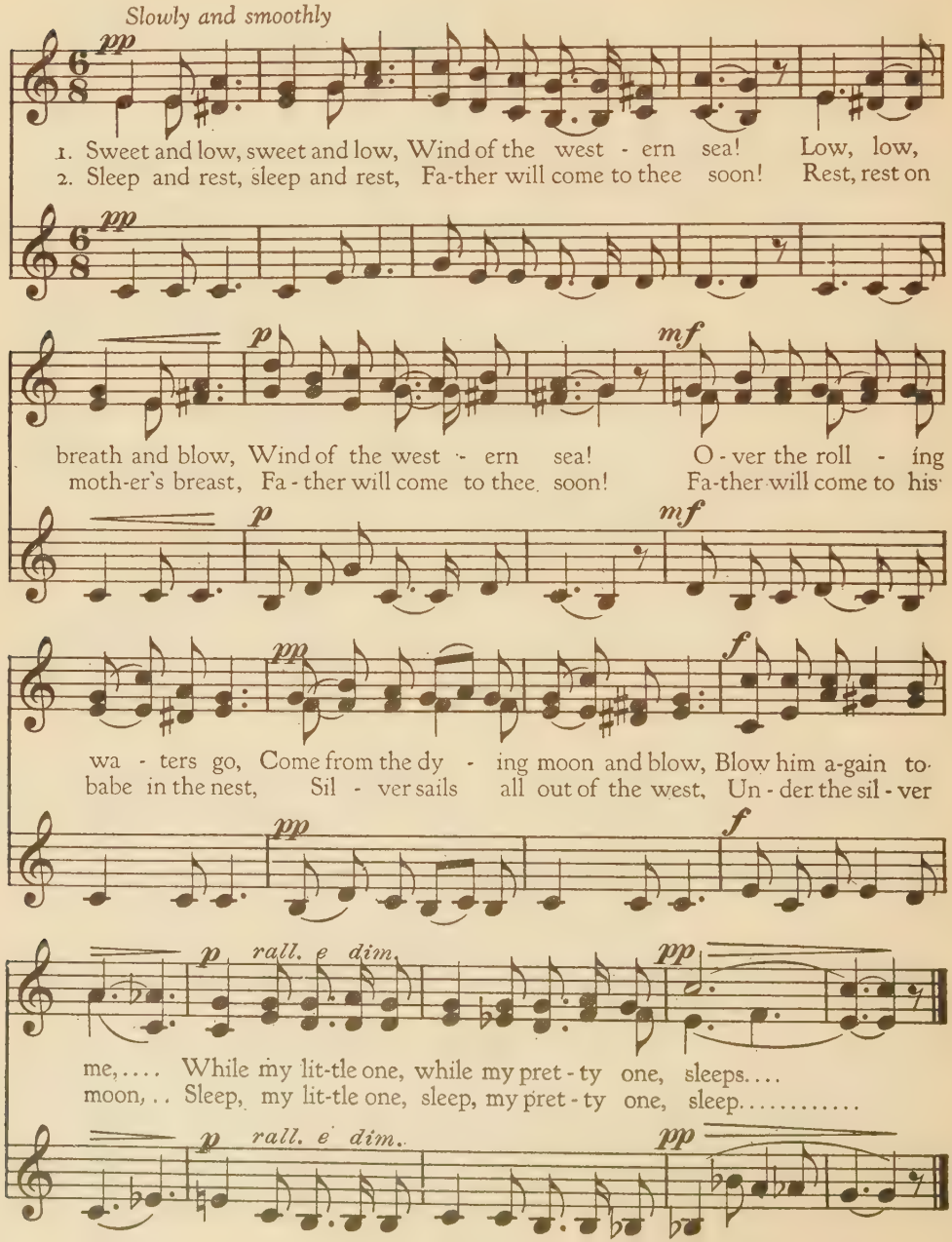
Georges Bizet
From "Carmen"


In moderate time
p
1. Now, by the sea-son's dy-ing
2. Gone are the glo - ries of Sep -
em - ber, The last fail-ing flush on the
tem - ber, Bright au - tumn is now but a
leaves,
dream;
Fu - ner-al plumes of drear No-
Sad - ly we cher-ish and re-
Ped.
*
vem - ber, Stand the gray marsh - land
mem - ber, As the sweet vi - sions

p
sheaves. In the dis - tance a bell is
teem. But the spell is not o'er for -
increase
toll - ing For the pass - ing of sum - mer's
ev - er, And the black - bird will sing a -
always legato
f with much expression
cheer, Naught but the murk-y mists come
gain, Spring, that for-sakes her chil - dren
mf
sfz
mf
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
ff pp retard
roll - ing Where, be-fore, par - a-dise seemed near.
nev - er, Will once more glad the hearts of men.
dim.
p pp
retard
Ped. *

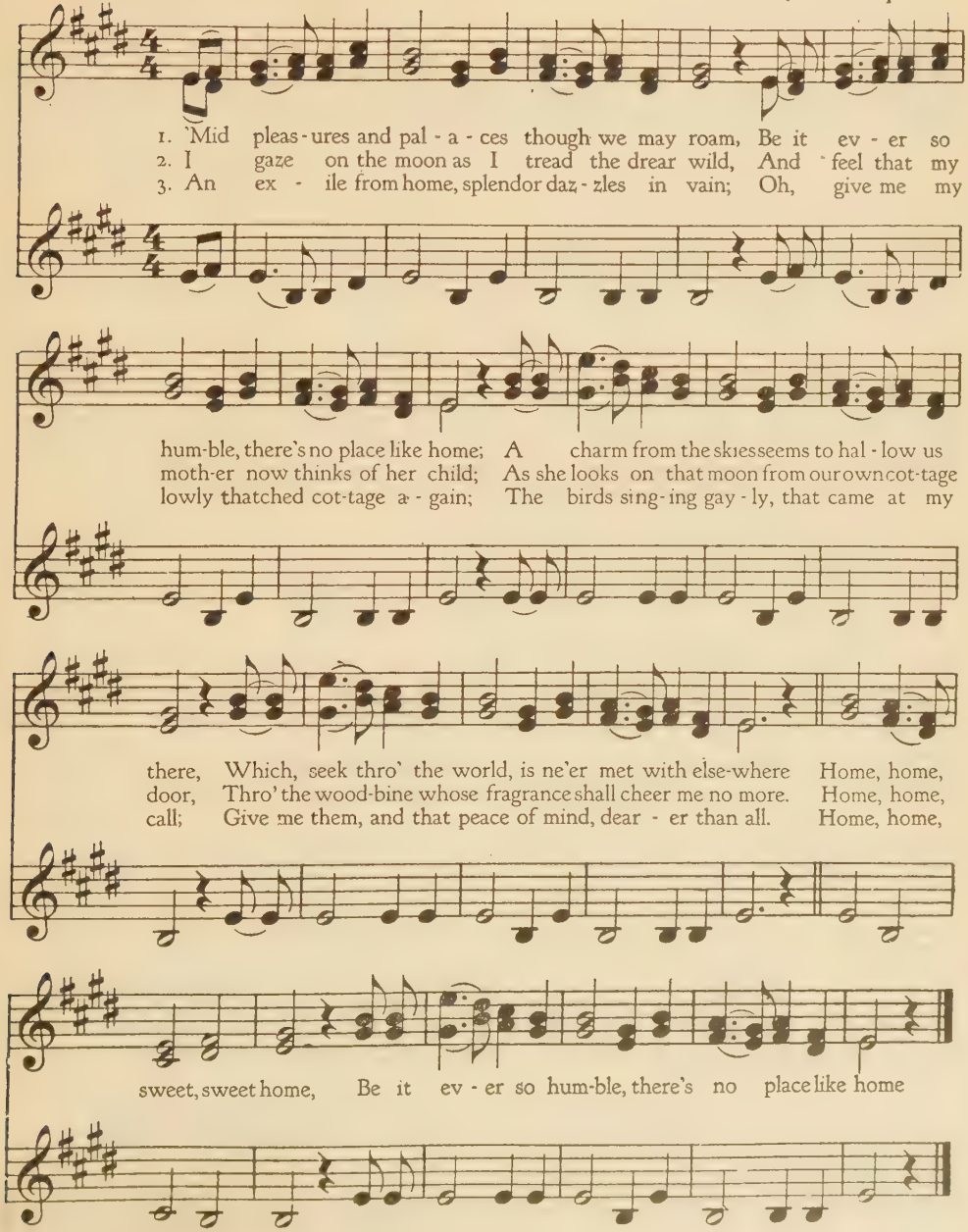
SWEET AND LOW

Alfred, Lord Tennyson — Sir Joseph Barnby


Slowly and smoothly
pp
1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea! Low, low,
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa-ther will come to thee soon! Rest, rest on
p
mf
breath and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea! O - ver the roll - ing
moth-er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon! Fa-ther will come to his
pp
f
wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon and blow, Blow him a-gain to
babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver
rall. e dim.
me,.... While my lit-tle one, while my pret - ty one, sleeps....
moon,.. Sleep, my lit-tle one, sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep.....

HOME, SWEET HOME

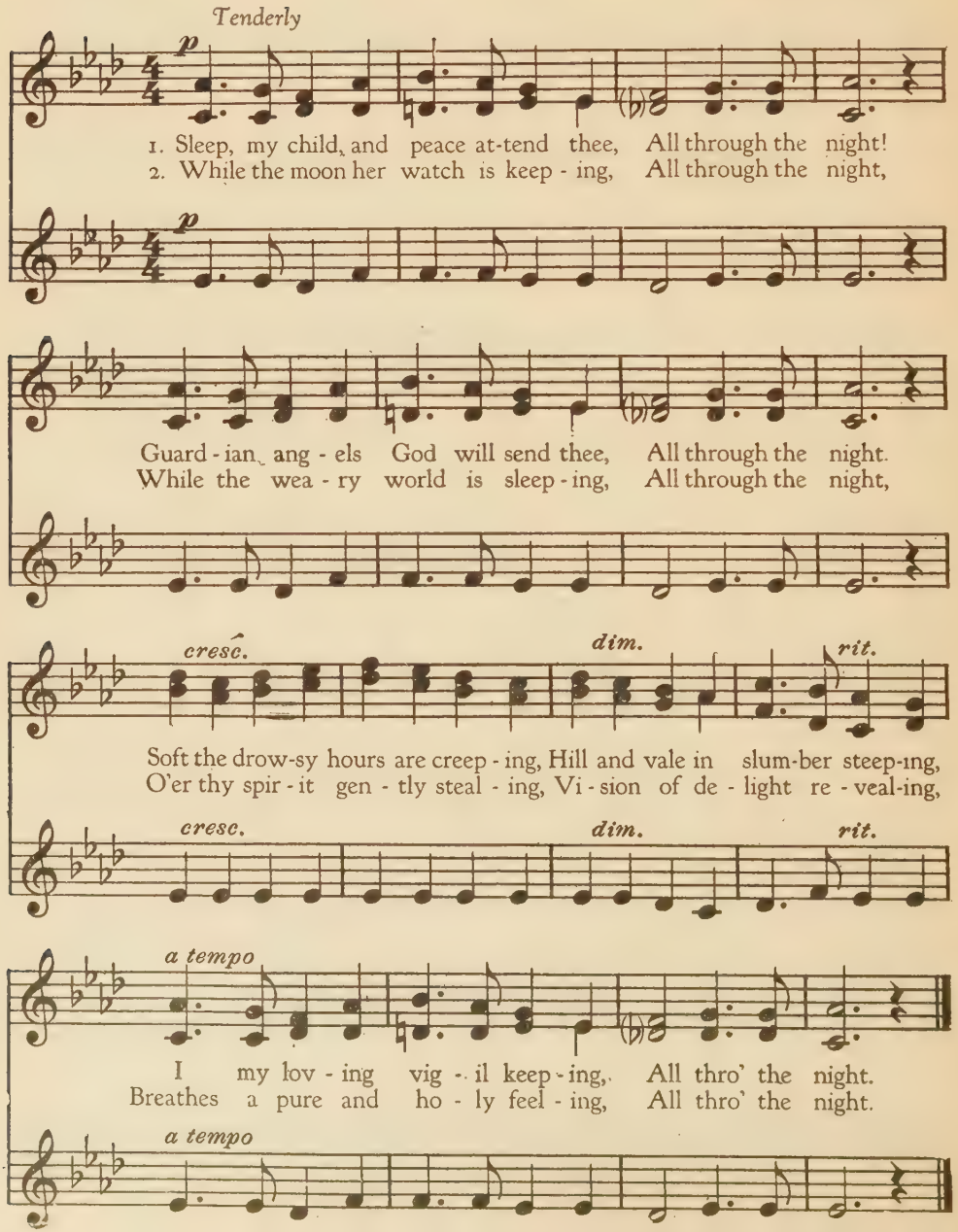
John Howard Payne — Sir Henry Bishop


1. 'Mid pleas-ures and pal-a-ces though we may roam, Be it ev-er so
2. I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild, And feel that my
3. An ex-ile from home, splendor daz-zles in vain; Oh, give me my
hum-ble, there's no place like home; A charm from the skiesseems to hal-low us
moth-er now thinks of her child; As she looks on that moon from our own cot-tage
lowly thatched cot-tage a-gain; The birds sing-ing gay-ly, that came at my
there, Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with else-where Home, home,
door, Thro' the wood-bine whose fragrance shall cheer me no more. Home, home,
call; Give me them, and that peace of mind, dear-er than all. Home, home,
sweet, sweet home, Be it ev-er so hum-ble, there's no place like home

ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT

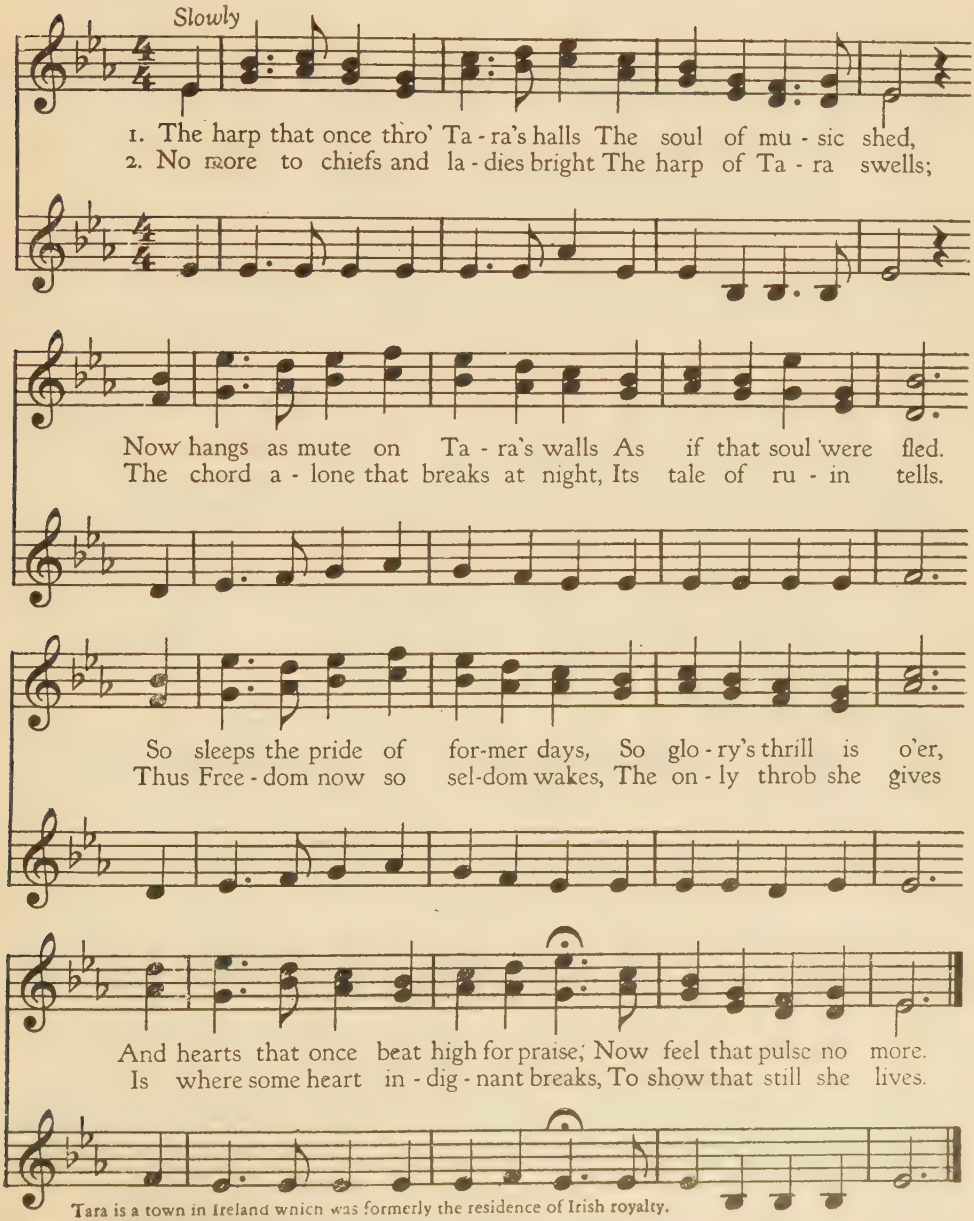
Welsh Folk Song

From the Welsh


Tenderly
p
1. Sleep, my child, and peace at-tend thee, All through the night!
2. While the moon her watch is keep - ing, All through the night,
Guard - ian ang - els God will send thee, All through the night.
While the wea - ry world is sleep - ing, All through the night,
cresc.
dim.
rit.
Soft the drow-sy hours are creep - ing, Hill and vale in slum-ber steep-ing,
O'er thy spir - it gen - tly steal - ing, Vi - sion of de - light re - veal-ing,
cresc.
dim.
rit.
a tempo
I my lov - ing vig - il keep - ing, All thro' the night.
Breathes a pure and ho - ly feel - ing, All thro' the night.
a tempo

Thomas Moore

Irish Folk Song

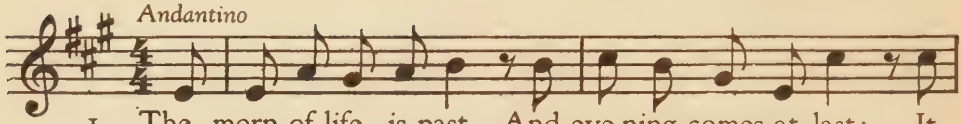

Slowly
1. The harp that once thro' Ta - ra's halls The soul of mu - sic shed,
2. No more to chiefs and la - dies bright The harp of Ta - ra swells;
Now hangs as mute on Ta - ra's walls As if that soul were fled.
The chord a - lone that breaks at night, Its tale of ru - in tells.
So sleeps the pride of for-mer days, So glo - ry's thrill is o'er,
Thus Free - dom now so sel-dom wakes, The on - ly throb she gives
And hearts that once beat high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more.
Is where some heart in - dig - nant breaks, To show that still she lives.

*Tara is a town in Ireland which was formerly the residence of Irish royalty.

Stephen C. Foster

Stephen C. Foster

Andantino

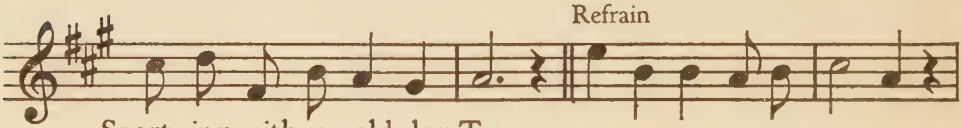


1. The morn of life is past, And eve-ning comes at last; It
2. The forms I called my own Have van-ished one by one, The
3. When tho'ts re-call the past, His eyes are on me cast; I

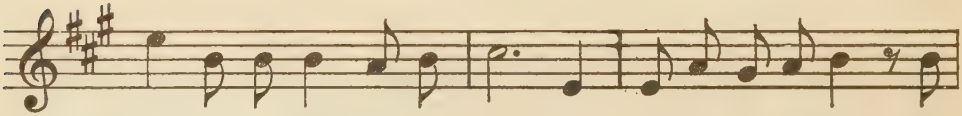
brings me a dream of a once hap - py day, Of
loved ones, the dear ones have all passed a - way; The
know he feels what my break - ing heart would say; Al-

mer - ry forms I've seen Up - on the vil - lage green,
hap - py smiles have flown, Their gen-tle voic - es gone, I've
tho' he can - not speak, I'll vain - ly, vain - ly seek A

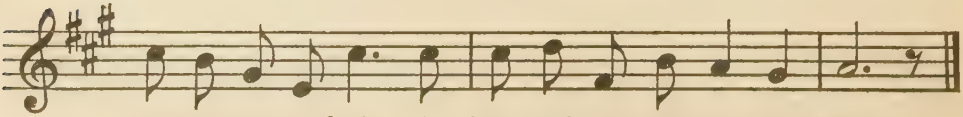
Refrain



Sport - ing with my old dog Tray.
noth - ing left but old dog Tray.
bet-ter friend than old dog Tray.
} Old dog Tray, ev-er faith-ful;



Grief can-not drive him a - way; He's gen - tle, he is kind, I'll

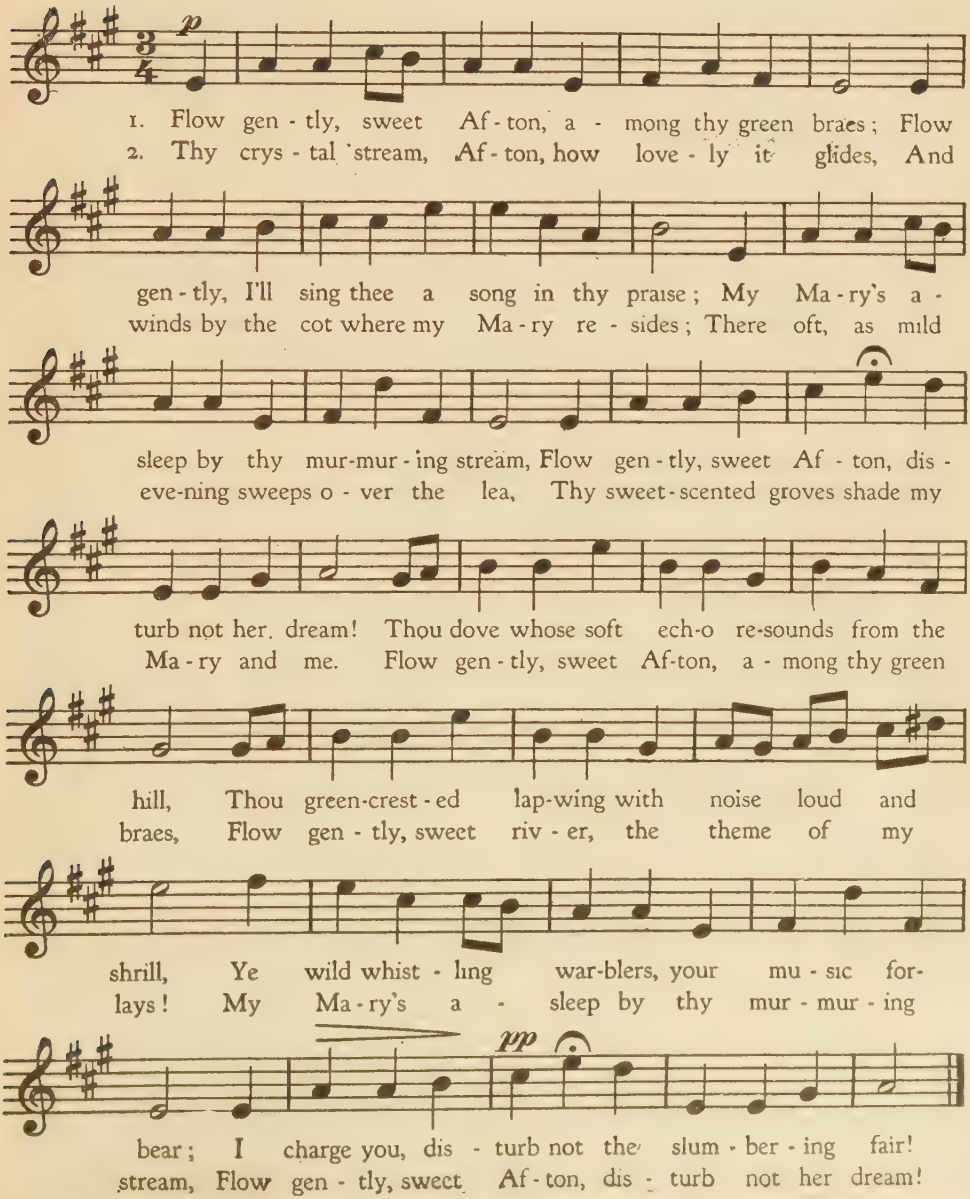


nev-er, nev - er find A bet-ter friend than old dog Tray.

Robert Burns

James E. Spilman

Andante con moto

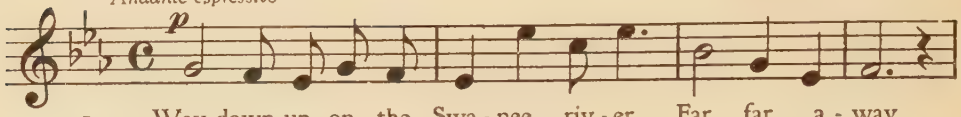

p
1. Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, a - mong thy green braes; Flow
2. Thy crys - tal stream, Af - ton, how love - ly it glides, And
gen - tly, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise; My Ma - ry's a -
winds by the cot where my Ma - ry re - sides; There oft, as mild
sleep by thy mur-mur - ing stream, Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, dis -
eve-ning sweeps o - ver the lea, Thy sweet-scented groves shade my
turb not her dream! Thou dove whose soft ech-o re-sounds from the
Ma - ry and me. Flow gen - tly, sweet Af-ton, a - mong thy green
hill, Thou green-crest - ed lap-wing with noise loud and
braes, Flow gen - tly, sweet riv - er, the theme of my
shrill, Ye wild whist - ling war-blers, your mu - sic for-
lays! My Ma - ry's a - sleep by thy mur - mur - ing
pp
bear; I charge you, dis - turb not the slum - ber - ing fair!
stream, Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream!

OLD FOLKS AT HOME

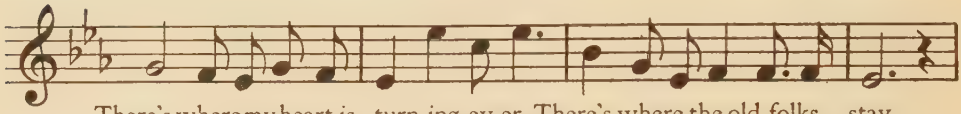
Stephen C. Foster

Andante espressivo

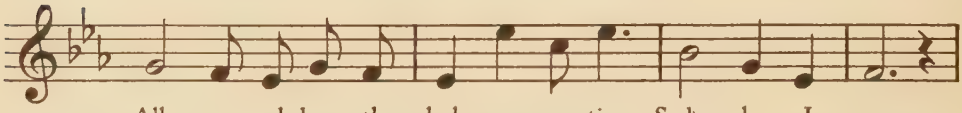
Stephen C. Foster



1. Way down up - on the Swa - nee riv - er, Far, far a - way,
2. All round the lit - tle farm I wan-der'd When I was young,
3. One lit - tle hut a - mong the bush-es, One that I love,

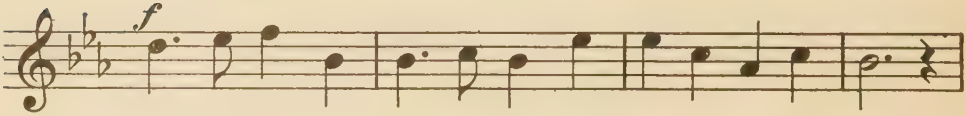


There's where my heart is turn-ing ev-er, There's where the old folks stay.
Then man - y hap - py days I squander'd, Man - y the songs I sung.
Still sad - ly to my mem-'ry rush - es, No mat-ter where I rove.

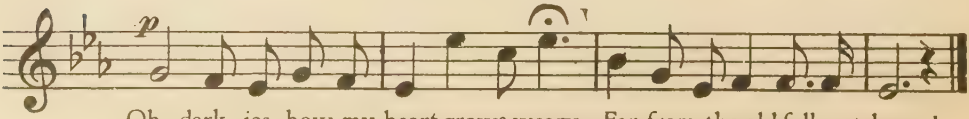


All up and down the whole cre - a - tion Sad - ly I roam,
When I was play-ing with my broth-er, Hap - py was I;
When shall I see the bees a - hum-ming All round the comb?

Still long - ing for the old plan - ta - tion, And for the old folks at home.
Oh, take me to my kind old moth-er! There let me live and die.
When shall I hear the ban - jo tumming, Down in my good old home?



All the world is sad and drear - y, Ev - 'ry - where I roam;



Oh, dark - ies, how my heart grows weary, Far from the old folks at home!

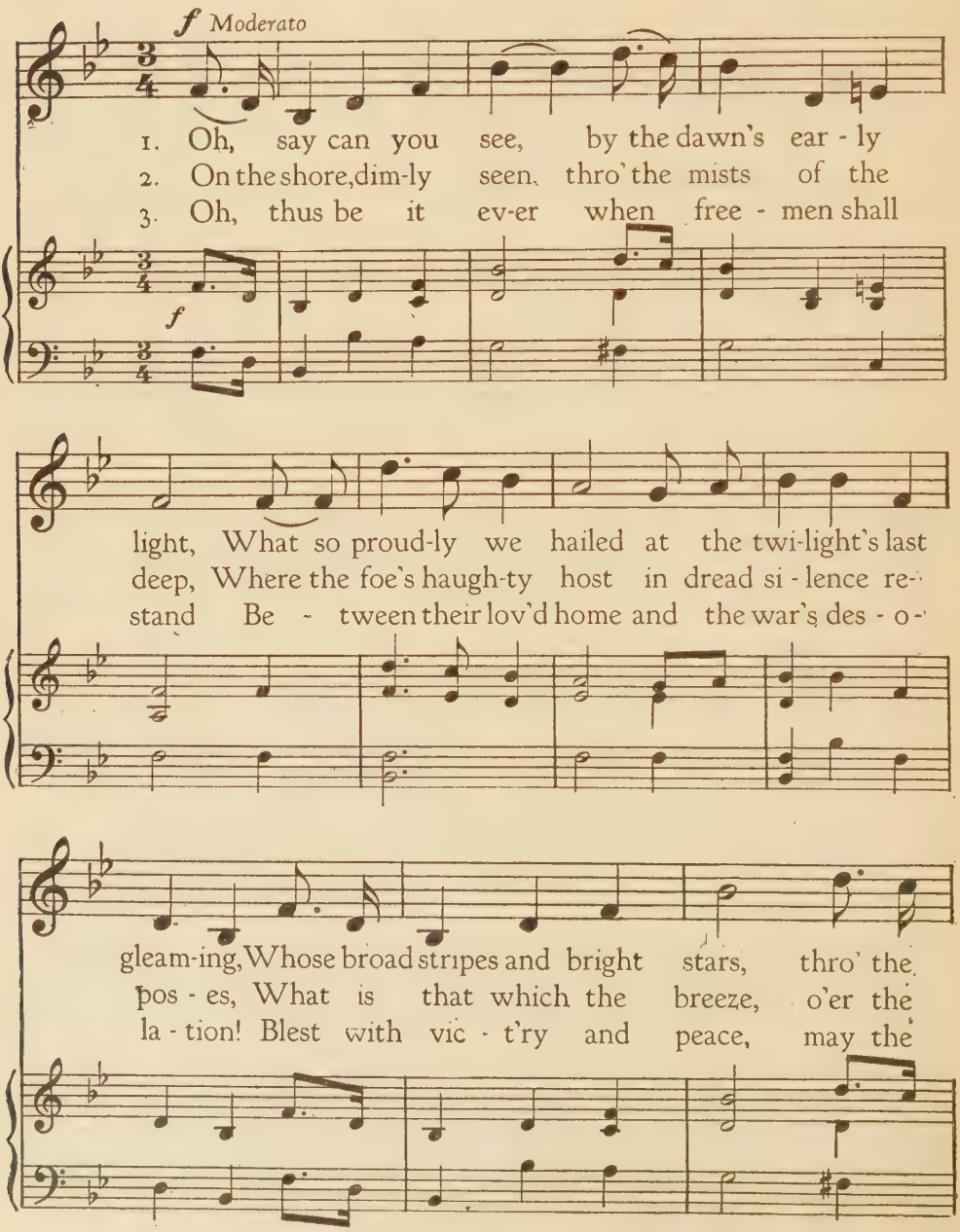
Katharine Lee Bates

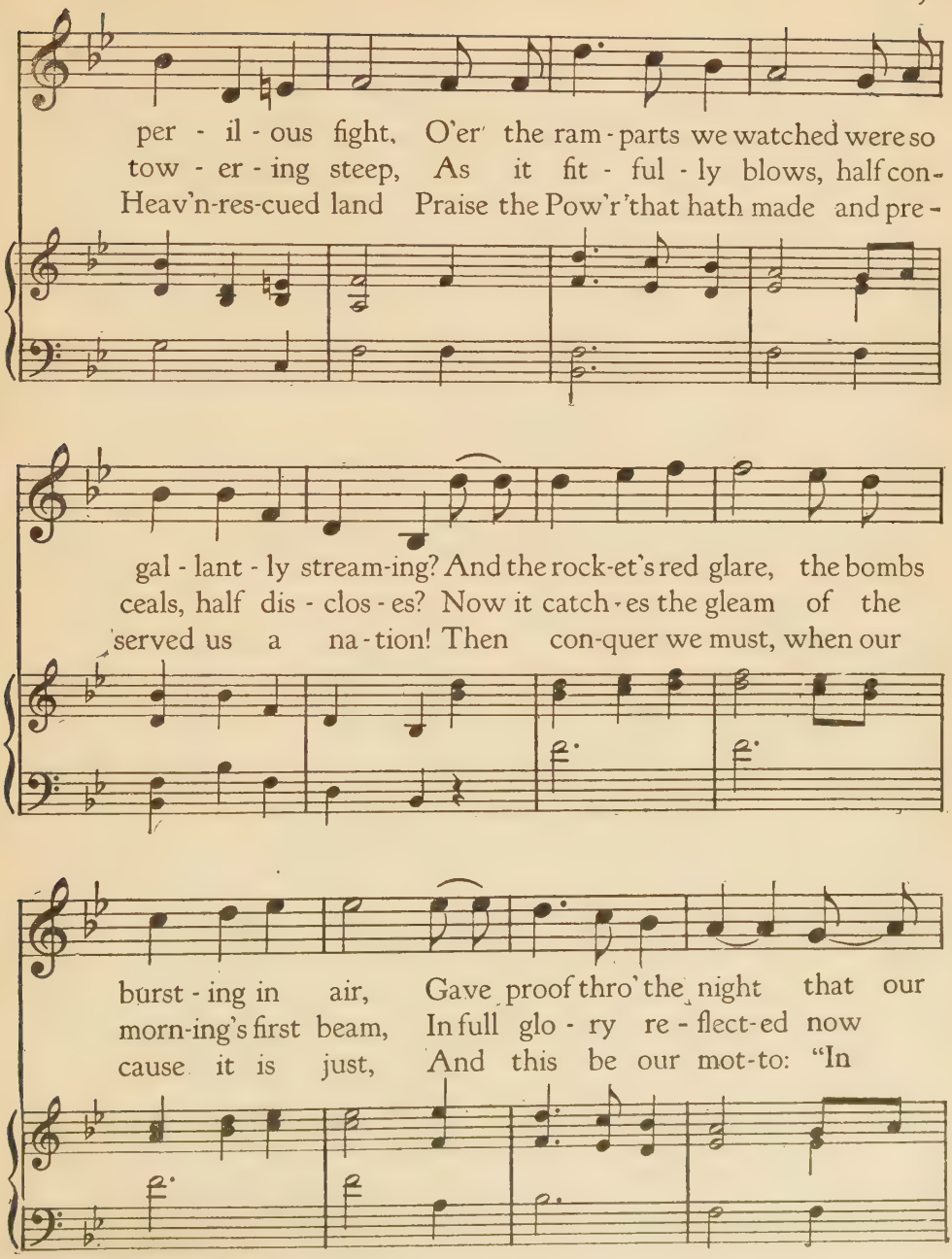
Samuel A. Ward

1. O beau - ti - ful for spa-cious skies, For am - ber waves of grain,
2. O beau - ti - ful for pil - grim feet Whose stern impas-sioned stress
3. O beau - ti - ful for he - roes proved In lib - er - at - ing strife,
4. O beau - ti - ful for pa - triot dream That sees be - yond the years
For pur - ple moun-tain maj - es - ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain!
A thor - ough fare for free - dom, beat A - cross the wild - er - ness!
Who more than self their coun - try lov - ed, And mercy more than life!
Thine al - a - bas - ter cit - ies gleam Un - dimm'd by hu - man tears!
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee,
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God mend thine ev - 'ry flaw,
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! May God thy gold re - fine,
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with broth-er - hood From sea to shin - ing sea!
Con - firm thy soul in self - con - trol Thy lib - er - ty in law!
Till all suc - cess be no - ble - ness And ev - 'ry gain di - vine!
And crown thy good with broth-er - hood From sea to shin - ing sea!

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

Francis Scott Key — John Stafford Smith

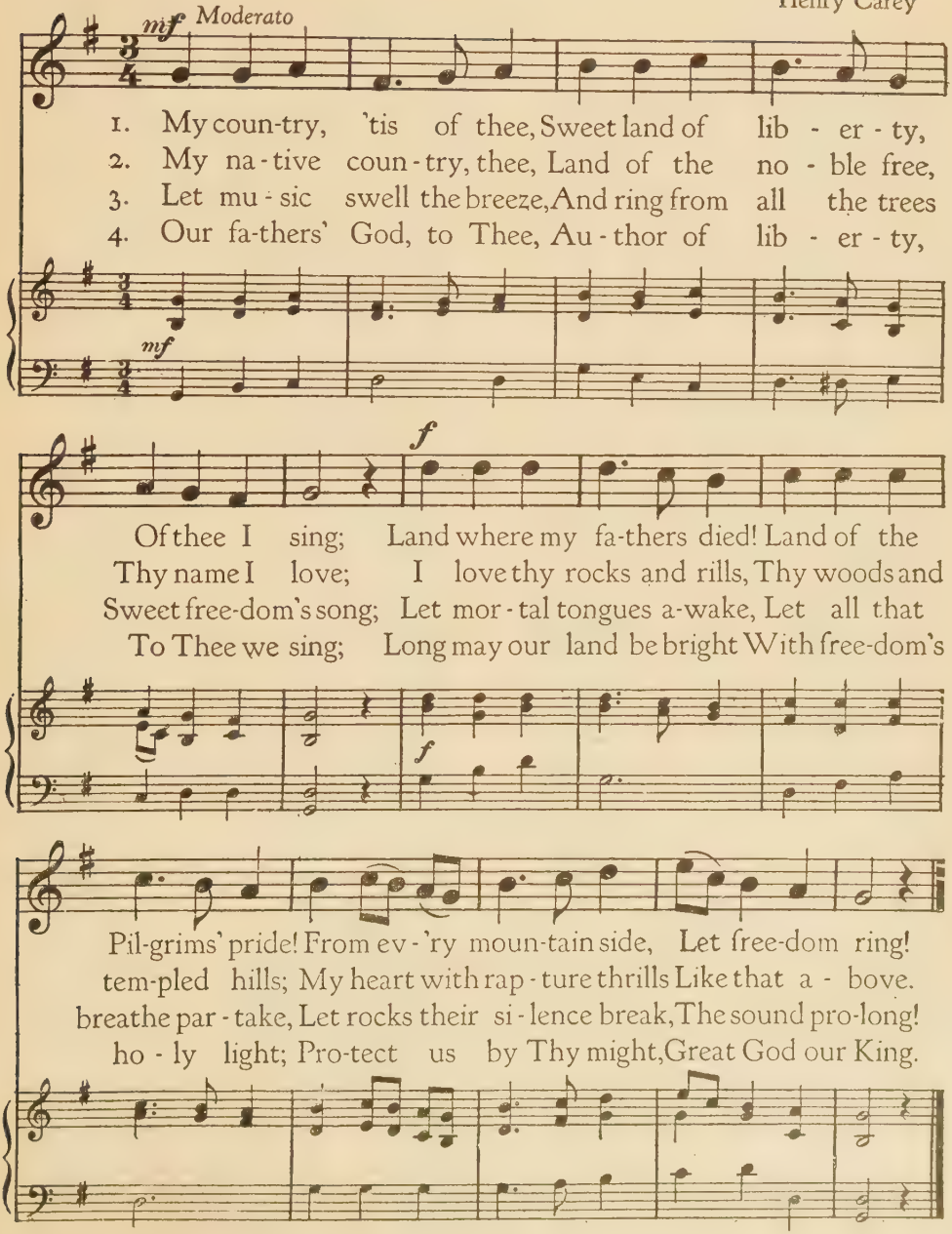

f Moderato
1. Oh, say can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly
2. On the shore, dim-ly seen, thro' the mists of the
3. Oh, thus be it ev-er when free - men shall
f
light, What so proud-ly we hailed at the twi-light's last
deep, Where the foe's haugh-ty host in dread si - lence re-
stand Be - tween their lov'd home and the war's des - o -
gleam-ing, Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the
pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the
la - tion! Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, may the


per - il - ous fight, O'er the ram - parts we watched were so
tow - er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half con-
Heav'n-res-cued land Praise the Pow'r that hath made and pre -
gal - lant - ly stream-ing? And the rock-et's red glare, the bombs
ceals, half dis - clos - es? Now it catch - es the gleam of the
served us a na - tion! Then con-quer we must, when our
burst - ing in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our
morn-ing's first beam, In full glo - ry re - flect-ed now
cause it is just, And this be our mot-to: "In

ff
flag was still there. Oh, say does that
shines on the stream. 'Tis the Star-Span-gled
God is our Trust." And the Star-Span-gled
ff
Star-Span-gled Ban-ner yet wave O'er the
Ban-ner, Oh, long may it wave O'er the
Ban-ner in tri-umph shall wave O'er the
land of the free and the home of the brave?
land of the free and the home of the brave!
land of the free and the home of the brave.

Samuel Francis Smith

Henry Carey


mf Moderato
1. My coun-try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa-thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,
mf
f
Of thee I sing; Land where my fa-thers died! Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet free-dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a-wake, Let all that
To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With free-dom's
f
Pil-grims' pride! From ev - 'ry moun-tain side, Let free-dom ring!
tem-pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
breathe par - take, Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro-long!
ho - ly light; Pro-tect us by Thy might, Great God our King.

GLOSSARY OF COMMON MUSICAL TERMS

a (ä) in; at; to; according to; for
accelerando (ät-chā-lā-rän′ dō) gradually quicker
adagio (*à*-dä′jō) slow
ad libitum (ăd l′b′ĭ-tŭm) as one wishes
agitato (ä-jĕ-tä′tō) in a restless or hurried manner
al (äl) to the
alla (äl′lä)in the style of
allegretto (äl-lā-grĕt′tō) not so quick as *allegro*
allegro (äl-lā′grō) brisk; lively
andante (än-dän′tā) moderately slow
andantino (än-dän-tē′nō) rather quicker than *andante*
anima (än′ĕ-mä) spirit
animato (än-ĕ-mä′to) with spirit
assai (äs-sī) very
ben (bĕn) well
brio (brē′ō) vivacity
calando (kä-län′dō) gradually diminishing in rapidity and loudness
cantabile (kän-tä′bĕ-lā) melodious and flowing
coda (kō′dà) a few closing measures
con (kŏn) with
crescendo (krĕ-shĕn′dō) < with constantly increasing volume
da capo (dä kä′pō) from the beginning (indicated by the letters D.C.)
dal segno (däl sā′nyō) a direction to go back to the sign 𝄋 and repeat from it to the close, or the point marked *fine*
decrescendo (dā-krĕ-shĕn′dō) > with constantly diminishing tone-volume
di (dē) of
diminuendo (dĕ-mē-nwen′dō) with constantly diminishing tone-volume
dolce (dōl′chā) sweet; with soft, smooth execution
energico (ĕn-ĕr′jĕ-kō) with energy
espressivo (ĕs-prĕs-sē′vō) with expression
fine (fē′nā) end
forte (*f*) (fôr′tā) loud
fortissimo (*ff*) (fôr-tĭs′ĭ-mō) very loud
forza (fôr′tsä) power
fuoco (fōō-ō′kō) fire; energy
grazioso (grä-tsĕ-ō′sō) gracefully
grave (grāv) serious; very slow
larghetto (lär-gĕt′tō) somewhat slow
largo (lär′gō) slow
legato (lī-gä′tō) smoothly connected
lento (lĕn′tō) slow
ma (mä) but
marcato (mär-kä′tō) accented
marcia (mär′chä) a march
marziale (mär-tsē-ä′lĕ) in a martial manner
meno mosso (mā′nō môs′sō) slower
mezzo (mĕd′zō) half; medium
moderato (mŏd-ĕ-rä′tō) in moderate time
molto (mōl′tō) much; very
morendo (mŏ-rĕn′dō) dying
moto (mô′tō) spirited or rapid movement
non (nōn) not
pesante (pā-sän′tā) heavily accented
pianissimo (*pp*) (pē-*à*-nĭs′ĭ-mō) very soft
piano (*p*) (pyä′nō) soft
piu (pyōō) more
poco a poco (pô′kō ä pô′kō) little by little
presto (prĕs′tō) very fast
primo (prē′mō) first
quasi (kwä′sē) somewhat like
rallentando (*rall.*) (räl-lĕn-tän′dō) with a gradual decrease in tempo
risoluto (rē-zŏ-lōō′tō) resolutely
ritardando (*rit.*) (rē-tär-dän′dō) gradually slower
ritenuto (*riten.*) (rē-tà-nōō′tō) gradually slower
secondo (sĕ-kōn′dō) second
sempre (sĕm′prā) always
sforzando (sfôr-tsän′dō) *sforzato* (sfôr-tsä′tō) (*sf, sfz. fz.* or >) strongly accented
smorzando (smôr-tsän′dō) dying away
solo (sō′lō) alone
sostenuto (sōs-tā-nōō′tō) sustained
staccato (stà-kä′tō) disconnected; opposed to *legato*
tempo (tĕm′pō) time
tenuto (tā-nōō′tà) hold the full value
tranquillo (trän-kwĕl′ lō) in a quiet style
troppo (trôp′pō) too much
tutti (tōōt′tē) all together
vigoroso (vē-gō-rō′sō) with energy
vivace (vē-vä′chā) brisk. Also *vivo* (vē′vō)
voce (vō′chā) voice

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